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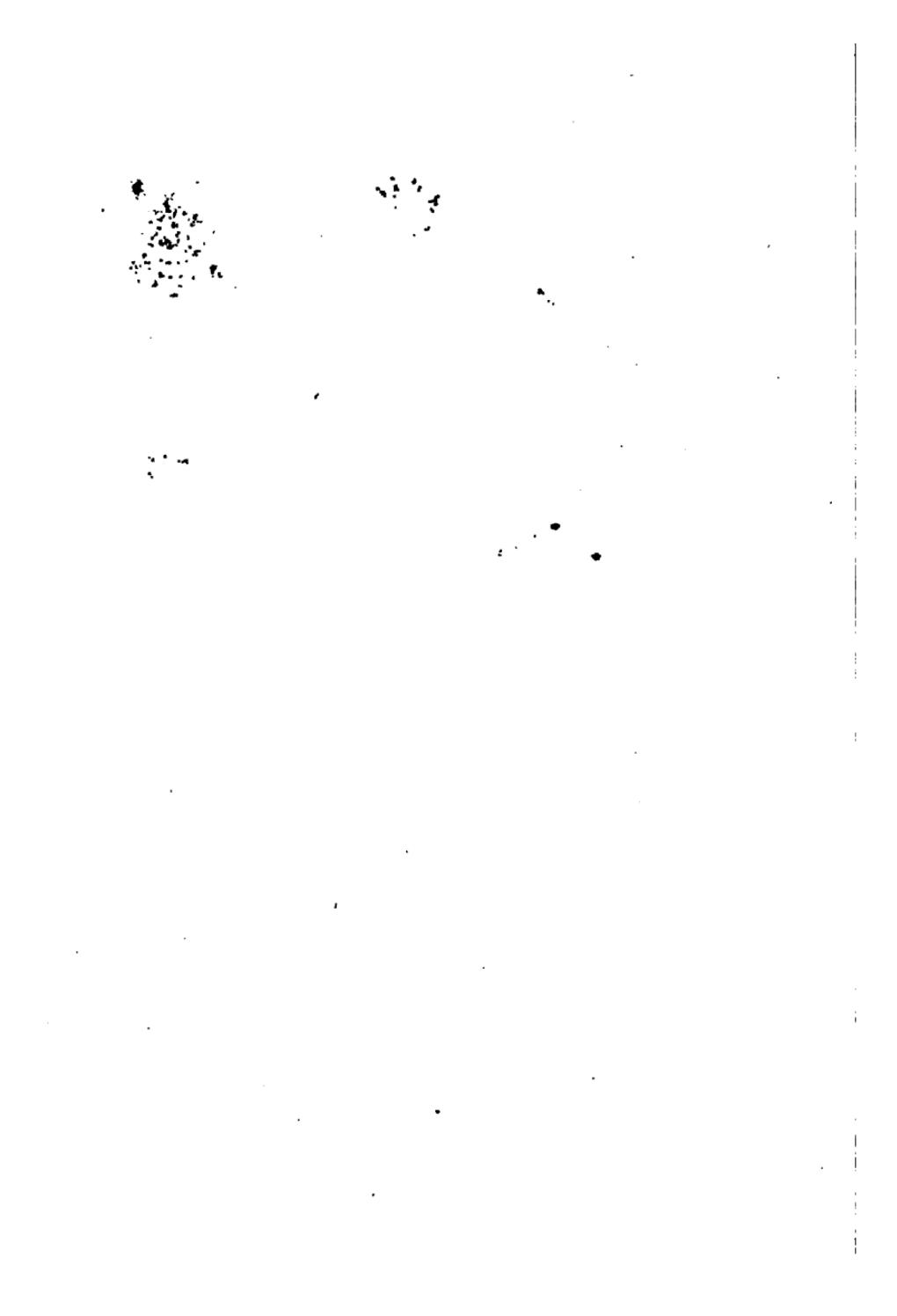
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THE GRADUATED COURSE
OF
TRANSLATION
FROM
ENGLISH INTO FRENCH

PART II.—SENIOR COURSE

LONDON: PRINTED BY
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THE GRADUATED COURSE
OF
TRANSLATION
FROM
ENGLISH INTO FRENCH

PART II.—THE SENIOR COURSE

With a VOCABULARY of IDIOMS and DIFFICULTIES

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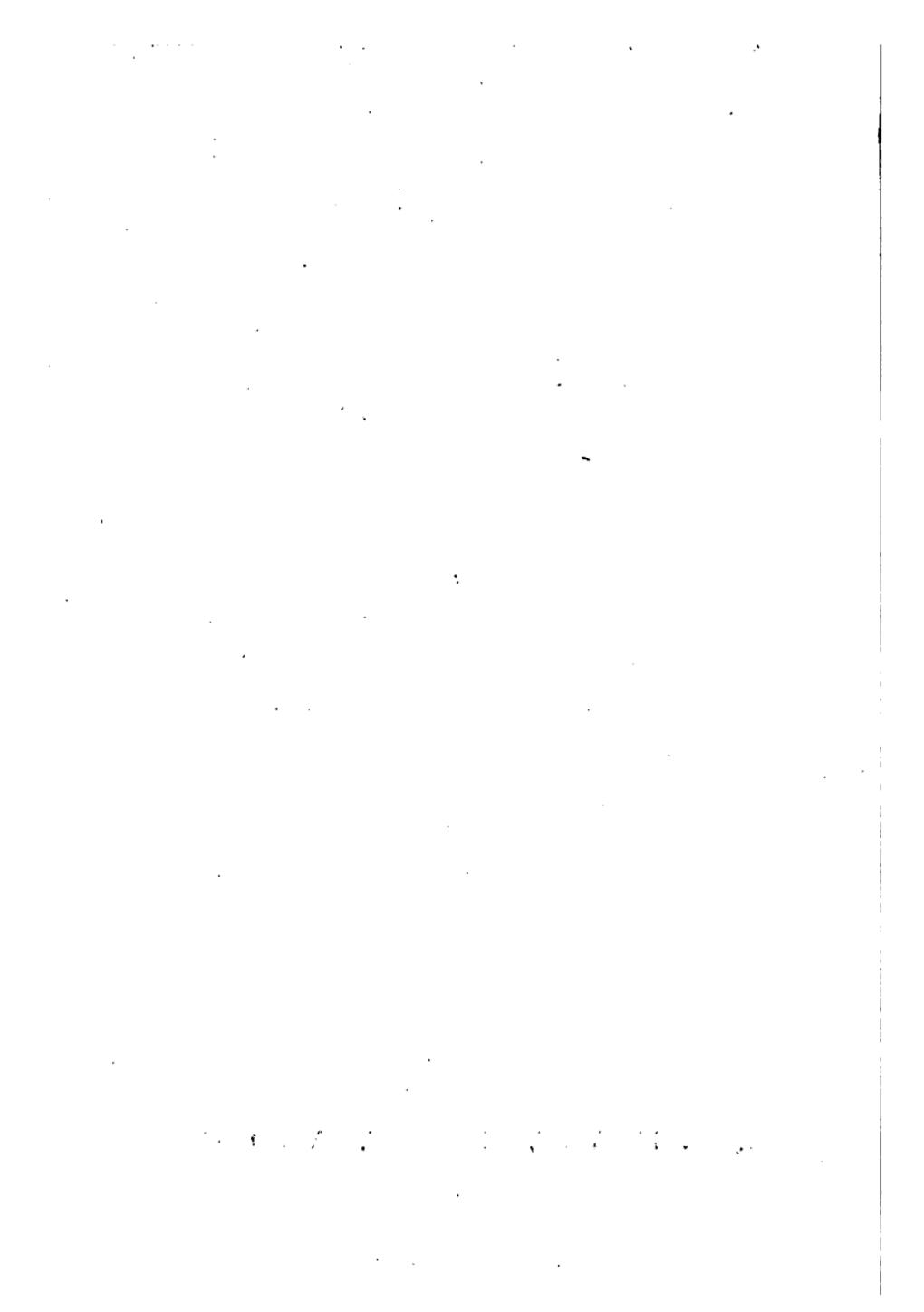
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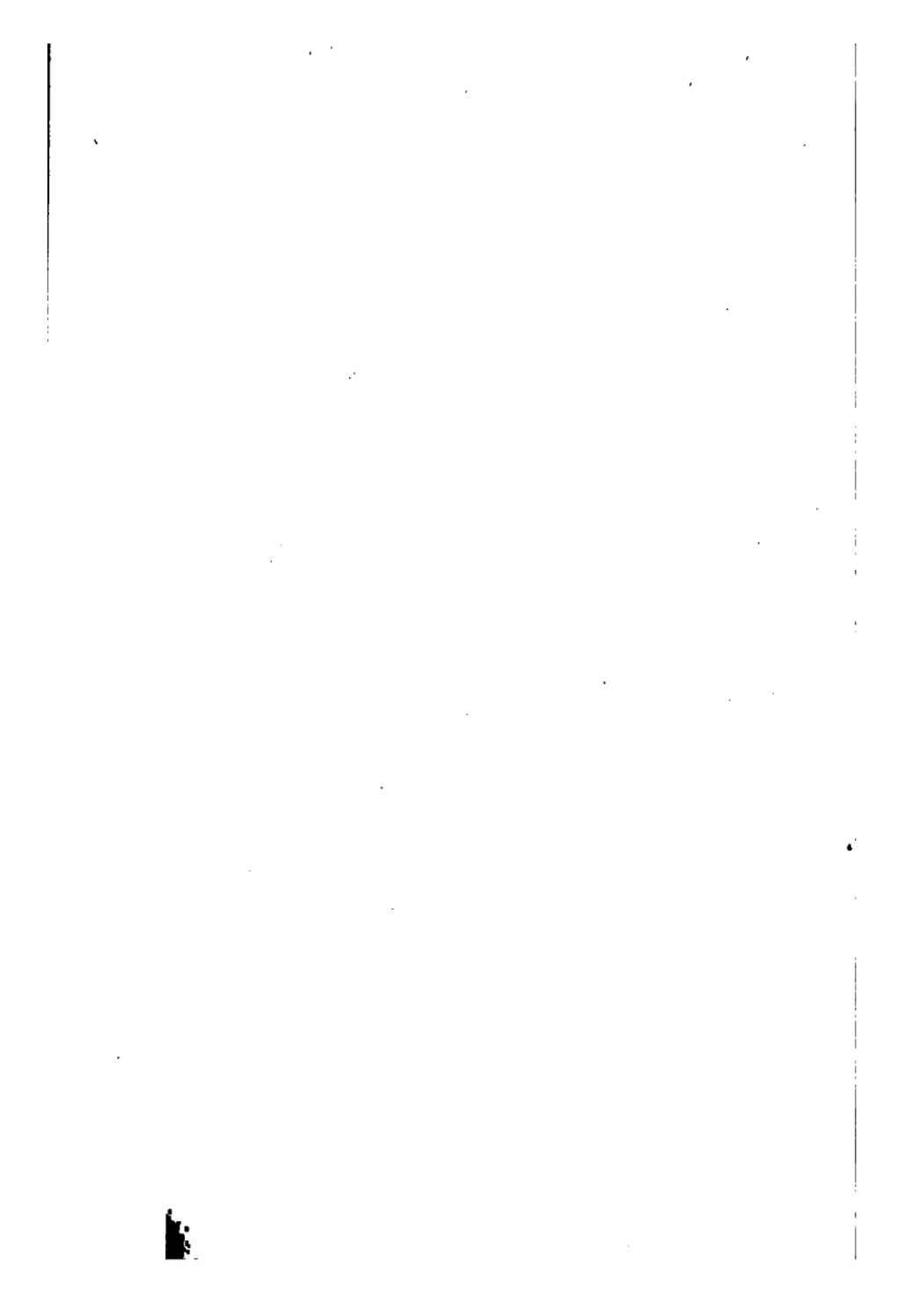


P R E F A C E.

THIS 'Senior Course' has been compiled upon the principles stated in the preface to the 'Junior.' The only modification we have introduced has been the addition of a final part, to which there are no notes at all. The experience already gained by the use of the 'Junior Course' in our own classes, and in those of many of our colleagues, confirms us in our idea that we have undertaken a very important task, and that our labours are likely to be useful both to teachers and to students.

CH. C.

TH. K.



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the grammatical, idiomatic, or other difficulties are explained
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THE
GRADUATED BOOK OF TRANSLATION
FROM ENGLISH INTO FRENCH.

SENIOR COURSE.

1. ANIMAL COURAGE INFERIOR TO MORAL BRAVERY.

Mere animal courage is often associated with the worst vices. The most wonderful examples of it may be found in the history of pirates and robbers, whose fearlessness is generally proportioned to the insensibility of their consciences, and to the enormity of their crimes. Military courage is easily attained by the most debased and unprincipled men, who may be brave ~~from~~ the absence of all reflection ; prodigal of life, because their vices have robbed life of its blessings, and especially brave because the sword of martial law is hanging ~~over~~ over their heads. If war be a blessing because it awakens energy and courage, then the savage state is peculiarly privileged, for every savage is a soldier. On the same principle those ~~early~~ periods of society were happy, when men were called to contend, not only with ~~one another~~, but with beasts of prey ; for to these excitements we owe the heroism of Hercules and Theseus. On the same principle the feudal ages were more favoured than the present. We need not war to awaken human energy. There is at least equal scope for courage and magnanimity in blessing, as in destroying mankind. The condition of the human race offers inexhaustible objects for enterprise and fortitude and magnanimity. In relieving the countless wants and sorrows of the world, in exploring unknown regions, in carrying the arts and virtues of civilisation to ~~unimproved~~ communities, in extending the

bounds of knowledge, in diffusing the spirit of freedom, how much **may** be dared, how much endured! Philanthropy invites us to services which demand the most intense, and elevated, and resolute, and adventurous activity. Let it not be imagined that **were** nations imbued with the spirit of humanity they would slumber in ignoble ease; that instead of the **high-minded** murderers who are formed on the present system of war, we should have effeminate and timid slaves. Human benevolence is as active as it is forbearing. It will give a new extension to the heart, open a wider sphere to enterprise, inspire a courage of exhaustless resource, and prompt to every sacrifice and exposure for the improvement and happiness of the human race. **Away** then with the argument that war is needed as a nursery of heroism.—*The Globe.*

2. THE GOOD OLD TIMES.

The condition, even of internal trade, was hardly preferable to that of agriculture. There is not a vestige, perhaps, to be discovered for several centuries of **any** considerable manufacture; I mean of **working up** articles of common utility to an extent **beyond** what the necessities of an adjacent district required. Rich men **kept** domestic artisans among their servants. Even kings, in the ninth century, **had** their clothes made by the women upon their farms. But the peasantry **must** have been supplied with garments and implements of labour by purchase; and every town, it cannot be doubted, had its weaver and its smith. But there were almost insuperable impediments to an extended traffic: the **insecurity** of moveable wealth and difficulty of accumulating it; the ignorance of mutual wants; the peril of robbery in conveying merchandise, and the certainty of extortion. In the domains of every lord a toll was paid in passing his bridge, or along his highway, or at his market. These customs, equitable and necessary in their principle, became, in practice, oppressive, because they were arbitrary, and renewed in every petty territory which the road might intersect. Several of Charlemagne's capitularies repeat complaints of these exactions. One of them rather amusingly illustrates the modesty and moderation of the landholders. It is enacted that no one shall be compelled to go out of his way in

order to pay toll at a particular bridge when he can cross the river more conveniently at another place. . . .

It was only the milder species, however, of feudal lords who were content ~~with~~ the tribute of the merchants. The more ravenous descended from their fortresses to pillage the wealthy traveller, or shared in the spoils of inferior plunderers, whom they both protected and instigated. Proofs occur, even in the latter periods of the Middle Ages, when civilisation had made considerable progress, of public robberies systematically perpetrated by men of noble rank.—*Hallam*.

3. ALGIERS.

I am certain there is not a healthier, cheerfuller place between Gibraltar and the Dardanelles : but the number of English tourists here is wofully limited. The colony of our countrymen does not—consul-general, merchants, and all included—exceed forty, if it reaches that number ; and the floating English population, even at this exceptional time, does not number five-and-twenty persons. There are handsome hotels, new, cheap, and scrupulously clean, waiting for English patronage ; there is, or there was lately, and there will be again, an excellent English medical man ; there is a fund of amusement for idlers, of sketching ground for artists, of materials for study and research, for linguists and archæologists. The country is crammed with Roman relics. There is the East again, the sunshiny, mysterious, dreamy East, as glowing and picturesque as you could wish to have it, but swept and garnished and kept in order by an efficient police and a large European garrison, and all ~~within~~ four and a half days' journey from Charing Cross. Nothing can be more comfortable than the railway from Paris to Marseilles—you can break the journey if you please at Lyons, and take a run to Geneva ; the steamers of the Messageries Impériales are swift and serviceable, English-built and English-engined ; the arrangements on board are admirable ; the Custom House officers at Algiers, when you produce the keys of your trunk, make you a low bow, and, hinting that you must be fatigued with your journey, dispense with the ceremony of examining your luggage ; there is nobody to worry you about passports. The city is well drained,

and lighted **with** gas. The dogs, though innumerable and noisy, are placable and funny, not savage and mangy as they are in Constantinople. There are no mosquito nets to the bed; so that you can imagine how innocuous are those elsewhere intolerable little pests here. The sirocco does not blow oftener than twice a week, and the locusts and grasshoppers don't ravage the country more than once in two years. It is never too hot, and never cold. If it rains, the ground dries up **within** twenty minutes after a shower. Cigars are a halfpenny each, and less. Oranges are four sous for as many as you like to take. What more would you have?—*Daily Telegraph*.

4. ACTIONS, NOT WORDS.

A **youngster at school**, more sedate than the rest,
Had once his integrity put to the test :
His comrades had plotted an orchard to rob,
And asked him to go and assist in the **job**.

He was very much shocked, and answered, ‘Oh no !
What, rob our poor neighbour ! I pray you don’t go.
Besides, the man’s poor, his orchard’s his bread ;
Then think of his children, for they must be fed.’

‘ You speak very **fine**, and you **look** very grave ;
But apples we want, and apples we’ll have :
If you will go with us, we’ll give you a share ;
If not, you shall have neither apple nor pear.’

They spoke, and Tom **pondered**—‘ I see they will go ;
Poor man, what a pity to injure him so !
Poor man, I would save him his fruit if I could,
But staying behind will do him no good.

‘ If this matter depended alone upon me,
His apples might **hang** till they dropped from the tree ;
But since they will take them, I **think** I’ll go too ;
He will lose none **by me**, though **I get** a few.’

His scruples thus **silenced**, Tom felt more at ease,
And went with his comrades the apples to seize ;
He blamed and protested, but **joined** in the plan ;
He joined in the plunder, but pitied the man.

Conscience slumbered awhile, but soon woke in his breast,
And in language severe the delinquent address'd :

'With such empty and selfish pretences **away** !
By your actions you're judged be your speech what it **may**.'

W. Cowper.

5. COMMONPLACE MAXIMS.

It is curious to reflect upon some of those **well-worn** platitudes upon which we used to write themes in our schoolboy days. They have a faded and melancholy appearance now. We smile rather sadly when a young George Osborne informs us, with all gravity, that selfishness is the most odious and contemptible of all the vices which degrade the human character. Absurd as that **piece** of information seems, we remember that there was a period in our own lives when we were innocent enough to be considerably **impressed** by the remark, and even that there was a period in the world's history when it passed for a profound and original observation. We can never look upon a copybook maxim without reflections—not much more original, perhaps, than those in the copybook itself—on the sad vicissitudes of fortune. The maxim resembles some venerable old lady, in whom we dimly discern the traces of youthful beauty. It is a kind of *memento mori*; a proof that not only human beings, but even what are called eternal truths, may lose their freshness in the lapse of centuries. Just consider, for example, all the platitudes that have been uttered about the love of fame. There was a time when the advantages and disadvantages of that passion were gravely discussed by philosophers and men of the world. When they had **squeezed** all the freshness **out** of the subject, it was **turned over** to the moralists; and now it has sunk in its downward course to the hands of schoolmasters. It would apparently be as useless to extract any valuable matter from such an antiquated topic as to make soup from bones that have been exposed for years upon a dust-heap.—*The Saturday Review.*

6. THE FRANCO-ARAB COLLEGE AT ALGIERS.

The French professors who speak Arabic do their very **utmost** to convince a perverse generation of little Mussulmans

of the blessings of centralisation and civilisation. **Whereupon** the little Mussulmans go home to their papas and mammas to play about the courtyard, and eat rice ; and are informed—frequently with a slipper smartly applied, **by way of** enforcing the argument—that the Christians are sons of dogs. The efforts which the French have made to **get hold** of the rising generation of Mahometans have been prodigious, most laudable, but mainly unsuccessful. They treat the pupils who come to them kindly, never striking them, whereas their own parents thrash them like sacks ; they give them an excellent education ; but the little Mussulmans, or rather their parents, are as **shy** as the ducklings were in responding to the invitation of Mrs. Bond, when, with the endearing appellatives of ‘Dilly, dilly,’ she conjured them to come and be killed. In the interior the case is still worse. The Arabs have a notion that their children should be taught in their own schools, by their own masters, and in their own fashion. To all the mosques there are attached Mussulman colleges, called *Zaouias*, and in every village there is a *Derrar*, which answers to our dame schools, only the teacher is of the male sex. *Du reste*, the pupils are boys. The girls, as a rule, never **get** any education at all. The economy of an Arab school is a very simple affair indeed. In a room **with** plastered walls and an earthen floor, something between a **back kitchen** and a cowshed, several little boys in red caps and baggy breeches squat in a semicircle on their haunches, occupied in a languid pursuit of knowledge and an indefatigable search for fleas. Between the horns of the juvenile horseshoe is enthroned, likewise squatting, on a ragged scrap of carpet, a dirty old man with a long stick. He says something in Arabic in a **sing-song** tone, and his pupils repeat the words after him. If one of the pupils manifests greater assiduity in flea-hunting or in **skylarking** with his neighbours than in **droning out** sing-song, the preceptor hits him over the head with the long stick. Should that fail to make him a scholar and a gentleman, the rod is changed **to** the soles of his feet, and not unfrequently recourse is had to the ministrations of the **never-failing** slipper, applied in a succession of *staccato* movements. The writing exercises consist **in** tracing Arabic characters in a box full of sand, the attempts at caligraphy being rendered interesting by a shower of raps on the knuckles of the

student—the whole reminding the spectator of a search for eels in a basket where there are no eels. This is a *derrar*. The pleasantest part of the thing is when the youngsters come **tumbling** out of school at the hour of prayer. They are ragged and filthy, but oh, they **look** so happy ! In the *Zaouias*, or colleges, a higher class of tuition is dispensed. The master is quite a Don. He may leave something to be desired on the score of facial cleanliness, but he wears at least a clean turban. The boys or youths are taught to **get** certain verses of the Koran by heart ; and he who knows most Koran at the age of adolescence is Senior Wrangler in the schools of Islamism. The course of instruction does not, however, stop here. Scorn and hatred of Christians in general, and of the French in particular, are a branch of ethics sedulously **instilled** into the alumni of the *Zaouias*. They are taught that the power of France is only transitory ; that the successes of the French arms are due simply to the will of Allah, who for some wise purpose desires to chastise his elect ; they are informed that patience and resignation are the ordeals through which the Arab race is bound to pass until the Mahometan Messiah—the Moula-saa, or ‘Lord of the Hour’—comes, as he may come at **any** moment, to vindicate the true faith, and hurl the Giaours **over** the quays of El Djezzair into the sea. I **wonder** whether any doctrines similar to these are ever taught by oily olive-coloured men in turbans to little Mahometans in British India ?

7. DEATH OF CHARLES THE BOLD.

Charles saw himself stripped of both his wings, assailed at once on **both** his flanks. He had his choice between a rapid flight and a speedy death. Well, then—death ! As he fastened his helmet, the golden lion in the crest **became detached**, and fell to the ground. He forbade it to be replaced. *Hoc est signum Dei !* ‘It is a sign from God,’ he said. From God ? Ah yes, he knew now the hand that was laid upon him ! Leading his troops, he plunged into the midst of his foes, now **closing in** on every side. Among enemies and friends the recollection of his surpassing valour in that hour of perdition, after the last gleam of hope had vanished, was long preserved. Old men of Franche Comté were accustomed to tell how their fathers

had seen the Duke, his face **streaming** with blood, charging and recharging 'like a lion,' even in the thick of the combat, bringing help where the need was greatest. In Lorraine the same tradition existed. '**Had** all his men,' says a chronicler of that province, '**fought** with a like ardour, our army must infallibly have been repulsed.' But no; so engaged, so over-matched, what courage could have availed? 'The **foot stood** long and manfully,' is the testimony of a hostile eye-witness. But the final struggle, though obstinate, was short. Broken and dispersed, the men had no resource but flight. **Some** went eastward, in the direction of Essey, **such** as gained the river crossing where the ice **bore**, and breaking it behind them. The greater number **kept** to the west of Nancy, to gain the road to Condé and Luxembourg. Charles, with the handful that still remained around him, followed in the same direction. The mass, **both** of fugitives and pursuers, was already far **ahead**. There was no choice now. Flight, combat, death—it was all one. Closing up, the little band of nobles, last relic of chivalry, charged into the centre of a body of **foot**. A halberdier swung his weapon, and brought it down on the head of Charles. He reeled in the saddle. Citey flung his arms round him, and steadied him, receiving while so engaged a thrust from a spear through the parted joints of his corslet. **Pressing on**, still fighting, still hemmed in, they dropped one by one. Charles's page, a Roman, of the ancient family of Colonna, rode a little behind, a gilt helmet hanging from his saddle-bow. He kept his eye upon his master—saw him surrounded, saw him at the edge of a ditch, saw his horse stumble, the rider fall.—*John Foster Kirk (History of Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy).*

8. CORRUPT STATE OF THE CHURCH BEFORE THE REFORMATION.

Henry VIII., a mere boy on his accession, trained from childhood by theologians, entered on his reign (1509) saturated with theological prepossessions. The intensity of his nature recognising no half measures, he was prepared to make them the law of his life; and it seemed as if the restoration was to lose no part of its completeness, and that in Henry the Church

had found a new Alfred or Charlemagne. . . . Unfortunately for the Church, institutions may be restored in theory, but theory, ~~be~~ it ever so perfect, will not give them back their life.

If, however, there were no longer saints among the clergy, there could still arise among them a remarkable man; and in Cardinal Wolsey the King found an adviser who was able to retain him longer than would otherwise have been possible in the ~~course~~ which he had entered upon; who, holding a middle place between an English statesman and a Catholic of the old order, was essentially a transition minister; who was qualified above all men then living, by a combination of talent, honesty, and arrogance, to open questions which could not again be closed when they had escaped the grasp of their originator. . . . Under Wolsey's influence, Henry made war with Louis of France, in the Pope's quarrel, entered the polemic lists with Luther, and persecuted the English Protestants. But Wolsey could not ~~blind~~ himself to the true condition of the Church. . . . He was too wise to be deceived with outward prosperity; he knew well that there ~~lay~~ before it, on the Continent and at ~~home~~, the alternative of ruin or amendment; and therefore he familiarised Henry with the sense that a reformation was inevitable; and, dreaming that it could be effected from within, by the Church itself, inspired with a wiser spirit, he himself fell the first victim of a convulsion which he had assisted to create, and which he attempted too late to stay.

His intended measures were approaching maturity, when all Europe was startled by the news that Rome had been stormed by the Imperial army, that the Pope was imprisoned, the churches pillaged, the cardinals insulted, and all holiest things polluted and profaned. . . . A spectator, judging only by outward symptoms, would have seen, at that strange crisis, in Charles V. the worst patron of heresy and the most dangerous enemy of the Holy See; while the indignation with which the news of these outrages was received at the English court would have taught him to look on Henry as the one sovereign in Europe on whom that See might calculate most surely for support in its hour of danger. . . . If he could have pierced below the surface, he would have found that the Pope's best friend was the prince who held him prisoner; that Henry was but doubtfully acquiescing in the policy of an unpopular minister; and

that the English nation would have **looked on** with stoical indignation if Pope and Papacy had been wrecked together. They were not inclined to heresy ; but the ecclesiastical system was not the Catholic faith ; and this system, ruined by prosperity, was fast pressing its excesses to the extreme limit, beyond which it could not be endured. . . . Wolsey talked of reformation, but delayed its coming ; and in the meantime, the persons to be reformed showed no fear that it would come at **all**. The monasteries grew worse and worse. The people were taught only what they could teach themselves. The consistory courts became more oppressive. **Pluralities** multiplied, and non-residence and profligacy. . . . Favoured parish clergy held as many as eight benefices. Bishops accumulated sees, and unable to **attend** to all, attended to none. Wolsey himself, the church reformer (so little did he really know what a reformation meant), was at once Archbishop of York, Bishop of Winchester, of Bath, and of Durham, and Abbot of St. Albans.—*Froude.*

9. LIVINGSTONE.

Returning nearly worn out, we **proceeded up** the bank of the Chobe, till we came to the point of departure of the branch Sanshureh ; we then went in the opposite direction, or down the Chobe, though from the highest tree we could see nothing but one vast expanse of reed, with **here and there** a tree on the islands. . . . This was a hard **day's work**, and when we came to, a deserted Bayeiye hut on an anthill, not a bit of wood or anything else could be **got** for a fire, except the grass and sticks of the dwelling itself. I dreaded the snakes so common in all old huts ; but outside of it we had thousands of mosquitoes, and cold dew began to be deposited, so we were fain to crawl beneath its shelter.

We were close to the reeds, and could listen to the strange sounds which are often heard there. **By day** I had seen water-snakes putting up their heads and swimming **about**. There were great numbers of otters, which had made little **spoons** all over the plains in search of the fishes, amohg the tall grass of these flooded prairies ; curious birds, too, jerked among these reedy masses, and we heard human-like voices and unearthly

sounds, with splashing, as if rare fun were **going on** in their uncouth haunts. . . . At one time, something came near us, making a splashing like that of a canoe or hippopotamus ; thinking it to be the Makololo, we **got up**, listened and shouted, then discharged a gun several times, but the noise continued, without intermission, for an hour. After a damp cold night, we began, early in the morning, our work of exploring again, but left the pontoon in order to lighten our labour. . . . The anthills are here very high, some thirty feet, and of a base so broad that trees grow on them ; while the lands, annually flooded, bear nothing but grass. From one of these anthills, we discovered an inlet to the Chobe ; and having gone back to the pontoon, we launched ourselves on a deep river, here from eighty to one hundred yards wide. . . . I gave my companion strict injunctions to stick by the pontoon in case a hippopotamus should look at us ; **nor** was this caution unnecessary, for one came up at our side and made a desperate plunge. We had passed over him. The way he made caused the pontoon to glide quickly away from him.

We **paddled on** from midday till sunset. There was nothing but a wall of reed on each bank, and we saw every prospect of spending a supperless night on our float ; but just as the short twilight of these parts was commencing, we perceived, on the north bank, the village of Moremi, one of the Makololo, whose acquaintance I had made in our former visit, and who was now located on the island Mahonta. . . . The villagers looked as we may suppose people do who see a ghost, and, in their figurative way of speaking, said, ‘He has dropped among us from the clouds, yet came **riding** on the back of a hippopotamus ! We Makololo thought no one could cross the Chobe without our knowledge, but here he drops among us like a bird.’

Next day we returned in canoes across the flooded lands, and found that, in our absence, the men had allowed the cattle to **wander** into a very small patch of wood to the west, abounding in the insect called the tsetse, so fatally poisonous to cattle ; this carelessness cost me ten fine large oxen. . . . After remaining a few days, some of the **head men** of the Makololo came down from Linyanti, with a large party of Barotse, to take us across the river. This they did in fine style, swimming and diving among the oxen more like alligators than men, and

taking the waggons to **pieces**, and carrying them across on a number of canoes lashed together. . . . We were now among friends; so going about thirty miles to the north, in order to avoid the still flooded lands on the north of the Chobe, we turned westwards towards Linyanti, where we arrived on May 23, 1853.

10. TIMOUR, OR TAMERLANE.

From the Irtish and Volga to the Persian Gulf, and from the Ganges to Damascus and the Archipelago, Asia was in the hand of Timour ; his armies were invincible, his ambition was boundless, and his zeal might aspire to conquer and convert the Christian kingdoms of the West, which already trembled at his name. He touched the utmost verge of the land ; but an insuperable though narrow sea rolled between the two continents of Europe and Asia, and the lord of so many *tomans*, or myriads of horse, was not master of a single galley. The two passages of the Bosphorus and Hellespont, of Constantinople and Gallipoli, were possessed, the one by the Christians, the other by the Turks. On this great occasion they forgot the difference of religion, to act with union and firmness in the common cause : the double straits were guarded with ships and fortifications ; and they separately withheld the transports, which Timour demanded of either nation, under the pretence of attacking their enemy. At the same time they soothed his pride with tributary gifts and suppliant embassies, and prudently tempted him to retreat with the honours of victory. Soliman, the son of Bajazed, implored his clemency for his father and himself ; accepted, by a red patent, the investiture of the kingdom of Romania, which he already held by the sword ; and reiterated his ardent wish, of casting himself in person at the feet of the king of the world. The Greek emperor—either John or Manuel—submitted to pay the same tribute which he had stipulated with the Turkish sultan, and ratified the treaty by an oath of allegiance, from which he could absolve his conscience so soon as the Mogul arms had retired from Anatolia. But the fears and fancy of nations ascribed to the ambitious Tamerlane a new design of vast and romantic compass—a design of subduing Egypt and Africa, marching from the Nile to the Atlantic Ocean, entering

Europe by the Straits of Gibraltar, and, after imposing his yoke on the kingdoms of Christendom, of returning home by the deserts of Russia and Tartary. This remote and perhaps imaginary danger was averted by the submission of the sultan of Egypt ; the honours of the prayer and the coin attested at Cairo the supremacy of Timour ; and a rare gift of a giraffe, or camelopard, and nine ostriches, represented at Samarcand the tribute of the African world. Our imagination is not less astonished by the portrait of a Mogul who, in his camp before Smyrna, meditates and almost accomplishes the invasion of the Chinese empire. Timour was urged to this enterprise by national honour and religious zeal. The torrents which he had shed of Mussulman blood could be expiated only by an equal destruction of the infidels ; and as he now stood at the gates of paradise, he might best secure his glorious entrance by demolishing the idols of China, founding mosques in every city, and establishing the profession of faith in one God and his prophet Mohammed.

II. EXTRACTS FROM SIR ROBERT PEEL'S ADDRESS TO GLASGOW STUDENTS.

Do I say that you can command success without difficulty ? No ; difficulty is the condition of success. ‘Difficulty is a severe instructor set over us by the supreme ordinance of a **parental** guardian and legislator, who knows us better than we know ourselves, as he loves us better too. **He** that wrestles with us strengthens our nerves, and sharpens our skill. Our antagonist is our helper. This amicable conflict with difficulty obliges us to an intimate acquaintance with our object, and compels us to consider it in all its relations. It will not **suffer** us to be superficial.’ **These** are the memorable words of the first philosophic statesman—the illustrious Mr. Burke. Enter then into the amicable conflict with difficulty. **Whenever** you encounter it, **turn** not **aside** ; say not ‘there is a lion in the path ;’ **resolve upon** mastering it ; and every successive triumph will inspire you **with** that confidence in yourselves, that habit of victory, which will **make** future conquests easy.

12. TRUMPETER REDBREAST.

I **wondered** this year,—for the harvest was **in**,
 The acacias were dark and the linden leaves thin,
 And the south wind in coming and going was loud,
 And odorous, and moist like the breath of a cloud,—

I wondered, and said, ‘ Then the Autumn is here,—
 God knows how I love the sweet fall of the year ;
 But the joy of the Autumn is not on my brain—
 My God, give me joy in thine Autumn again ! ’

I woke in the morning, and, out in the air,
 I heard the sweet robin his ditty declare,
 And my passion of Autumn came down from the skies,
 And I leapt from my bed with the tears in my eyes.

Oh Robin, sweet Robin ! do you know the power
 That comes to the heart with the fall of the flower,
 The odour of winds, and the shredding of trees,
 And the deepening of colour in skies and in seas ?

Liliput Levee.

13. HUNTING ON A GREAT SCALE.

Very great numbers of the large game—buffaloes, zebras, giraffes, pallas, rhinoceroses, &c.—congregated at some fountains near Kolobeng, and the trap called *hopo* was constructed in the lands adjacent for their destruction. The hopo consists of two hedges in the form of the letter V, which are very high and thick near the angle. Instead of the hedges being joined there, they are made to form a lane of about fifty yards in length, at the extremity of which a pit is formed, six or eight feet deep, and about twelve or fifteen in breadth and length. Trunks of trees are laid across the margins of the pit, and more especially over that nearest the lane where the animals are **expected** to leap in, and over that farthest from the lane where it is supposed they will attempt to escape after they are in. The trees form an **overlapping** border, and render escape almost impossible. The whole is carefully decked with short green rushes, making the pit like a concealed **pitfall**. As the hedges are frequently about a mile long and about as much apart at their extremities,

a tribe making a circle three or four miles round the country adjacent to the opening, and gradually closing up, are almost sure to enclose a large body of game. Driving it up with shouts to the narrow part of the hopo, men secreted there throw their javelins into the affrighted herds, and **on** the animals **rush** to the opening presented at the converging hedges, and into the pit till that is full of a living mass. Some escape by running over the others, as a Smithfield market dog does over the sheep's backs. It is a frightful scene. The men, wild with excitement, spear the lovely animals with mad delight : others of the poor creatures, **borne down** by the weight of their dead and dying companions, **every now and then** make the whole mass heave in their smothering agonies.—*Dr. Livingstone.*

14. NIEBUHR'S BALLAD THEORY.

He divides the Roman history into three periods : 1. The purely mythical period, including the foundation of the city and the reigns of the first two kings. 2. The mythico-historical period, including the reigns of the last five kings, and the first fourteen years of the republic. 3. The historical period, beginning with the first secession. The poems, however, which he supposes to have served as the origin of the received history, are not peculiar to **any one** of these periods ; they equally appear in the reigns of Romulus and Numa, in the time of the Tarquins, and in the narratives of Coriolanus, and of the siege of Veii. If the history of periods so widely different was equally drawn from a poetical source, it is clear that the poems must have arisen under wholly dissimilar circumstances, and that they can **afford** no sure foundation for any historical inference.

For solving the problem of the **early** Roman history, the great desideratum is, to obtain some means of separating the truth from the fiction ; and, if **any** parts be true, of explaining how the records were preserved with fidelity, until the time of the **earliest** historians, by whom they were adopted, and who, through certain intermediate stages, have transmitted them to us.

For example, we may believe that the expulsion of the Tarquins, the creation of a dictator and of tribunes, the adventures of Coriolanus, the Decemvirate, the expedition of the

Fabii and the battle of the Cremera, the siege of Veii, the capture of Rome by the Gauls, and the disaster of Caudium, with other portions of the Samnite wars, are events which are indeed to a considerable extent distorted, obscured, and corrupted by fiction, and incrusted with legendary additions ; but that they, nevertheless, contain a nucleus of fact, in varying degress : if so, we should wish to know how far the fact extends, and where the fiction begins—and also what were the means by which a general historical tradition of events, as they really happened, was perpetuated. This is the question to which an answer is desired ; and therefore we are not assisted by a theory which explains how that part of the narrative which is not historical, originated.—*Sir G. C. Lewis.*

15. BOSTON IN THE LAST CENTURY.

The king set himself, and his ministry, and parliament, and all Great Britain, to subdue to his will one stubborn little town on the sterile coast of the Massachusetts Bay. The odds against it were fearful ; but it showed a life inextinguishable, and had been chosen to keep guard over the liberties of mankind.

The Old World had not its parallel. It counted about sixteen thousand inhabitants of European origin, all of whom had learned to read and write. Good public schools were the foundation of its political system ; and Benjamin Franklin, one of their grateful pupils, in his youth apprenticed to the art which makes knowledge the common property of mankind, had gone forth from them to stand before the nations as the representative of the modern plebeian class.

As its schools were for all its children, so the great body of its male inhabitants of twenty-one years of age, when assembled in a hall which Faneuil, of Huguenot ancestry, had built for them, was the source of all municipal authority. In the meeting of the town, its taxes were voted, its affairs discussed and settled ; its agents and public servants annually elected by ballot : and abstract political principles freely debated. A small property qualification was attached to the right of suffrage, but did not exclude enough to change the character of the institution. There had never existed a considerable municipality

approaching so nearly to a pure democracy ; and, for so populous a place, it was undoubtedly the most orderly and best governed in the world.

Its ecclesiastical polity was in like manner republican. The great mass were Congregationalists ; each church was an assembly formed by voluntary agreement ; **self-constituted, self-supported**, and independent. They were **satisfied** that no person or church had power over another church. There was not a Roman Catholic altar in the place ; the usages of ‘papists’ were looked upon as worn-out superstitions, fit only for the ignorant. But the people were not merely the fiercest enemies of ‘popery and slavery ;’ they were Protestants even against Protestantism ; and though the English Church was tolerated, Boston **kept up** its exasperation against prelacy. Its ministers were still its prophets and its guides ; its pulpit, in which, now that Mayhew was no more, Cooper was admired above all others for eloquence and patriotism, by weekly appeals inflamed **alike** the fervour of piety and of liberty. In the ‘Boston Gazette,’ it enjoyed a free press, which gave currency to its conclusions on the natural right of man to **self-government**.

Its citizens were inquisitive ; seeking to know the causes of things, and to search for the reason of existing institutions in the laws of nature. Yet they controlled their speculative turn by practical judgment, exhibiting the seeming contradiction of susceptibility to enthusiasm, and calculating shrewdness. They were fond of gain, and adventurous, penetrating, and keen in their pursuit of it ; yet their avidity was tempered by a well-considered and continuing liberality. Nearly every man was struggling to make his own way in the world and his own fortune ; and yet individually, and as a body, they were **public-spirited**.—*Bancroft.*

16. ENTHUSIASM FOR FREDERIC II.

Even the enthusiasm of Germany in favour of Frederic hardly equalled the enthusiasm of England. The birthday of our ally was celebrated with as much enthusiasm as that of our own sovereign ; and at night the streets of London were in a **blaze** with illuminations. Portraits of the hero of Rosbach, with his **cocked hat** and long pigtail, were in every house. An attentive observer will, at this day, find in the parlours of old-

fashioned inns, and in the portfolios of printsellers, twenty portraits of Frederic for one of George II. The sign-painters were everywhere employed in **touching-up** Admiral Vernon into the King of Prussia. This enthusiasm was strong among religious people, and especially among the Methodists, who knew that the French and Austrians were Papists, and supposed Frederic to be the Joshua or Gideon of the Reformed Faith. One of Whitfield's hearers, on the day on which thanks for the battle of Leuthen were returned at the Tabernacle, made the following exquisitely ludicrous entry in a diary, part of which has come down to us : 'The Lord **stirred up** the King of Prussia and his soldiers to pray. They kept three fast-days, and spent about an hour praying and singing psalms before they engaged the enemy. O ! how good it is to pray and fight !'—*Macaulay.*

17. LORD CLYDE.

Lord Clyde's work spans half a century ; it stretches from Vimiera to Lucknow, and takes in all the great military fields of this century : the Peninsular war, the American war, the first Chinese war, the Sikh war, the Crimean war, and the Indian mutiny. The disheartening glories of Corunna were a noble but a melancholy part of his introduction to a military life, and Walcheren gave him nothing but a fever. But a brighter day followed, and the laurels of Barossa, Tarifa, Vittoria, San Sebastian, and Bidassoa blossomed into a brilliant reputation, and sent him back to England a known and distinguished officer. A time of peace followed, but he found work to do in the service. In course of time came the first Chinese war ; then came the Sikh war, with the honours of Ramnuggur, Chillianwallah, and Goojerat. A brief interval over, and we see him leading his Highlanders at the Alma and Balaklava ; and another short interval over and he is Commander-in-Chief in India, demolishing the Indian mutiny. His life thus includes all the great military exploits of this century. Everything was a work of love with him in war, because he had the genius of war within him, the spark which lights up at the thought of a campaign and a field of battle. He was an enthusiast, not an officer merely.—*The Times.*

18. THE WHITE, THE RED, AND THE BLACK MEN.

When the Floridas were erected into a territory of the United States, one of the **earliest** cares of the Governor, William P. Duval, was directed to the instruction and civilisation of the natives. For this purpose he called a meeting of the chiefs, in which he informed them of the wish of their Great Father at Washington that they should have schools and teachers among them, and that their children should be instructed like the children of white men. The chiefs listened with their customary silence and decorum to a long speech, **setting forth** the advantages that would accrue to them from this measure, and when he had concluded, begged the interval of a day to deliberate **on** it.

On the following day, a solemn convocation was held, at which one of the chiefs **addressed** the Governor in the name of all the rest. ‘My brother,’ said he, ‘we have been **thinking over** the proposition of our Great Father at Washington, to send teachers and set up schools among us. We are very thankful for the interest he takes in our welfare; but, after much deliberation, have concluded to decline his offer. What will **do** very well for white men, will not do for red men. I know you white men say we all come from the same father and mother, but you are mistaken. We have a tradition **handed** down from our forefathers, and we believe it, that the Great Spirit, when he undertook to make men, made the black man; it was his first attempt, and pretty well for a beginning; but he soon saw he had **bungled**; so he determined to **try** his hand again. He did so, and made the red man. He liked him much better than the black man, but still *he* was not exactly what he wanted. So he tried once more, and made the white man; and then he was satisfied. You see, therefore, that you were made last, and that is the reason I call you my youngest brother.

‘When the Great Spirit had made the three men, he called them together and showed them three boxes. The first was filled with books, and maps, and papers; the second with bows and arrows, knives and tomahawks; the third with spades, axes, hoes and hammers. “These, my sons,” said he, “are the

means by which you are to live ; choose among them according to your fancy."

'The white man, being the favourite, had the first choice. He passed by the box of working-tools without notice ; but when he came to the weapons for war and hunting, he stopped and looked **hard** at them. The red man trembled, for he had set his heart upon that box. The white man, however, after looking upon it for a moment, passed on, and chose the box of books and papers. The red man's turn came next ; and you may be sure he **seized** with joy **upon** the bows and arrows and tomahawks. As to the black man, he had no choice **left** but to **put up with** the box of tools.

'From this it is clear that the Great Spirit intended the white man should learn to read and write ; to understand all about the moon and stars ; and to make everything, even rum and whisky. That the red man should be a **first-rate** hunter and a mighty warrior, but he was not to learn **anything** from books, as the Great Spirit had not given him **any** : nor was he to make rum and whisky, lest he should kill himself with drinking. As to the black man, as he had nothing but working-tools, it was clear he was to work for the white and red man, which he has continued to do.

'We must go according to the wishes of the Great Spirit, or we shall **get into trouble**. To know how to read and write is very good for white men, but very bad for red men. It makes white men better, but red men worse. Some of the Greeks and Cherokees learnt to read and write, and they are the greatest rascals among all the Indians. They went to Washington, and said they were going to see their Great Father, to talk about the good of the nation. And when they got there, they all wrote upon a little piece of paper, without the nation **at home** knowing **anything** about it. And the first thing the nation **at home** knew of the **matter**, they were called together by the Indian agent, who showed them a little piece of paper, which he told them was a treaty, which their brethren had made, in their name, with their Great Father at Washington. And as they knew not what a treaty was, he held up the little piece of paper, and they looked under it, and lo ! it covered a great extent of country, and they found that their brethren, by knowing how to read and write, **had sold their houses, and their lands, and the graves of their**

fathers ; and that the white man, by knowing how to read and write, had gained them. Tell our Great Father at Washington, therefore, that we are very sorry we cannot receive teachers among us ; for reading and writing, though very good for white men, is very bad for Indians.'—*Washington Irving.*

19. THE INJUSTICE OF WAR.

If the existence of war always implies injustice, in one at least of the parties concerned, it is also the fruitful parent of crimes. It reverses all the rules of morality. It is nothing less than a temporary repeal of all the principles of virtue. It is a system ~~out of~~ which almost all the virtues are excluded, and in which nearly all the vices are incorporated. **Whatever** renders human nature amiable or respectable, whatever engages love or confidence, is sacrificed at its shrine. In instructing us to consider a portion of our **fellow-creatures** as the proper objects of enmity, it removes, **as far as** they are concerned, the basis of all society, of all civilisation and virtue ; for the basis of these is the **goodwill** due to every individual of the species as being a part of ourselves. From this principle all the rules of social virtue emanate. Justice and humanity in their utmost extent are nothing more than the practical application of this great law. The sword, and that alone, cuts asunder the bond of consanguinity which unites man to man. As it immediately aims at the extinction of life, it is next to impossible, upon the principle that everything may be lawfully done to him whom we have a right to kill, to set limits to military license ; for when men pass from the dominion of reason to that of force, **whatever** restraints are attempted to be laid on the passions will be feeble and fluctuating. Though we must applaud, therefore, the attempts of the humane Grotius to blend maxims of humanity with military operations, it is to be feared they will never coalesce, since the former imply the subsistence of those ties which the latter suppose to be dissolved. Hence the morality of peaceful times is directly opposite to the maxims of war. The fundamental rule of the first is to do good ; of the latter to inflict injuries. The former commands us to succour the oppressed ; the latter to overwhelm the defenceless. The former teaches men to love their enemies ; the latter to make

themselves terrible even to strangers. The rules of morality will not suffer us to promote the dearest interest by falsehood ; the maxims of war applaud it when employed in the destruction of others. That a familiarity with such maxims must tend to harden the heart, as well as to pervert the moral sentiments, is too obvious to need illustration. The natural consequence of their prevalence is an unfeeling and an unprincipled ambition, with an idolatry of talent and a contempt of virtue ; whence the esteem of mankind is turned from the humble, the benevolent, and the good, to men who are qualified by a genius fertile in expedients, a courage that is never appalled, and a heart that never pities, to become the destroyers of the earth. While the philanthropist is devising means to mitigate the evils and augment the happiness of the world, a fellow-worker together with God, in exploring and giving effect to the benevolent tendencies of nature, the warrior is revolving, in the gloomy recesses of his mind, plans of future devastation and ruin. Prisons crowded with captives, cities emptied of their inhabitants, fields desolate and waste, are among his proudest trophies. The fabric of his fame is cemented with tears and blood ; and if his name is wafted to the ends of the earth, it is in the shrill cry of suffering humanity, in the curses and imprecations of those whom his sword has reduced to despair.—*Robert Hall.*

20. THE PROTESTANT MARTYRS IN PARIS.

The spots which are consecrated to the sufferings of the Protestant martyrs are numerous enough, alas ! The *Place de Grève* witnessed the first execution. The first martyr was a poor working man named Leclerc, a native of Meaux, where Bishop Briçonnet and Farel, the predecessor of Calvin, had attracted a small nucleus of reformers. His body was cast into the fire, but not before his hand had been cut off, his nose torn, his chest pinched by red-hot tongs. The courageous fellow did not flinch ; and during his horrible and protracted tortures he cried to the assembled people the words of the Psalm : ‘ Their idols are the work of men’s hands. They have mouths, but they speak not ; eyes have they, but they see not. They that make them are like unto them.’

The *Place Maubert* saw even a greater number of execu-

tions than the Grève. The torments were equally revolting, and as the victims invariably showed an unconquerable energy in confessing the faith for which they died, the judges ordered their tongues to be cut out before they left the prison walls. An exception was made in favour of Councillor Anne Dubourg, and he **took advantage** of it for preaching the Gospel **from** the gallows. His words were not lost, for a jealous Catholic writer of the time complains that they did more harm than a hundred sermons. Weak women and tender children **proved as** enduring as the most enthusiastic men. Remembrance has been preserved of a pious woman who was buried alive, and who smiled and talked till the earth covered her head. Another, a young and beautiful girl, presented her tongue of her own **accord** to the knife of the executioner. A worthy predecessor of the grotesque Dr. Véron gives, in his 'Journal d'un Bourgeois de Paris,' the list of the Huguenots who were led to the stake in the capital during the year 1534. Death was the penalty for every religious misdemeanour. A bookseller was executed for having 'sold Luther' (*sic*); a student for having '**posted**' written papers at night; the wife of a shoemaker, who was also a schoolmaster, because her husband had 'eaten meat on Fridays and Saturdays.' It is not related that the poor woman had herself **partaken** of the forbidden viands; at all events she had cooked them, and that awful transgression was atoned for on the scaffold.

The *Place de l'Estrapade* received its name on account of the terrible torments which the Protestants had to undergo. The *Estrapade* was a favourite way of inflicting death, because it protracted the sufferings of the victims. Francis and his Court often witnessed the horrifying spectacle, and the Jesuits, who strictly forbade their pupils to resort to the theatre, allowed them free access to the burning of heretics. Cruelty and bigotry were but too often synonymous in history.

21. THE FRENCH MASTER.

Poor fellow! If he had committed some grievous offence against the Criminal Code, and been condemned to **slave** in the pontoons at Toulon or the galleys at Cayenne, he could hardly have been **dragging on** a more miserable existence. To

dram elementary grammar into the dull heads of inattentive boys is under no circumstances an enlivening occupation. But it is ten times more dreary than usual when, instead of being Latin or Greek—languages resuscitated from their graves, as boys suppose, for the sole purpose of tormenting them—the grammar is of the teacher's own native tongue. What must it be when the language to be taught, besides being that of the fatherland, is regarded by the teacher as the most logical, the most expressive, and the most harmonious in the world, while by the learner it is persistently regarded as irrational, ugly, and absurd?

Juvenal, with his own bold pencil and in his own glowing colours, painted the hard case of the Roman pedagogue, a sort of male Jane Eyre, struggling for the sake of his miserable pittance against the laziness and insolence of purse-proud and vicious aristocratic youth. How far more effective would the satire have been if the elegant and refined Athenian sage had sat for the portrait! But the satirist had lashed too severely the Greekling's character to be able to consistently make a hero, or even a martyr, of him. Nor was the degenerate representative of Aristotle and Zeno a very worthy object of pity or respect. So the little Quirites who learned Greek in Rome treated their foreign master, doubtless, in a way very similar to that in which schoolboys treat 'Monsieur.' All the odium which ignorant people naturally attach to the character of an alien—which made the Greeks treat their Asiatic neighbours as 'barbarians,' and makes the Chinese treat Europeans as 'devils'—is fostered and intensified in the rude and unfeeling mind of the ordinary boy; and it affords him a particular pleasure to be able, in ridiculing the foreigner, to insult at the same time the master. Accordingly, he will utilise skilfully all the ample opportunities which French pronunciation and French syntax afford for offending the susceptibilities of the too patriotic teacher. Is a vowel sounded in a manner new and difficult to rather clumsy English lips?—it is straightway laughed at as a silly and arbitrary perversion of the natural sound of the letter. Are there any supposed deficiencies or inaccuracies in the French vocabulary?—they are pointed out with ineffable scorn, and made a reproach against the nation in general and its representative in particular. Unrestrained, and perhaps sometimes excusable

mirth is provoked in the **upper form** by the rules of French versification, while to a less advanced class Gil Blas is no caricature, but a type of the ordinary Frenchman of **average** intelligence, suffering the mishaps which every Frenchman deserves for his innate stupidity.

To the French master of honourable descent, whose highest pride is his country, and only his second thoughts for himself, these outrages on the national character are the severest parts of his trials. But there are personal insults always impending over him, if not always actually **outspoken**, and which will, it is well known, **lash** him into a fury both impotent and ridiculous. If a **well-worn** allusion to snails and frogs as an article of food fails to produce the desired effect, the battle of Waterloo is reproduced—that unfailing theme for ‘getting a **rise** out of Mossu.’ The French class is nothing if not insubordinate, and the youth who quakes most abjectly before the frown of the head-master is the most ready to defy all discipline at the **hands** of the foreigner. But this wretched man has no means of coercion except his own powers of **self-assertion**; which—**what with** exile, poverty, and the inclemencies of an insular climate—are reduced to a minimum. Herein, also, he differs miserably from most other pedagogues of ancient and modern times. When the Roman schoolmaster taught his own language to the fair-haired children of the British chief, he was armed with a solid ruler, capable of **overawing** the most impudent **urchin**. And even in the **backwoods**, although a pupil has been known to draw a revolver on his instructor, the latter has generally at command some means of more than moral supremacy. The French master has no such weapon. His sole remedy is an appeal to the chief—a man often as ignorant of French as the offender himself, and in the memory of whose school days the French master is recorded still more as a **laughing-stock** than he is at the present time. So the poor man usually fights his own unequal battle, struggling in an undignified position to **keep up a show** of dignity, and affecting the semblance of dignity which he has no real power to **enforce**. One chance, one only chance, he sometimes has of varying his life with a few brighter and happier moments. Kind fate may appoint him instructor of the neighbouring young ladies’ school. Here, if he be only wise and stout-hearted enough, he may don for a time the

mantle of honour and respect. Within those vestal precincts the manly form is welcomed with unfailing interest, even though it appear in the shape of a poor, and perhaps broken-hearted, refugee. With the girls, France is the 'grand nation,' not only because they are less **narrow-minded** and have a greater **smattering** of Continental history, but from the hackneyed claim it has asserted to superior gallantry. But the bright gleams are transient, and a few short hours see the toiler back among his tormentors, to whom he is a recognised and almost legitimate butt.—*Globe*.

22. THE LION-KILLER.

The lion found in North Africa is a very savage beast. In some parts of the world lions will **turn away** when they meet a man, and, unless he touches them, will not attack him. But it is **not so with** the lions of North Africa—they devour **both** men and cattle whenever they can find them. Sometimes they leap at the head of their victim, and kill him at once. At other times they amuse themselves with their prey as a cat amuses herself with a mouse. They **walk** a little way **off**, and then spring on him again, **pat** him, and **tumble** him **over**, killing him at last, when they are tired, and the poor victim is half dead with fear. These lions eat so many cattle that a brave French soldier tells us, one lion, in the course of his life, will devour as much food as would cost 8,000*l.* No **wonder** the people who live there **both** hate and fear lions very much.

The French soldier whom we have referred to has killed so many lions that he well deserves his name of the 'Lion-killer.' On the first evening of his arrival at the camp in the French colony of Algeria, he heard sad complaints of a lion that had been devouring the flocks and herds. After listening to the account of all that this dreadful beast had done and was doing, the brave little Frenchman amazed them by saying very quietly that he would go and kill him, if they would find him a guide. They all made **fun** of him on hearing this, telling him if the lion did not eat him, it would only be because he was so small. But this did not **turn** the brave hunter **from** his purpose; so at last they agreed to help him. They dug a large hole in the ground, and covered it with trees. On these trees they placed large stones,

and then covered the whole with damp earth. In this hole the Lion-killer **was** to stand and watch for the lion, who would **most likely**, as his friends told him, drag him out of it and devour him. **Night after night** he spent there, but did not find it a very pleasant post, and the lion never came near. At length, however, one night he heard the fierce monster's roar. For two hours he remained in the neighbourhood, and then went off without molesting the hunter. On following his traces, it was found that he passed through the open plain, and the Lion-killer resolved to **watch for** him there.

To the plain he went, attended by a dozen Arabs. They found a fine cluster of trees, standing as thickly together as if they had but one root. Some of the Arabs ran away from fright ; the rest, with the Lion-killer, concealed themselves among the thick trees. There were many traces of the lion, but the lion himself they could not see.

Going back to the camp, fresh complaints of the lion's doings were made. He seemed to be everywhere at once, and yet when they looked for him he was **nowhere**. At last, after many vain attempts to find him, one night, as they watched, his roar was again heard. When it **died away**, the Lion-killer and his two friends placed themselves in a small opening in the wood. Soon the crackling of boughs was heard as the beast **strode** towards them. Nearer he came, and his hidden foes raised their guns ready to shoot at him. At last a bush close to the hunters was stirred by his movement. A few growls were heard, and then came a roar that in the night's darkness made even the brave hunter's heart quake. The lion most likely **scented** the men, for he raised his huge head above the bushes, and fixed his eye on the Lion-killer, who seized that moment before he could leap on him to shoot him through the side of the head. Another tremendous roar shook the wood—then the smoke cleared away, and the lion **lay dead**. It was well for the hunters that one shot had been enough, for this lion was so large, that the three men together could not turn him over, and one man alone could scarcely raise his huge head from the ground.

It was for killing this fierce creature that the grateful Arabs gave the brave little soldier the name of the Lion-killer.—*Chambers' Series.*

23. THE BROKEN FLOWER-POT.

My father was seated on the lawn before the house, his straw hat over his eyes (it was summer), and his book on his lap. Suddenly a beautiful Delft blue-and-white flower-pot, which had been set on the window-sill of an upper storey, fell to the ground with a crash, and the fragments spluttered up round my father's legs. Sublime in his studies, as Archimedes in the siege, he continued to read. *Impavidum ferient ruinae!*

'Dear, dear!' cried my mother, who was at work in the porch; 'my poor flower-pot, that I prized so much! who could have done this? Primmings, Primmings!'

Mrs. Primmings popped her head out of the fatal window, nodded to the summons, and came down in a trice, pale and breathless.

'Oh!' said my mother mournfully, 'I would rather have lost all the plants in the greenhouse in the great blight last May—I would rather the best teasel were broken! The poor geranium I reared myself, and the dear, dear flower-pot which Mr. Caxton bought for me my last birthday! that naughty child must have done this!'

Mrs. Primmings was dreadfully afraid of my father, why, I know not, except that very talkative social persons are usually afraid of very silent shy ones. She cast a hasty glance at her master, who was beginning to evince signs of attention, and cried promptly, 'No, ma'am, it was not the dear boy—it was I!'

'You? How could you be so careless? and you knew how I prized them both. Oh! Primmings!'

Primmings began to sob.

'Don't tell abe, nursery,' said a small shrill voice; and **Master** Sisty (coming out of the house as bold as brass) continued rapidly, 'don't scold Primmings, mamma; it was I who pushed out the flower-pot.'

'Hush!' said nurse, more frightened than ever, and looking aghast towards my father, who had very deliberately taken off his hat, and was regarding the scene with serious eyes wide-awake.

'Hush! And if he did break it, ma'am, it was quite an

accident ; he was **standing so**, and he never **meant** it. Did you, Master Sisty ? Speak ! (this in a **whisper**) or pa will be **so angry** ?

'Well,' said my mother, 'I **suppose** it was an accident ; take care in future, my child. You are sorry, I see, to have grieved me. **There's** a kiss ; don't **fret**.'

'No, mamma, you must not kiss me ; I don't deserve it. I pushed out the flower-pot on purpose.'

'Ha ! and why ?' said my father, **walking up**.

Mrs. Primmins trembled like a leaf.

'For fun !' said I, hanging my head—'just to see how you'd **look**, papa ; and that's the truth of it. Now beat me, **do** beat me.'

My father threw his book fifty **yards** off, stooped down, and **caught** me to his breast. 'Boy,' he said, 'you have done **wrong** ; you shall repair it, by remembering all your life that your father blessed God for giving him a son who spoke truth in spite of fear. Oh ! Mrs. Primmins, the next fable of this kind you try to teach him, and we part for ever.'

Not long after that event, Mr. Squills, who often made me little presents, **gave** me one far exceeding in value those usually bestowed on children—it was a beautiful large domino box in cut ivory, painted and gilt. This domino-box was my delight. I was never weary of playing at dominoes with Mrs. Primmins, and I slept with the box under my pillow.

'Ah !' said my father one day when he found me ranging the ivory parallelograms in the parlour—'ah ! you like that better than all your playthings, eh ?'

'Ah ! yes, papa.'

'You would be very sorry if your mamma **were** to throw that box out of the window and break it for fun.'

I looked **beseechingly** at my father, and made no answer.

'But perhaps you would be very glad,' he resumed, 'if suddenly one of those good fairies you **read of** could change the domino-box **into** a beautiful geranium in a beautiful blue-and-white flower-pot, and that you could have the pleasure of putting it on your mamma's window-sill.'

'Indeed I would !' said I, **half-crying**.

'My dear boy, I believe you ; but good **wishes** don't mend bad actions—good actions mend bad actions.'

So saying, he shut the door and **went out**. I cannot tell you how puzzled I was to make out what my father meant by his aphorism. But I know that I played at dominoes no more than that day. The next morning my father found me seated **by myself** under a tree in the garden ; he paused and looked at me with his grave bright **eyes** very steadily.

'My boy,' said he, 'I am going to walk to ——, a town about two miles **off** ; will you come ? And **by the bye**, fetch your domino-box ; I should like to show it to a person there.'

I **ran in for** the box, and, not a little proud of walking with my father on the high road, we set out.

'Papa,' said I **by the way**, 'there are no fairies now.'

'**what then**, my child ?'

'**why**, how then can my domino-box be changed **into** a geranium and a blue-and-white flower-pot ?'

'My **dear**,' said my father, leaning his hand on my shoulder, 'everybody who is in **earnest** to be good carries two fairies **about with him**—one here,' and he touched my forehead ; 'and one here,' and he touched my heart.

'I don't understand, papa.'

'I can wait till you **do**, Pisistratus !'

My father stopped at a nursery gardener's, and, after looking over the flowers, paused before a large double geranium. 'Ah, this is finer than that which your mamma was so fond of. What is the cost, sir ?'

'Only 7s. 6d.' said the gardener.

My father buttoned up his pocket. 'I can't **afford** it to-day,' said he gently, and we walked out.

On entering the town we stopped again at a china warehouse. 'Have you a flower-pot like that I bought some months ago ? Ah, here is one marked 3s. 6d. Yes, that is the price. Well, **when** your mamma's birthday comes again, we must buy her another. That is some months to wait. And we can wait, Master Sisty. For truth that blooms all the year **round** is better than a poor geranium ; and a word that is never broken is better than a piece of Delft.'

My head, which had drooped before, rose again ; but the **rush of joy** at my heart almost stifled me.

'I have called to pay your little **bill**,' said my father, entering the shop of one of those **fancy stationers** common in

country towns, and who sell all kinds of pretty toys and **nick-nacks**. ‘And **by the way**,’ he added, as the smiling shopman **looked over** his books for the **entry**, ‘I think my little boy **here** can show you a much handsomer specimen of French workmanship than that workbox which you **enticed** Mrs. Caxton into **rattling for** last winter. Show your domino-box, my dear.’

I produced my treasure, and the shopman was liberal in his **commendations**. ‘It is always well, my boy, to know what a thing is worth, in case one wishes to **part with** it. If my young **gentleman** gets tired of his plaything, what will you give him for it?’

‘**Why**, sir,’ said the shopman, ‘I fear we could not afford to give more than eighteen shillings for it, unless the young gentleman took some of those pretty things in exchange.’

‘Eighteen shillings!’ said my father; ‘you would give that. Well, my boy, **whenever** you do grow tired of your box, you have my leave to sell it.’

My father paid his bill, and went out. I **lingered** behind a few moments, and joined him at the end of the street.

‘Papa, papa!’ I cried, clapping my hands, ‘we can buy the geranium—we can buy the flower-pot.’ And I pulled a handful of silver from my pocket.

‘Did I not **say right?**’ said my father, passing his hand-kerchief over his eyes. ‘You have found the two fairies!’

Ah! how proud, how **overjoyed** I was, when after placing vase and flower on the window-sill, I plucked my mother by the gown, and made her follow me to the spot.

‘It is his doing and his money!’ said my father, ‘good actions have mended the bad.’

‘What!’ cried my mother, when she had learned all; ‘and your poor domino-box that you were so **fond** of! We will go back to-morrow, and buy it back, **if** it costs us double.’

‘Shall we buy it back, Pisistratus?’ asked my father.

‘Oh, no—no—no!—it would spoil all,’ I cried, burying my face on my father’s breast.

‘My wife,’ said my father solemnly, ‘this is my first lesson to our child—the sanctity and happiness of **self-sacrifice**—undo not what it should teach him to his **dying hour**.’

And that is the history of the broken flower-pot.—*Sir E. Bulwer Lytton.*

24. GREVILLE'S SKETCHES OF HIS CONTEMPORARIES.

Sir Robert Peel in 1834.

Peel's is an enviable position ; in the **prime of life**, with an immense fortune, *facile princeps* in the House of Commons, **unshackled** by party connections and prejudices, universally regarded as the ablest man, and with, on the **whole**, a very high character, free from the cares of **office**, able to devote himself to literature, to politics, or idleness, as the fancy takes him. **No matter how** unruly the House, how impatient or fatigued, the moment he rises all is silence, and he is sure of being heard with profound attention and respect. This is the enjoyable period of his life, and he must **make the most** of it, for when time and the hour shall **bring about** his return to power, his cares and anxieties will begin, and with **whatever** success his ambition may hereafter be crowned he will hardly fail to look back with regret to this holiday time of his political career. How free and light he must feel **at** being liberated from the shackles of his old connections, and at being able to take **any** part that his sense of his own interests or of the public exigencies may point out ! And then the satisfactory consciousness of being by far the most eminent man in the House of Commons, to see and feel the respect he inspires and the consideration he enjoys. It is a melancholy proof of the decadence of ability and eloquence in that House, when Peel is the first, and, except Stanley, almost the only real orator in it. He speaks with great energy, great dexterity—his language is powerful and easy ; he reasons well, hits hard, and replies with remarkable promptitude and effect ; but he is at an immense distance below the great models of eloquence—Pitt, Fox, and Canning ; his voice is not melodious, and it is a little monotonous ; his action is very ungraceful, his person and manner are vulgar, and he has certain **tricks** in his motion which exhibit that vulgarity in a manner almost offensive, and which is only redeemed by the real power of his speeches. His great merit consists in his judgment, tact, and

discretion, his facility, promptitude, thorough knowledge of the assembly he **addresses**, familiarity with the details of every sort of Parliamentary business, and the great **command** he has over himself. He never was a great favourite of **mine**, but I am **satisfied** that he is the fittest man to be Minister, and I therefore wish to see him return to power.

Canning.

The Duke of Wellington talked of Canning the other day a great deal **at** my mother's. He said his talents were astonishing, his compositions admirable, that he possessed the art of saying exactly what was necessary, and **passing over** those topics on which it was not advisable to touch, his fertility and resources inexhaustible. He thought him the finest speaker he had ever heard : though he prided himself extremely upon his compositions, he would patiently endure any criticisms upon **such** papers as he submitted for the consideration of the Cabinet, and would allow them to be altered **in any way** that was suggested ; he (the Duke) particularly had often 'cut and hacked' his papers, and Canning never made the least objection, but was always ready to adopt the suggestion of his colleagues. It was not so, however, in conversation and discussion. **Any** difference of opinion or dissent from his views threw him into ungovernable rage, and on such occasions he **flew** out with a violence which, the Duke said, had often compelled him to be silent that he **might** not be involved in bitter personal altercation. He said that Canning was usually very silent in the Cabinet, seldom spoke **at all**, but when he did he maintained his opinions with extraordinary tenacity. He said that he was one of the idlest of men. This I do not believe, for I have always heard that he saw everything and did everything himself. Not a despatch was received that he did not read, nor one written that he did not dictate or correct.

Macaulay and Brougham.

Brougham—tall, thin, and **commanding** in figure, with a face which, **however** ugly, is full of expression, and a voice of great power, variety, and even melody, notwithstanding his occasional prolixity and tediousness—is an orator in every

sense of the word. Macaulay—short, fat, and ungraceful, with a round, thick, unmeaning face, and with **rather** a lisp, though he has made speeches of great merit, and of a very high style of eloquence in point of composition—has no pretensions to be put in competition with Brougham in the House of Commons. **More** is the difference and the inferiority of Macaulay less marked in society. Macaulay, indeed, is a great talker, and **pours forth** floods of knowledge on all subjects ; but the gracefulness, lightness, and variety are wanting in his talk which are so conspicuous in his writings ; there is not enough of alloy in the metal of his conversation ; it is too didactic, it is all too good, and not sufficiently flexible, plastic, and diversified for general society. Brougham, on the other hand, is all life, spirit, and gaiety, ‘from grave to gay, from lively to severe’—**dashing through** every description of folly and fun, dealing in those rapid transitions by which the attention and imagination are arrested and excited ; always amusing, always instructive, never tedious, elevated to the height of the greatest intellect, and familiar with the most abstruse subjects, and at the same moment conciliating the humble pretensions of inferior minds, by **dropping into** the midst of their pursuits and objects with a fervour and intensity of interest which surprises and delights his associates, and, above all, which puts them at their ease. [*Quantum mutatus* : All this has long ceased to be true of Brougham. Macaulay, without having either the wit or the charm which constitutes the highest kind of colloquial excellence or success, is a marvellous, an unrivalled (in his way), and a delightful talker.—1850.]

Brougham and Rogers.

About three weeks ago I passed a few days at Panshanger, where I met Brougham ; he came from Saturday till Monday morning, and from the hour of his arrival to that of his departure he never ceased talking. The party was agreeable enough—Luttrell, Rogers, &c.—but it was comical to see how the **latter** was **provoked** at Brougham’s **engrossing** all the talk, though he could not **help** listening with pleasure. Brougham is certainly one of the most remarkable men I ever met ; **to say nothing** of what he is in the world, his almost childish gaiety and

animal spirits, his **humour** mixed with sarcasm, but not ill-natured, his wonderful **information**, and the facility with which he handles every subject, from the most grave and severe to the most trifling, displaying a mind full of varied and extensive information and a memory which has suffered nothing to escape it, I never saw **any** man whose conversation impressed me with such an idea of his superiority over all others. As Rogers said the morning of his departure, ' This morning Solon, Lycurgus, Demosthenes, Archimedes, Sir Isaac Newton, Lord Chesterfield, and a great many **more** went away in one postchaise.'

Sir James Graham.

Graham's elevation is the most monstrous of all. He was once my friend, a college intimacy revived in the world, and which lasted six months, when, thinking he could do better, he **cut me**, as he had **done** others before. I am not a fair judge of him, because the pique which his conduct **to me** naturally gave me would induce me to **underrate** him, but I take vanity and self-sufficiency to be the prominent features of his character, though of the extent of his capacity I will give no opinion. Let time show ; I think he will fail. [Time did show it to be very considerable, and the *volvenda dies* brought back our former friendship, as will **hereafter** appear ; he certainly did not fail.] He came into Parliament ten years ago, spoke and **failed**. He had been a provincial hero, the Cicero and the Romeo of Yorkshire and Cumberland, a present Lovelace and a future Pitt. He was disappointed in love (the **particulars** are of no consequence), married and retired to digest his mortifications of various kinds, to become a **country gentleman**, patriot, reformer, financier, and what not, always good-looking (he had been very handsome), pleasing, intelligent, cultivated, agreeable as a man can be who is not witty and who is rather pompous and slow, after many years of retirement, in the course of which he gave to the world his lucubrations on corn and currency. Time and the hour made him master of a large but **encumbered** estate and **member** for his county. Armed with the importance of representing a great constituency, he **started again** in the House of Commons ; took up Joseph Hume's line, but ornamented it with graces and flourishes which had not usually

decorated such dry topics. He succeeded, and in that line is now the best speaker in the House. I have no doubt he has studied his subjects and **practised** himself in public speaking. **Years and years ago** I remember his delight in Hume's comparison between Demosthenes and Cicero, and how he knew the passage by heart ; but it is one thing to attack strong abuses and ~~fire off~~ well-rounded set phrases, another to administer the naval affairs of the country and be ready to tilt against all comers, as he must do for the future.

Wordsworth.

I am just **come home** from breakfasting with Henry Taylor to **meet** Wordsworth ; the same party as when he had Southey, Mill, Elliot, Charles Villiers. Wordsworth may be **bordering on** sixty ; **hard-featured**, brown, wrinkled, with prominent teeth, and a few scattered grey hairs, but nevertheless not a disagreeable countenance ; and very cheerful, merry, cautious, and talkative, much more so than I should have expected from the grave and didactic character of his writings. He **held forth** on poetry, painting, politics, and metaphysics, and with a great deal of eloquence ; he is more conversable and with a greater flow of animal spirits than Southey. He mentioned that he never wrote down **as** he composed, but composed walking, riding, or in bed, and wrote down after ; that Southey always composes at his desk. He talked a great deal of Brougham, whose talents and domestic virtues he greatly admires ; that he was very generous and affectionate in his disposition, full of duty and attention to his mother, and had adopted and provided for a whole family of his brother's children, and treats his wife's children as if they were his own. He insisted **upon** taking them both with him to the drawing-room the other day when he went in state as Chancellor. They **remonstrated with** him, but in vain.

25. XENOPHON'S ADDRESS TO THE ARMY.

While their camp thus remained unmolested, every man **within** it was a prey to the most agonising apprehensions. Ruin appeared impending and inevitable, though no one could tell in what precise form it would come. The Greeks were in the



midst of a hostile country, ten thousand stadia from **home**, surrounded by enemies, blocked up by impassable mountains and rivers, without guides, without provisions, without cavalry to aid their retreat, without generals to give orders. A stupor of sorrow and conscious helplessness **seized upon** all; few came to the evening muster; few lighted fires to cook their suppers; every man **lay down** to rest where he was; yet no man could sleep for fear, anguish, and **yearning** after relatives whom he was never again to behold.

Amidst the many causes of despondency which **weighed down** this forlorn army, there was none more serious than the fact that not a single man among them had now either authority to command or obligation to take the initiative. **Nor** was any ambitious candidate likely to volunteer his pretensions, at a moment when the post promised nothing but the maximum of difficulty as well as of hazard. A new, **self-kindled** light and **self-originated** stimulus was required to vivify the embers of suspended hope and action in a mass, paralysed for the moment, but **every way** capable of effort; and the inspiration now fell, happily for the army, upon one in whom a full measure of soldierly strength and courage was combined with the education of an Athenian, a democrat, and a philosopher.

Xenophon had equipped himself in his finest military costume at **this his first** official appearance before the army, when the scales seemed to tremble between life and death. **Taking up** the protest of Kleanor against the treachery of the Persians, he insisted that **any** attempt to enter into convention or trust with such liars would be utter ruin, but that if energetic resolution were taken to **deal** with them only at the point of the sword, and punish their misdeeds, there was good hope of the favour of the gods, and of ultimate preservation. As he pronounced this last word, one of the soldiers near him happened to sneeze. Immediately the whole army around shouted with one accord the accustomed invocation to Zeus the Preserver; and Xenophon, **taking up** the accident, continued: 'Since, gentlemen, this omen from Zeus the Preserver has appeared at the instant when we were talking about preservation, let us here vow to offer the preserving sacrifice to that god, and at the same time to sacrifice to the remaining gods as well as we can, in the first friendly country which we may reach. Let every man who

agrees with me hold up his hand.' All held up their hands : all then joined in the vow, and shouted the pæan.—*G. Grote.*

26. HORATIUS OFFERS TO DEFEND THE BRIDGE.

Then out spake brave Horatius,
 The captain of the gate :
 ' To every man upon this earth
 Death cometh soon or late.
 And how can man die better
 Than facing fearful odds,
 For the ashes of his fathers,
 And the temples of his gods,
 ' And for the tender mother
 Who dandled him to rest,
 And for the wife who nurses
 His baby at her breast,
 And for the holy maidens
 Who feed the eternal flame,
 To save them from false Sextus
 That wrought the deed of shame ?'

' Hew down the bridge, Sir Consul,
 With all the speed ye may ;
 I, with two more to help me,
 Will hold the foe in play.
 In yon straight path a thousand
 May well be stopped by three.
 Now, who will stand on either hand,
 And keep the bridge with me ?'

Then out spake Spurius Lartius ;
 A Ramnian proud was he :
 ' Lo, I will stand at thy right hand,
 And keep the bridge with thee.'

And out spake strong Herminius ;
 Of Titian blood was he :
 ' I will abide on thy left side,
 And keep the bridge with thee.'

‘ Horatius,’ quoth the Consul,
‘ As thou say’st, so let it be.’
And straight against that great array
Forth went the dauntless three.
For Romans in Rome’s quarrel
Spared neither land nor gold,
Nor son nor wife, nor limb nor life,
In the brave days of old.

Then none was for a party ;
Then all were for the State ;
Then the great man helped the poor,
And the poor man loved the great ;
Then lands were fairly portioned ;
Then spoils were fairly sold ;
The Romans were like brothers
In the brave days of old.—*Macaulay.*

27. PEARLS AMONG THE ROMANS.

‘ Of all the articles of luxury and ostentation known to the Romans, pearls seem to have been the most esteemed. They were worn on all parts of the dress, and such was the diversity of their size, purity, and value, that they were found to suit all classes, from those of moderate to those of the most colossal fortune. The famous pearl earrings of Cleopatra are said to have been worth about 160,000*l.*, and Julius Cæsar is said to have presented Servilia, the mother of Brutus, with a pearl for which he had paid above 48,000*l.*; and though no reasonable doubt can be entertained in regard to the extreme exaggeration of these and similar statements, the fact that the largest and finest pearls brought immense prices is beyond all question. It has been said that the wish to become master of the pearls with which it was supposed to abound, was one of the motives which induced Julius Cæsar to invade Britain. But though a good many were met with in various parts of the country, they were of little or no value, being small and ill-coloured. After pearls and diamonds, the emerald held the highest place in the estimation of the Romans.’—*M’Culloch.*

28. MATERNAL LOVE.

They sin who tell us love can die ;
 With life all other passions fly,
 All others are but vanity.
 In heaven ambition cannot dwell,
 Nor avarice in the vaults of hell ;
 Earthly these passions, as of earth,
 They perish where they have their birth,
 But love is indestructible ;
 Its holy flame for ever burneth ;
 From heaven it came, to heaven returneth :
 Too oft on earth a **troubled** guest,
At times deceived, at times oppressed,
 It here is tried and purified,
 And hath in heaven its perfect rest :
 It soweth here with toil and care,
 But the harvest time of love is there.
 Oh ! when a mother meets **on high**
 The babe she lost in infancy,
 Hath she not then for pains and fears,
 The day of woe, the anxious night,
 For all her sorrow, all her tears,
 An **overpayment** of delight.—*Southey.*

29. THEY MANAGE THOSE THINGS BETTER IN RUSSIA.

An Odessa paper gives a lively illustration of the way certain things are **managed** in Russia. An inspector of forests, who did his work very conscientiously, **happened to** hear that, in one of the governments of his circuit, a hundred trees had been felled in violation of the laws. The circumstance was duly noted by the honest official, and a visit to the spot immediately resolved upon. Accompanied by the forest-master, he was at first carefully **taken** to those parts only of the wood that were all in perfect order. At last they came to a little **by-path**. The forest-master wished to keep straight on ; the inspector insisted upon following the **side-way** ; and the former had, consequently, to **give in**, after making numerous objections. In a short time they reached the **very** place that had been pointed

out to the inspector. There were the trees sure **enough**, lying prostrate upon the ground. ‘I thought you told me nothing had been felled in your forest,’ said the inspector. ‘And **so** there has been nothing felled,’ returned the other. ‘Then what is that I see yonder?’ asked the astonished inspector, **waxing** a little **wroth**. ‘That—why, that is hay!’ ‘You are not in your right **senses**, man,’ cried the other; and turning round to the foresters who had **attended** them, repeated his question. ‘Hay, hay, hay,’ was the answer of one and all. It was **getting late**, and the inspector determined to return to the spot the following morning, when he could **avail himself** of the **full light of day**. He came accordingly very early, accompanied by a great crowd of persons, who were attracted by curiosity. He came, he saw; but he gained nothing by his motion. The felled trees had vanished one and all, and in their stead appeared half a **hay-rick**.

30. THE WRECK OF THE ROYAL CHARTER, 1859.—EPISODE.

I went to **bed** at eleven, and **lay** there till I heard Captain Withers say to a lady, ‘I shall take your child: come directly.’ There was some answer to this, and Captain Withers said, ‘No, directly; there is no time to be lost.’ His voice had awakened me, and I jumped out of bed. I heard it was half-past two o’clock. I then felt the ship as if rubbing along the ground, and then there were three or four violent concussions. I immediately **ran up** into the upper saloon. I found ladies and gentlemen in the greatest state of consternation. Mr. Hodge, the clergyman, was there; and they all prayed together. I went up to **look for** my nurse and child. The saloon was so crammed that there was no chance of my being able to find my child there. I eventually found them. The **bumping** of the vessel continued, and increased in rapidity and violence, and water began to come in in all directions, so that I was **wet through for hours** before I left the ship. I do not know what hour it was when I jumped **overboard**; but the man who saved me told me it was half-past seven. I was on **deck** when the vessel split. I was **knocked** down by the waves, and I saw Captain Taylor lying on the deck where he had been knocked down by a wave. He had a rope round his waist, and a log tied to the end of it. I said, ‘O, Captain

Taylor, what a fearful scene this is !' He did not reply. Another wave **came in on** me. I **flung off** my greatcoat, and jumped overboard. I got hold of a log of wood, but was **washed off** it twice. I was **washed to** the rock, and grasped the weed, but was twice **washed away** with weed in my hands. I was **carried in** a third time, and two or three men caught me by the points of the fingers, and prevented me from being **carried out** again. A man named Robert Lewis **had** me **carried to** his house, where I was treated with the greatest kindness by him and his wife. My little daughter and also her nurse were lost.

31. HOW TO GET ON IN THE WORLD.

First of all you must have a character. Character is **worth** more than reputation ; the former will bear **any** scorching blasts of temptation : but the latter **might** be tainted by the world's calumny ; character is **worth**, and worth makes the man. Garibaldi in his red shirt on the lone rocks of Italy is braver—nobler—more kingly than the craven monarch of Naples enslaving a people, and cursing a fair nation. Then you must work. Some young men talk about luck. **Good luck** is to **get up** at six o'clock in the morning—good luck, if you have only a shilling a week, is to live upon elevenpence and save a penny—good luck is to **trouble** your heads with your own business and to let your neighbour's alone—good luck is to do unto other people as we wish them to do unto us. You must not only work, but wait. You must plod and persevere. Pence must be **taken care** of, because they are the seeds of guineas. To **get on** in the world you must take care of **home**, sweep your own doorways clean, try and help other people, avoid temptations, and have faith in truth and God.—*De Fraine.*

32. THE BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

Immediately before the Duke **rode** Taillefer, the minstrel, singing, with a loud and clear voice, the lay of Charlemagne and Roland, and the emprises of the Paladins who had fallen in the dolorous pass of Roncevaux. Taillefer, as his guerdon, had craved permission to strike the first blow ; for he was a valiant

warrior, **emulating** the deeds which he sung : his appellation, *Taille-fer*, is probably to be considered not as his real name, but as an epithet derived from his strength and prowess ; and he fully justified his demand, by transfixing the first Englishman whom he attacked, and by felling the second to the ground. The battle now became general, and **raged** with the greatest fury. The Normans advanced beyond the English lines, but they were **driven back**, and forced into a trench, where horses and riders fell upon each other in fearful confusion. More Normans were slain here than in any other part of the field. The alarm spread ; the light troops left in charge of the baggage and the stores thought that all was lost, and were about to take flight ; but the fierce Odo, Bishop of Bayeux, the Duke's **half-brother**, and who was better **armed** for the shield than for the mitre, succeeded in reassuring them ; and then, returning to the field, and rushing into that part where the battle was hottest, he fought as the stoutest of the warriors engaged in the conflict.

From nine in the morning till three in the afternoon the successes on **either** side were nearly balanced. The charges of the Norman cavalry gave them great advantage, but the English phalanx repelled their enemies ; and the soldiers were so well protected by their targets, that the artillery of the Normans was long discharged in vain. The bowmen, seeing that they had failed to make any impression, altered the direction of their shafts ; and, instead of shooting **point-blank**, the flights of arrows were directed upwards, so that the points came down upon the heads of the men of England, and the iron shower fell with murderous effect. The English ranks were exceedingly **distressed** by the volleys, yet they still **stood firm**, and the Normans now employed a stratagem to **decoy** their opponents out of their intrenchments. A feigned retreat on their part induced the English to pursue them with great heat. The Normans suddenly **wheeled about**, and a new and fiercer battle was **urged**. The field was covered with separate bands of foemen, each engaged with one another. Here, the English yielded ; there they conquered. One English thane, armed with a battle-axe, spread dismay amongst the Frenchmen. He was **cut down** by Roger de Montgomery. The Normans have preserved the name of the Norman baron, but that of the Englishman is lost in

oblivion. Some other English thanes were also praised as having singly, and by their personal prowess, delayed the ruin of their countrymen and country.—*Sir Francis Palgrave.*

33. THE GREEK DRAMA.

During the century of the Athenian democracy between Kleisthenēs and Eukleidēs, there had been produced a development of dramatic genius, tragic and comic, never paralleled before or afterwards. Æschylus, the creator of the tragic drama, or at least the first composer who rendered it illustrious, had been a combatant both at Marathon and Salamis ; while Sophoklēs and Euripidēs, his two eminent followers (the former one of the generals of the Athenian armament against Samos in 440 B.C.), expired both of them only a year before the battle of Ægospotami, just in time to escape the bitter humiliation and suffering of that mournful period. . . .

It was under that great development of the power of Athens which followed the expulsion of Xerxes that the theatre, with its appurtenances, attained full magnitude and elaboration, and Attic tragedy its maximum of excellence. Sophoklēs gained his first victory over Æschylus in 468 B.C. ; the first exhibition of Euripidēs was in 455 B.C. The names, though unhappily the names alone, of many other competitors have reached us : Philoklēs, who gained the prize even over the ‘Œdipus Tyrannus’ of Sophoklēs ; Euphorion, son of Æschylus, Xenoklēs, and Nikomachus, all known to have triumphed over Euripidēs, Neophron, Achaeus, Ion, Agathon, and many more. The continuous stream of new tragedy poured out year after year was something new in the history of the Greek mind.—*Grote.*

34. AGE AND YOUTH.

‘ You are old, Father William,’ the young man cried,

‘ The few locks that are left you are grey ;

You are hale, Father William, a hearty old man :

Now tell me the reason, I pray ? ’

‘ In the days of my youth,’ Father William replied,

‘ I remember’d that youth would fly fast,

And abused not my health and my vigour at first,

That I never might need them at last.’

- You are old, Father William,' the young man cried,
 ‘And pleasures with youth pass away,
 And yet you lament not the days that are gone :
 Now tell me the reason, I pray ?’
- In the days of my youth,' Father William replied,
 ‘I remember'd that youth could not last ;
 I thought of the future, ~~whatever~~ I did,
 That I never ~~might~~ grieve for the past.’
- You are old, Father William,' the young man cried.
 ‘And life ~~must~~ be hastening away ;
 You are cheerful, and love to converse upon death :
 Now tell me the reason, I pray ?’
- ‘ I am cheerful, young man.' Father William replied.
 ‘ Let the cause thy attention engage ;
 In the days of my youth I remembered my God.
 And He hath not forgotten my age.'—R. Southey.

35. THE CHARACTER OF HAMLET.

Hamlet is one of Shakspeare's plays that we think of the oftenest, because it abounds ~~most~~ in striking reflections on human life, and because his distresses are transferred, by the turn of his mind, to the general account of humanity. ~~Whatever~~ happens to him we apply to ourselves, because he applies it to himself as a means of general reasoning. He is a great moraliser ; and what makes him more ~~attended~~ to is, that he moralises on his own feelings and experience. He is not a ~~comme~~ pedant. If Lear is distinguished by the greatest depth of passion, Hamlet is the most remarkable for the ingenuity, originality, and unstudied development of character. Shakspeare has more magnanimity than any other poet, and he has shown more of it in this play than in any other. There is no attempt to force an interest : everything is left for time and circumstances to unfold. The attention is excited without effort ; the incidents succeed each other as ~~matters of course~~ ; the characters think, and speak, and act, just as they might do if left entirely to themselves. There is no set purpose, no straining at a point. The observations are suggested by the

passing scene ; the gusts of passion come and go like sounds of music borne on the wind. The whole play is an exact transcript of what might be supposed to have taken place at the remote period of time fixed upon, before the modern refinements in morals and manners were heard of. It would have been interesting enough to have been admitted as a bystander in such a scene, at such a time, to have heard and witnessed something of what was **going on**. But here we are more than spectators. We have not only ‘the outward pageants and the signs of grief,’ but ‘we have that within which **passes show**.’ We read the thoughts of the heart; we ‘catch the passions living as they rise.’ Other dramatic writers give us very fine versions and paraphrases of nature, but Shakspeare, together with his own comments, gives us the original text, that we may judge for ourselves. This is a great advantage.

The character of Hamlet stands quite **by** itself. It is not a character marked by strength of will, or even of passion, but by refinement of thought and sentiment. Hamlet is as little of the hero as a man can well be ; but he is a young and princely novice, full of high enthusiasm and quick sensibility, the sport of circumstances, questioning with fortune, and refining on his own feelings, and forced from the natural bias of his disposition by the strangeness of his situation. He seems incapable of deliberate action, and is only hurried into extremities on the spur of the occasion, when he has no time to reflect, as in the scene where he kills Polonius ; and again, where he alters the letters which Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are taking with them to England, purporting his death. At other times, when **most** bound to act, he remains puzzled, undecided, and sceptical, dallies with his purposes till the occasion is lost, and finds out some pretence to relapse into indolence and thoughtlessness again. For this reason he refuses to kill the king when he is at his prayers ; and, by a refinement in malice, which in truth is only an excuse for his own want of resolution, defers his revenge to a more fatal opportunity.—*Hazlitt.*

36. WIT AND HUMOUR.

Wit and **humour** have, I fear, an injurious effect upon the character and disposition. I am not speaking of wit where it is

kept down by more serious qualities of mind, and thrown into the background of the picture, but where it **stands out** boldly and emphatically, and is evidently the **master** quality in any particular mind. Profound **wits**, though generally courted for the amusement they afford, are seldom respected for the qualities they possess. The habit of seeing things in a witty point of view increases, and makes incursions from its own proper regions upon principles and opinions which are ever held sacred by the wise and good. A witty man is a dramatic performer : in process of time he can no more exist without applause than he can exist without air ; if his audience be small, or if they be inattentive, or if a new wit defraud him of any portion of his admiration, it is all **over** with him—he sickens, and is extinguished. The applauses of the theatre on which he performs are essential to him, and he must obtain them at the expense of decency, friendship, and good feeling. It must always be probable, too, that a mere **wit** is a person of light and frivolous understanding. His business is not to discover relations of ideas that are useful and have a real influence upon life, but to discover the more trifling relations which are only amusing ; he never looks at things with the naked eye of common sense, but is always gazing at the world through a Claude Lorrain glass,—discovering a thousand appearances which are created only by the instrument of inspection, and covering every object with factitious and unnatural colours. In short, the character of a mere wit it is impossible to consider as very amiable, very respectable, or very safe. **So far** the world, in judging of wit where it has swallowed up all other qualities, judge aright ; but I doubt if they are sufficiently indulgent to this faculty where it exists in a lesser degree, and as one out of many other ingredients of the understanding. There is an association in men's minds between dulness and wisdom, amusement and folly, which has a powerful influence in decision upon character, and is not overcome without considerable difficulty. The reason is, that the **outward** signs of a dull man and a wise man are the same, and so are the outward signs of a frivolous man and a witty man ; and we are not to expect that the majority will be disposed to look to much more than the outward sign. I believe the fact to be that wit is very seldom the only eminent quality which resides in the mind of any man ; it is commonly accom-

panied by many other talents of every description, and ought to be considered as a strong evidence of a fertile and superior understanding. Almost all the great poets, orators, and statesmen of all times have been witty. Cæsar, Alexander, Aristotle, Descartes, and Lord Bacon were witty men ; so were Cicero, Shakspeare, Demosthenes, Boileau, Pope, Dryden, Fontenelle, Jonson, Waller, Cowley, Solon, Socrates, Dr. Johnson, and almost every man who has made a distinguished figure in the House of Commons. I have talked of the danger of wit ; I do not mean by that to enter into **commonplace** declamation against faculties because they are dangerous : wit is dangerous ; eloquence is dangerous ; a talent for observation is dangerous ; everything is dangerous that has efficacy and vigour for its characteristics ; nothing is safe but mediocrity. The business is, in conducting the understanding well, to risk something—to aim at uniting things that are commonly incompatible. The meaning of an extraordinary man is, that he is *eight* men, not one man—that he has as much wit as if he had no **sense**, and as much sense as if he had no wit ; that his conduct is as judicious as if he were the dullest of human beings, and his imagination as brilliant as if he were irretrievably ruined. But when wit is combined with sense and **information**, when it is softened by benevolence and restrained by strong principle, when it is in the hands of a man who can use it and despise it, who can be witty, and something much better than witty, who loves honour, justice, decency, good nature, morality, and religion ten thousand times better than wit, wit is then a beautiful and delightful part of our nature. There is no more interesting spectacle than to see the effects of wit upon the different characters of men, than to observe it expanding caution, relaxing dignity, unfreezing coldness—teaching age, and care, and pain to smile—extorting reluctant gleams of pleasure from melancholy, and charming even the pangs of grief. It is pleasant to observe how it penetrates through the coldness and awkwardness of society, gradually **bringing** men **nearer** together, and, like the combined force of wine and oil, giving every man a glad heart and shining countenance. Genuine and innocent wit like this is surely the *flavour of the mind!* Man could direct his ways by plain reason, and support his life by tasteless food, but God has given us wit, and flavour, and brightness, and laughter, and perfumes,

to enliven the days of man's pilgrimage, and to 'charm his pained steps over the burning marble.'—*Sydney Smith.*

37. FIELD SPORTS AND AGRICULTURE OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

The favourite diversions of the Middle Ages in the intervals of war were those of hunting and hawking. The former must in all countries be a source of pleasure ; but it seems to have been enjoyed in moderation by the Greeks and Romans. With the northern invaders, however, it was rather a predominant appetite than an amusement ; it was their pride and their ornament, the theme of their songs, the object of their laws, and the business of their lives. Falconry, unknown as a diversion to the ancients, became from the fourth century an equally delightful occupation. From the Salic and other barbarous codes of the fifth century to the close of the period under our *review*, every age would furnish testimony to the ruling passion for these two species of chase, or, as they were sometimes called, the mysteries of woods and rivers. A knight seldom stirred from his house without a falcon on his wrist, or a greyhound that followed him. Thus are Harold and his attendants represented in the famous tapestry of Bayeux. And in the monuments of those who died anywhere but on the field of battle it is usual to find the greyhound lying at their feet, or the bird upon their wrist. Nor are the tombs of ladies without their falcon ; for this diversion, being of less danger and fatigue than the chase, was shared by the delicate sex.

It was impossible to repress the eagerness with which the clergy, especially after the barbarians had been tempted by rich bishoprics to take upon them the sacred functions, rushed into these secular amusements. Prohibitions of councils, however frequently repeated, produced little effect. An archbishop of York, in 1321, seems to have carried a train of two hundred persons, who were maintained at the expense of the abbeys on his visitations, and to have hunted with a pack of hounds from parish to parish. The third Council of Lateran, in 1180, had prohibited this amusement on such journeys, and restricted bishops to a train of forty or fifty horses.

Though hunting had ceased to be a necessary means of procuring food, it was a very convenient resource on which the

wholesomeness and comfort, as well as the **luxury**, of the table depended. Before the natural pastures were **improved**, and new kinds of fodder for cattle discovered, it was impossible to maintain the summer **stock** during the cold season. Hence a portion of it was regularly slaughtered and salted for winter provision. We may suppose that when no alternative was offered but these salted meats, even the leanest venison was devoured with relish. There was **somewhat** more excuse, therefore, for the severity with which the lords of forests and manors preserved the beasts of the chase, than if they had been considered as merely objects of sport. The laws relating to preservation of game were in every country uncommonly rigorous. They formed in England that odious system of forest laws which distinguished the tyranny of our Norman kings. Capital punishment for killing a stag or wild boar was frequent, and perhaps warranted by law until the charter of John. The French code was less severe ; but even Henry IV. enacted the pain of death against the repeated offence of chasing deer in the royal forests. The privilege of hunting was reserved to the nobility till the reign of Louis IX., who extended it in some degree to persons of lower birth.

This excessive passion for the **sports** of the field produced those evils which are apt to result from it—a strenuous idleness, which disdained all useful occupations, and an oppressive spirit towards the peasantry. The devastation committed under the pretence of destroying wild animals, which had been already protected in their depredations, is noticed in serious authors, and has also been the topic of popular ballads. What effect this must have had on agriculture it is easy to conjecture. The levelling of forests, the draining of morasses, and the extirpation of mischievous animals which inhabit them, are the first objects of man's labour in reclaiming the earth to his use ; and these were forbidden by a **landed** aristocracy, whose control over the progress of agricultural improvement was unlimited, and who had not yet learned to sacrifice their pleasures to their avarice.

These habits of the rich, and the miserable servitude of those who cultivated the land, rendered its fertility unavailing. Predial servitude, indeed, in some of its modifications, has always been the great bar to improvement. In the agricultural economy of

Rome, the labouring husbandman, the menial slave of some wealthy senator, had not even that qualified interest in the soil which the tenure of villanage **afforded** to the peasant of feudal ages. Italy, therefore, a country presenting many natural impediments, was but imperfectly reduced into cultivation before the irruption of the barbarians. That revolution destroyed agriculture with every other art, and succeeding calamities during five or six centuries left the finest regions of Europe unfruitful and desolate. There are but two possible modes in which the produce of the earth can be increased—one by rendering fresh land serviceable, the other by improving the fertility of that which is already cultivated. The last is only attainable by the application of capital and of skill to agriculture, neither of which could be expected in the ruder ages of society. The former is, to a certain extent, always practicable whilst waste lands remain; but it was checked by laws hostile to improvement, such as the manorial and commonable rights in England, and by the general tone of manners.—*Hallam.*

38. THE ORDER OF THE KEY.

The childish vanity of Sir Sidney Smith, the hero of Acre, had at that time passed into a proverb, and some of Wellington's aides-de-camp determined to **play upon** it. A letter was accordingly written in hieroglyphics with a French translation annexed, and addressed to the admiral **as if** from the Sublime Porte, informing him that His Imperial Highness had been **pleased to confer upon** him the order of the Key; and the key of a door having been carefully wrapped up, with an appropriate ribbon attached, it was enclosed in a box and sent to Sir Sidney's lodgings. The key **happened** to be a very rusty one, and the circumstance was accounted for in the letter, which stated that the box had unfortunately **got wet** with sea-water in its passage from Constantinople. The gallant admiral received the present, as it was **anticipated** that he **would**; and being desirous of obtaining some other authority than his own for wearing the order, he **proceeded** to the Duke's house and asked his advice. The Duke saw at once into the whole matter; and a **sore trial** it was, to a man endowed with a keen sense of the ridiculous, to keep his gravity. But he **put a restraint**

upon his feelings, and pretending to be exceedingly angry, advised Sir Sidney not to wear the key. He was convulsed with laughter when he met the culprits at dinner, and often told the story afterwards with admirable humour.—*Gleig*.

39. WEALTH.

Wealth usually **ministers to** the baser passions of our nature—it engenders selfishness, feeds arrogance, and inspires **self-security**, and deadens and stultifies the nobler feelings and holier aspirations of the heart. Wealth is a source of endless discontent ; it creates more wants than it supplies, and keeps its incumbent constantly craving, crafty, and covetous. Lord Bacon says, ‘I cannot call riches by a better name than the “baggage” of virtue : the Roman word is better—“impediment.” For as baggage is to an army, so are riches to virtue. It cannot be **spared** or left behind, and yet it hindereth the march.’ ‘Misery assails riches, as lightning does the highest towers : or as a tree that is heavy laden with fruit, breaks its own boughs, so do riches destroy the virtue of their possessor.’

Goldsmith, referring to the depreciating influence of poverty, says—a poor man resembles a fiddler, whose music, though liked, is not much praised, because he lives by it : while a **gentleman performer**, though the most wretched **scraper** alive, throws the audience into raptures.

40. FACTS AND FIGURES OF FAIRYLAND.

I.

In all human beings there exists, more or less intensely developed, a craving to *know* ; a profitless and idle curiosity, it **may be** ; a desire to drag into light **whatever** is hidden, simply because it is hidden ; a wish to go behind the scenes of life and count the strings of the puppets. This appetite for ‘**information**’ is so universal that it cannot **but be** accounted natural ; and being natural, it must **needs** be healthy. We shall offer no other apology, then, for **taking stock** and measurement of the magical scenes which dazzle the eyes of children, great and small, who go to the pantomime ; or for entering into **such** calculations as the number of yards of muslin required for the dresses of an elfin corps, the

quantity of pasteboard necessary to the full development of those capacious heads from which the decasyllabic verse of the comic dramatist issues as from a tomb, the square feet of canvas in a fairy dell, the sheets of tinfoil, the books of gold-leaf or Dutch metal, and the pounds of paint and spangles used in the service of Fun and Fancy. In plain fact, we are **about** to offer some statistics of that enchantment which, seemingly swayed by the beneficent and glittering staff of the good fairy, or by the supple wand of Harlequin, is in reality dependent on the pulleys and cords of the machinist, the skilfully disposed daubs of the scene-painter's brush, the quaint conceits of the property-man, and the **well-drilled** efficiency of the posture-master.

II. Harlequin's Dress. The Spangles.

Nobody who has not been told how a spangle is made would ever be able to guess at the process, **from** a sight of the little flat, circular, shining piece of metal, with a hole in the centre, and a scarcely perceptible slit on one side. **Within** the memory of living costumiers spangles used to cost thirty-six shillings a pound ; they may now be bought for four shillings. Like **most goods** of a special use, they have a narrow market ; and indeed the trade in this country may almost be said to be in one pair of hands. They are made from **plated** copper wire, which comes from Germany. It is drawn out to the requisite size, and is then **twisted**, by English workmen, round a steel mandrel till it has the same close spiral form as an **old-fashioned** spring, before the days of vulcanised indiarubber. From the long **twist** of metal thus shaped rings are **chopped** by a machine ; and every ring **closes** by the elasticity of the metal. These rings, placed on a smooth steel anvil, are struck **one by one** with a smooth steel hammer, and, being flattened at a blow, are spangles. Their polish is the combined effect of plating and of the smart, dexterous manner in which they are struck. Machinery is now used for the purpose, and a curious fact is thus exemplified—namely, that any piece of metal, plated **however** thinly with gold or silver, retains the same surface when beaten out. A gilt shilling, for instance, may be **hammered to** the circumference of a watch-dial, and it will still have the look of being made of gold. We have stated—and we have this fact as well

as others on the authority of the chief manufacturer in this country of stage dresses, for **home use** and for exportation—that there are about six pounds of spangles on a Harlequin's dress, though the weight has been sometimes said to be twice or thrice as much. How many thousands of spangles have to be sewn on, with four stitches to each spangle, can of course be calculated by any person who will weigh out an ounce, count them, and then multiply them by 96. They will amount probably to 70,000 or 80,000 ; and these are, **every one of them**, sewn on with the best white **silk-twist** that can be bought or made. The **sewing-machine** has not yet been adapted to this tedious work ; nor can it very well be, until a **most** ingenious modification may occur to some inventor. The **tight-fitting** suit which the spangles are made to cover, like the scales of a salmon, is fashioned of a particularly strong **web-cloth**, manufactured expressly for the purpose at Nottingham. The triangular, or, more properly speaking, **half-diamond** shaped patches, are stoutly sewn on with the same strong silk-twist used in affixing the spangles. The patches are of Leicester and Bradford cloth, so fine that it has frequently to be woven for the special purpose. Their colours should properly be four—red, blue, yellow, and green—typifying, after a roughly scientific fashion, what used to be called the four elements, **to wit**, earth, air, fire, and water. The average cost of a Harlequin's dress is 10/-.

III. *The Masks.*

Should the faithful historian be bidden to discourse of pantomime masks, he must **needs** expand with his subject till he include the fine arts, painting and sculpture. The first cost of a great ugly head which **gets knocked about night after night** during the run of the favourite Christmas entertainment is not easily calculated. When it has been modelled and **cast**, the mere pasteboard manufacture may not be very expensive, unless there is some extraordinary mechanical action to be combined with the stolid **goggle-eyed** expression of the face. But the first design is costly, as may be soon supposed when we state, by way of example, that the masks for a pantomime played at Covent Garden were modelled by one of the most celebrated sculptors of the age, Signor Raffaelle Monti, whose

Eve, Veiled Vestal, and other statues—the beauty of which generally inclines to what is termed the *morbidezza* of artistic grace—are about as different from the huge caricatures of human physiognomy introduced into a pantomime as Clown himself is different from the Apollo Belvidere. A strangely interesting collection might be made from sketches in the possession of the **property-man** and the wardrobe-keeper. Artists whose names are among the most honoured of our time have not thought it derogatory to their genius to design masks, fanciful costumes for the pantomime. Hid away on dusty shelves in ‘Old Drury’ are folios full of odd **nightmare** notions traceable to men who **wake** to the noblest achievements of imaginative art. Sometimes, indeed, the designers of pantomime figures and faces devote a lifetime to this kind of work, unmixed with higher matter ; and the annals of lunacy record the dismal case of a monomaniac who was haunted during the last years of his existence by **goblin-shapes** that he had conjured into being.

IV. The Transformation Scene.

Transformation scenes are now the *points d'appui* of the spectacular drama, burlesque or pantomimic ; and many of these gorgeous exhibitions are distinguished by an originality so striking, that thousands of people are drawn to each theatre by curiosity to see the one grand scene of which they have **heard** so much. It is difficult to give the palm where the merit seems so equal ; and perhaps it ought to be cut into quarters and divided among Covent Garden, Drury Lane, Her Majesty’s, and the Princess’s. The stage of the old Opera-house is so deficient in depth that the production of **anything** like a distant effect demands all the illusory powers of scenic perspective. Covent Garden, on the other hand, boasts a stage of immense capacity for spectacle, as **opera-goers** know full well, when the airs from the ‘Prophète’ and the ‘Huguenots’ remind them of scenes unsurpassed in picturesque grandeur. There is ample scope and verge enough for a pantomime on the stage that has admitted the grand expanse of mountain and valley echoing the name and deeds of William Tell. The **working** of a transformation scene is principally from the mezzanine floor below

the stage, which space is at such a time a wilderness of ropes **mostly** running in a vertical position up and down. The seemingly slight supports of the fairies, **poising** them in mid-air, are iron **truss-girders**, such as would be sufficiently strong to be used in a suspension-bridge. All the scenery at Covent Garden is either raised from **underneath** the stage or is lowered from **above**. The size of the ‘cloths,’ as the **flat-scenes** are called, is 74 feet in length, by 44 in height. On one of them in the great transformation scene of a pantomime a **clock-dial** is painted, and the numerals of the hours being removed **give way** to dazzling fairy forms. This immense dial, of course, appears to be many times larger than the face of any real clock ; but it is in fact the precise circumference **to half** an inch of the illuminated dial on the **clock-tower** of Westminster Palace. A good opportunity is therefore **afforded** the public of realising the stupendous size of that horologe. The transformation scene in the Drury Lane pantomime also enlists the aid of powerful machinery, the rising and sinking of resplendently draped figures being contrived by huge wheels, which as they lift one young lady lower another. The ironwork is ingeniously hidden by wings at the back of each form, as well as by cloud scenery. All the complex arrangements of the transformation scene are regulated in practice by a code of signals as complete as that of a railway ; and it is in obedience to the motion of a little flag that stars open and disclose visions of dazzling delight, which **bring down** the house in a storm of admiring plaudits.

V. The Miseries of the Performers.

There are different aspects, some of them sad, some ridiculous, and some perchance both, in which we may **choose** to regard a pantomime and those who **act** in it. We may think of Harlequin with a headache, or of Columbine, poor girl, with a cough ; we may suppose that Pantaloona has unquiet thoughts about his **landlord**, and that Clown would like to know what medicine will cure the sick wife or child at home. A poor **banner-carrier** was once heard to **wheeze out** with his remnant of a lung, that he feared *this* would be about the last procession he should ever have to take part in, till he himself should be carried in one. But perhaps the most grotesquely

lugubrious tale ever told of a pantomime company was of a troop that, having left New Orleans on a **rambling** tour, was stricken with the plague, when the only survivor, Harlequin, fled in his motley suit, which he wore for many weeks during his sojourn with Indians. Did he cut the spangles off? Their weight adds six or seven pounds to that of a Harlequin's dress, which is something like a suit of **chain-armour** to handle. It was in no vain carking mood that we ventured for a time to depoetise the holiday dreams of bright and graceful childhood. To lay bare the skeleton of sheer **tomfoolery** is to demonstrate its kinship with serious flesh and blood. If any of the **matter-of-fact** gossip here set down shall induce a single reader to regard more tolerantly, more considerately, and more charitably, the numerous class engaged in the hard work of making **fun**, we shall have done no harm in letting daylight behind the scenes of the theatre—into almost the only spot upon earth which the blessed sun does not gladden, but renders cheerless, cold, and desolate.

41. THE SIEGE OF ARCOT.

During fifty days the siege **went on**. During fifty days the young captain (Clive) maintained the defence with a firmness, vigilance, and ability which would have done honour to the oldest marshal in Europe. The breach, however, increased **day by day**. The garrison began to feel the pressure of hunger. Under such circumstances **any** troops scantily provided with officers **might** have been expected to show signs of insubordination; and the danger was peculiarly great in a force composed of men differing widely from each other in extraction, colour, language, **manners**, and religion. But the devotion of the little band to its chief surpassed **anything that** is related of the Tenth Legion of Cæsar, or of the Old Guard of Napoleon. The **sepoyes** came to Clive, not to complain of their scanty **fare**, but to propose that all the grain should be given to the Europeans, who required more nourishment than the **natives** of Asia. The thin gruel, they said, which was **strained away** from the rice, would suffice for themselves. History contains no more touching **instance** of military fidelity, or of the influence of a commanding mind. An attempt made by the government of

Madras to relieve the place had failed. But there was hope from another quarter. Morari Row declared that he had never before believed that Englishmen could fight, but that he would willingly help them since he saw that they had **spirit** to help themselves.—*Macaulay*.

42. ASSASSINATION OF GENERAL KLEBER.

After the battle of Heliopolis the French army seemed to be surrounded with the most brilliant circumstances. Kleber formed the Greeks and Copts into battalions, whom he **trained** to the use of arms and **clothed** in the uniform of his country. But **just as** the superior abilities of this Alsatian commander begun to unfold themselves, he was stabbed whilst walking on his terrace in Cairo, and his blood still marks the palings against which he **staggered**. The assassination of an officer so generally beloved, so much respected and esteemed by all parties, enemies as well as friends, appears a mystery which time has not yet unravelled. His body was conveyed to France with the skeleton of the assassin. This wretched slave, Solyman el Aleppi, was impaled alive, and lived in that state for three days. Neither when his hand was cut off, nor during the dreadful operation which humanity **revolts at**, did he betray the least fear ; his only cry was for water, and from time to time he uttered a bitter curse against those who had persuaded him to make a confession, under the promise of a pardon.—*Denon*.

43. NAPOLEON'S SYSTEM OF WARFARE.

The art of war, it was **maintained**, had undergone a wonderful change since the advent of Napoleon. Until the appearance of that great master, whose practical lessons had **overturned** all former theories, the art, his parasites said, had never been perfectly understood. But, in **point of fact**, there was nothing new in the system of Napoleon ; he **acted on** the sound principles adopted by Marlborough, by Frederick, and indeed by all the great generals of antiquity, but from which his adversaries had invariably **departed**. His whole system consisted in concentrating his forces on important points, instead of disseminating them in long lines of posts ; in concealing his inten-

tions by keeping his plans confined within his own breast ; in masking his movements by swarms of light troops when drawing near his adversaries, and in attacking vigorously when the moment for action arrived. What little there was of novelty in his *mode* of attack was faulty ; for he continued the system adopted by his republican predecessors, of pushing forward dense columns of raw recruits against the well-formed lines of the enemy, totally *regardless* of the loss of life.—*Military Life of Wellington, by Jackson and Scott.*

44. EXECUTION OF THE DUKE D'ENGHien.

This sanguinary scene took place at the castle of Vincennes. It was General Ordener, commandant of the *horse-grenadiers* of the guard, who received orders from the minister of war to proceed to the Rhine, in order to give instructions to the chiefs of the gendarmerie of New Brisach, which was placed at his disposal. This general sent a detachment of gendarmerie to Ettenheim, where the Duke d'Enghien was arrested on March 15. He was immediately conducted to the citadel of Strasburg, where he remained until the 18th to give time for orders to be received from Paris. These orders were given rapidly, and promptly executed ; for the carriage which conveyed the unfortunate prince arrived at the barrier of Paris at eleven o'clock on the morning of the 20th. It remained there ~~for~~ five hours, and then departed by the exterior boulevard on the road to Vincennes, where it arrived at night. Every scene of this horrible affair took place during the night—the sun did not even shine upon its tragic close. The soldiers had orders to proceed to Vincennes during the night ; it was at night that the fatal gates were closed upon the prince ; at night the court was assembled to try him, or rather to condemn him without trial. When the clock struck six on the morning of March 21, the order was given to fire, and the prince ceased to live.—*Bourrienne.*

45. A SPANISH GENERAL-IN-CHIEF.

On the 21st the two commanders-in-chief dined together ; and ~~in return for~~ the military spectacle Cuesta had given Sir Arthur, the British troops were drawn out in the evening for

his inspection. The **mounting on horseback to proceed to** the review, showed how ill-fitted was Cuesta for the activity of war. He was lifted on his horse by two grenadiers, while one of his aides-de-camp was ready on the other side to conduct his right leg over the horse's croup and place it in the stirrup ! Remarks were **whispered** at this moment that if his mental energy and activity did not compensate for his bodily infirmity, Sir Arthur would find him **but** an incapable coadjutor. The general passed **along** the line from the left to the right, just as the night fell ; and we saw him put comfortably into an **antiquated square-cornered** coach, drawn by nine mules, and proceed to his quarters.—*Earl of Munster.*

46. THE SPANISH GUERRILLAS.

The French had never found **any** difficulty in defeating the Spanish armies ; but now they were engaged with the nation —they stood side by side in the market-places with men who were marking them for a prey. The peasant was seen ploughing peaceably in his field ; but in one of the furrows **lay** his long Spanish gun, ready to give aid in **any chance contest** between the partidas, or guerrillas, and the passing detachments of the enemy. Not a mountain pass in the romantic land **but** there lay among the rocks and bushes a group of these fierce and formidable men, awaiting the expected convoy or the feeble company. Even in the plains the posts of correspondence were compelled to fortify a belfry, or tower, or house ; and the sentinel kept his vigilant **look-out** from a scaffolding of planks, that he might see all that passed in the fields around ; **nor** could **any** of the soldiers **venture beyond** the inclosure thus fortified for fear of assassination. To lead these guerrilla bands, the priest **girded up** his black robe, and stuck pistols in his belt—the student threw aside his books, and grasped a sword—the shepherd forsook his flock—the husbandman his home.—*Moyle Sherer.*

47. THE BEDOUINS.

By degrees, the numbers of the Bedouins increased, and without **offering any** resistance to the head of the column, they **hovered round** us all day, greeting us with wild yells. They



gallop without **any** order, and singly, to **within** eighty or a hundred paces of our sharpshooters, and discharge their rifles at **full speed**. The horse then turns of his own **accord**, and the rider loads his gun as he retreats ; and this is repeated **again and again all day long**. The Bedouins never wait for a close encounter **hand to hand** when charged by our cavalry ; they disperse in all directions, but instantly return. The only difference between them and the Numidians, of whom Sallust says, ‘they fight flying and retreat only to return more numerous than before,’ is, that the Numidians of old fought with bows and the Bedouins have rifles. This kind of fighting is equally dangerous and fatiguing to us. It is no joke to be **ringed** in all directions from sunrise to sunset, and to march at the same time, for we seldom halt to fight at our ease. The General only orders a halt when the rearguard is so fiercely attacked as to require reinforcement. Any soldier of the rearguard who is wounded or tired has the pleasant prospect of falling into the hands of the Bedouins, and having his head cut off by them. One comfort is that this operation is speedily performed : two or three strokes with the yataghan are a lasting cure for all pains and sorrows.—*The French in Algiers, translated by Lady Duff Gordon.*

48. THE COST OF THE BOMBARDMENT OF ALGIERS BY LORD EXMOUTH.

There are middle-aged Moors in Algiers who can remember very well when Bourmont’s cannon were first heard at Sidi-Ferruck ; but there are aged Moors whose recollection will **carry** them still further **back**, and who have a distinct remembrance of the year 1817, when Lord Exmouth **rained shot** and shell from the British fleet into Algiers. The conquest by the French did not take place **until** thirteen years later ; but there is no doubt that the assault made by Lord Exmouth broke the neck of the piratical power of the Barbary States. The scare in Algiers was awful. The terrified mob forced the Dey to **come to terms**, and the Janissaries strangled him shortly afterwards for having come to them. There is still, among some old **people**, a droll kind of uncertainty **as to why** the English should have knocked the city to pieces without sacking it and murdering the inhabitants. They can’t

understand why the Engliz should have gone away. ‘How much did it cost your nation to bombard my forts?’ asked the Dey of Lord Exmouth when the treaty of peace was signed. The gallant sailor gave him a **rough estimate** of the number of thousands of pounds sterl^{ing} the expedition would probably cost. ‘Allah is great!’ exclaimed the Dey. ‘If you had only told me beforehand and given me half the money, I would have **saved** you all this **trouble** and bombarded the town myself.’

49. SIDI-EMBAREK, THE HOLY MARABOUT.

Before the awful earthquake which in 1825 destroyed both Kolea and Blidah, the first-named **place** was a kind of miniature Mecca, to which the Arabs, from hundreds of miles round, made pilgrimages. The Kolea of the present day is notable mainly for a very cosy little inn, a couple of cafés, and a military club; but a quarter of a century since it was the *locale* of the shrine of Sidi-Embarek. The sainted Marabout came down to Milliana with two servants. He could not pay these **gentry** their wages; he consequently **turned** them **out** of doors. They went away to the boarders of the Chelif, where they begat children, who became the tribe of the Hachems of the east. Sidi-Embarek then repaired to Kolea, where he engaged himself as a ploughman, to **one** Ismaïl, a farmer. The holy man—Sidi, I mean—had, however, contracted the habit, not uncommon among his countrymen, of going to sleep instead of working. Ismaïl, like a jolly farmer **taking** his walks abroad over his acres, **espies** his lazy ploughman asleep under a fig-tree. Forthwith he **makes up** to him with a big stick, when, **wonderful to tell**, he saw Sidi’s oxen ploughing, with **never** a hand to guide coulter or share, and the furrows were as clean as whistles. The tradition likewise adds that while Sidi thus slumbered he was guarded by a covey of partridges, who, the holy man being much tormented by fleas and other small **deer** even more objectionable, performed all that was requisite in the **way** of scratching and exterminating for the somnolent saint. After this, nothing of course was left for Farmer Ismaïl save to fall down at the feet of Sidi-Embarek and worship him. ‘Oh, my lord!’ cried this benighted agriculturist, ‘thou art clearly the elect of Allah. Henceforward thou shalt be the master, and I the servant.’ Whereupon

the holy Sidi-Embarek set up a *koubba*; devotees came to worship, bringing gifts ; and he gathered great riches. His descendants —for he was a married Marabout—were respected even by the Turks, and the few who still exist continue to exert a considerable though occult influence.

50. SELF-ESTIMATE OF PROGRESS.

It is curious, and it is instructive to remark, **how heartily** men, as they grow towards middle age, despise themselves as they were a few years **since**. It is a bitter thing for a man to confess that he is a fool ; but it costs little effort to declare that he was a fool a good **while ago**. Indeed a tacit compliment to his present **self** is involved in the latter confession : it suggests the reflection what progress he has made, and how vastly he has improved since then. When a man informs us that he was a very silly fellow in the year 1857, it is assumed that he is not a very silly fellow in the year 1867. It is as when the merchant with ten thousand a **year**, sitting at his sumptuous table, and sipping his '41 claret, tells you how, when he came as a raw lad from the country, he used often to have to **go without** his dinner. He knows that the plate, the wine, the massively elegant apartment, the silent servants, so alert yet so impassive, will appear to join in chorus with the obvious suggestion, 'You see he has not to go without his dinner now !' Did you ever, when twenty years old, look back at the diary you kept when you was sixteen ; or when twenty-five, at the diary you kept when twenty ; or at thirty, at the diary you kept when twenty-five ? Was not your feeling a singular mixture of humiliation and **self-complacency** ? What extravagant silly stuff it seemed that you had thus written five years before ! Oh ! what a fool **he** must have been **who** wrote it ! It is a difficult question to which the answer cannot be elicited, Who is the greatest fool in this world ? But every candid and sensible man of middle age knows thoroughly well the answer to the question, Who is the greatest fool that he himself ever knew ? And after all, it is your diary, especially if you were wont to introduce into it poetical remarks and moral reflections, that will mainly help you to the humiliating conclusion.—*A. K. H. B.*

51. A NEW WAY OF PAYING SALARIES.

D. commenced life, after a course of hard study, in the house of ‘pure Emanuel,’ as **usher** to a knavish, fanatic schoolmaster at —, at a salary of eight pounds per annum, with **board** and lodging. Of this poor stipend he never received **above** half in all the laborious years he served this man. He tells a pleasant anecdote that, when poverty **staring out** at his ragged knees has sometimes compelled him, against the modesty of his nature, to hint at arrears, Dr. — **would** take no immediate **notice**, but after supper, when the school was called together to **even-song**, he would never fail to introduce some instructive homily against riches and the corruption of the heart occasioned through the desire of them—ending with, ‘Lord, **keep** thy servants **above** all things from the heinous sin of avarice ;’ ‘having food and raiment let them **therewithal** be content ;’ ‘**Give** me Hagar’s wish’—and the like, which to the little auditory sounded like a doctrine full of Christian prudence and simplicity, but to poor D. was a receipt in full for that quarter’s demand at least.—*Charles Lamb.*

52. A GAME PIE.

I will tell you a story at this point of a friend of **mine** who was visiting France the other day, and there was an owl in the garden that had only **got** one leg. My friend **used to** admire this owl ; and two or three days after his arrival he had some **gibier** (as they call their game) for dinner. The ‘game’ was very small, but he **enjoyed** his dinner immensely, and the next day he **missed** the owl from the garden. ‘Where is the owl gone to ?’ he inquired of the landlord. ‘Monsieur had a little dish of **gibier** yesterday,’ was the answer, to the consternation of the traveller. ‘Why did you kill the owl for your dinner ?’ he next asked. ‘I did not kill the owl, M’sieur ; he **died himself !**’—*Frank Buckland.*

53. THE MOSQUE OF THE BLOODY BAPTISM AT CAIRO.

Sultan Hassan, wishing to see the world, and **lay** aside for a time the anxieties and cares of royalty, committed the charge of his kingdom to his favourite minister, and taking with him a

large amount of treasure in money and jewels, visited several foreign countries in the **character** of a wealthy merchant. **Pleased with** his tour, and **becoming** interested in the occupation he had assumed as a disguise, he was absent much longer than he originally intended, and in the course of a few years greatly increased his already large **stock** of wealth. His protracted absence, however, **proved** a temptation too strong for the virtue of the viceroy, who, gradually forming for himself a party among the **leading** men of the country, at length communicated to the common people the intelligence that Sultan Hassan was no more, and quietly seated himself on the vacant throne. Sultan Hassan returning shortly afterwards from his pilgrimage, and, fortunately for himself still in disguise, learned, as he approached his capital, the news of his own death, and the usurpation of his minister ; finding, **on** further inquiry, the party of the usurper to be too strong to render an immediate disclosure prudent, he preserved his incognito, and soon **became** known in Cairo as the wealthiest of her merchants ; **nor** did it excite any surprise when he announced his pious intention of devoting a portion of his gains to the erection of a spacious mosque. The work proceeded rapidly under the **spur** of the great merchant's gold, and, on its completion, he solicited the honour of the sultan's presence at the ceremony of **naming** it. **Anticipating** the gratification of hearing his own name **bestowed** upon it, the usurper accepted the invitation, and at the appointed hour the building was filled by him and his most attached adherents. The ceremonies had duly proceeded to the time when it became necessary to give the name. The chief Moolah, turning **to** the supposed merchant, inquired what should be its name. 'Call it,' he replied, 'the Mosque of Sultan Hassan.' All **started** at the mention of this name ; and the questioner, **as though** not believing he could have heard **aright**, or to afford an opportunity of correcting what **might** be a mistake, repeated his demand. 'Call it,' again cried he, 'the mosque of me, Sultan Hassan !' and throwing off his disguise, the legitimate sultan **stood revealed** before his traitorous servant. He had no time for reflection : simultaneously with the discovery, numerous trapdoors, leading to extensive vaults, which had been prepared for the purpose, were **flung open**, and a multitude of armed men issuing from them, terminated at once the reign and

life of the usurper. His followers were mingled in the slaughter, and Sultan Hassan was once more in possession of the throne of his fathers.—*C. R. Baynes.*

54. EXECUTIONS IN SERVIA.

Amongst the customs peculiar to Servia is the manner of executing criminals. I should observe that **but few** executions **take place**, murder being generally punished by **hard labour** in chains for a **term of years**, considerably abridged when the crime has been committed by a man on the person of his wife, this being invariably considered an extenuating circumstance. However, when somebody is killed about whom a great **fuss** is made, either by a consul or a senator, the assassin is conducted, if the deed were done in the country, to the place where he slew his victim ; or, if in Belgrade, to a piece of ground called ‘the Black Promontory,’ and there **shot** through the back with a pistol bullet. The Heyduks, or robbers, have a great predilection, when their time comes, for being **despatched** by **one of themselves** ; they consider this an honourable death, and in every way the **right thing** to do. So there is a retired brigand resident in Belgrade—a stout and merry fellow—who does the **job** for his erring brethren in **consideration** of as many piastres as their friends can **muster** together to reward his friendly services ; he has even been **known** to shoot a Heyduk of exceptional renown, but impoverished circumstances, gratis. As a rule, however, the relatives of a professional murderer are pretty **well off**, and the **jolly** amateur executioner **gets** well paid for his **trouble**. He is quite an institution here, and is very proud of his functions, and will always bet twenty ducats to one that he hits his unfortunate colleague in the heart at the first shot.

55. BOYISH SCENES AND RECOLLECTIONS.

After living **within** a few hundreds of yards of Westminster Hall, and the Abbey Church, and the Bridge, and looking from my own windows into St. James’s Park, all other buildings and spots appear mean and insignificant. I went to-day to see the house I formerly occupied. How small ! It is always thus : the words large and small are carried about with us in our minds, and we forget real dimensions. The idea, such as it was

received, remains during our absence. When I returned to England in 1800, after an absence of sixteen years, the trees, the hedges, even the parks and woods, seemed so small ! It made me laugh to hear little gutters that I could **jump over** called rivers ! The Thames was but a ‘creek’ ! But when, in about a month after my arrival in London, I went to Farnham, the place of my birth, what was my surprise ! Everything was become so pitifully small ! I had to cross, in my postchaise, the long and dreary heath of Bagshot. Then, at the end of it, to mount a hill called Hungry Hill ; and from that hill I knew that I should look down into the beautiful and fertile vale of Farnham. My heart fluttered with impatience, mixed with a sort of fear, to see all the scenes of my childhood—for I had learned before the death of my father and mother. There is a hill not far from the town called Cooksbury Hill, which rises up in the form of a cone, and is planted with Scotch fir-trees. Here I **used to** take the eggs and young ones of crows and magpies. This hill was a famous object in the neighbourhood. It served as the superlative degree of height. ‘As high as Cooksbury Hill’ meant, with us, the utmost degree of height. Therefore, the first object that my eyes sought was this hill. I could not believe my eyes ! **Literally** speaking, I for a moment thought the famous hill removed, and a little heap put in its stead ; for I had seen in New Brunswick a single rock, or hill of solid rock, ten times as big, and four or five times as high ! The postboy, going **down-hill**, and not a bad road, **whisked** me in a few minutes to the Bush Inn, from the garden of which I could see the prodigious sand-hill where I had begun my gardening works. What a nothing ! But now came rushing into my mind all at once my pretty little garden, my little blue **smock-frock**, my little nailed shoes, my pretty pigeons that I used to feed out of my hands, the last kind words and tears of my gentle and tender-hearted and affectionate mother ! I hastened back into the room. If I had looked a moment longer I should have dropped. When I came to reflect, what a change ! I looked down at my dress. What a change ! What scenes I had gone through ! How altered my state ! I had dined the day before at a secretary of state’s, in company with Mr. Pitt, and had been **waited upon** by men in gaudy liveries ! I had had nobody to assist me in the world. No teachers of any

sort. Nobody to shelter me from the consequence of bad, and no one to counsel me to good behaviour. I felt proud. The distinctions of rank, birth, and wealth, all became nothing in my eyes ; and from that moment—less than a month after my arrival in England—I resolved never to bend before them.—*William Cobbett.*

56. THE MOUSE'S PETITION.

Found in a trap, where he had been confined all night.

Oh ! hear a pensive prisoner's prayer,
For liberty that sighs ;
And never let thine heart be shut
Against the wretch's cries.

For here forlorn and sad I sit,
Within the wiry grate ;
And tremble at th' approaching morn,
Which brings impending fate.

If e'er thy breast with freedom glow'd,
And spurn'd a tyrant's chain,
Let not thy strong oppressive force
A **free-born** mouse detain.

Oh ! do not stain with guiltless blood
Thy hospitable hearth ;
Nor triumph **that** thy wiles betray'd
A prize so little **worth**.

The scatter'd gleanings of a **feast**
My frugal meals **supply** :
But if thine unrelenting heart
That slender boon **deny**,

The cheerful light, the vital air,
Are blessings widely giv'n ;
Let nature's **commoners** enjoy
The common gifts of heav'n.

The **well-taught**, philosophic mind
To all compassion gives ;
Casts round the world an equal eye,
And feels for all that lives.—*Mrs. Barbauld.*

57. LONDON BRIDGE.

The scene at noonday on London Bridge, with the streams of traffic passing **to and fro** between the City and the Borough, is one that seldom fails to make an impression on the minds of foreigners or provincial strangers when they see it for the first time. In no thoroughfare of this vast metropolis, with its **circuit** of thirty miles, and its population of three millions, is the restless, everchanging multitude of figures, who **hasten along** the foot-pavement on both sides, accompanied by such a variety of carriages in the **roadway**, heavily-laden waggons, carts, as well as cabs, omnibuses, and the equipages of those who **drive** horses of their own. The effect of this diverse assemblage is the more striking, because the attention is not distracted from it by the tall **fronts** of houses and the display of tempting wares in shop-windows, as in Cheapside or the Strand. The Thames, with its steamers and other shipping, may indeed be a pleasant sight for the eye to rest upon in fine sunny weather; and the flow of its waters may invite us to think of holiday afternoons at Greenwich or at Richmond, such as we hope to enjoy again next summer, free from the din and turmoil that surrounds our working life in town. Or we may be led to bolder thoughts of the autumnal vacation, with its trip by sea to some bright and breezy shore of England, Scotland, France, or Flanders; where, during the few days or weeks of our furlough, it may be granted us to forget the annoyances of business, and the troubles of an established household. But the passenger over London Bridge must not allow himself to be wholly **engrossed** by these agreeable reveries, or he will be rudely summoned back to the world of present realities by the rough jostling of the crowd in which he has to walk, and which forbids any person to **stand still**, except within the recesses of the stone parapets **overlooking** the river. Wordsworth, it is true, was able to compose a meditative sonnet on Westminster Bridge; but that was at daybreak on a midsummer morning, when he could bear witness how placidly and silently

‘ The river glideth at his own sweet will ;
Dear God ! the very houses seem asleep,
And all that mighty heart is **lying still** ! ’

It is rather different on London Bridge at noon.

58. EARLY LONDON.

The primitive aspect of the site on which the City of London stands was notable for its beauty. It consisted of a range of hills covered with verdure, gently rising from the north bank of the Thames, divided by two luxuriantly wooded vales, through which swift translucent streams, known afterwards as the Wallbrook and the Fleet, descended to the river. From the commanding summits of the hills, the Thames was seen at low water, ebbing and flowing clear and transparent at their feet, while it appeared at high water spread out into a lake, covering the level tract of low ground now occupied by the densely populated districts of Rotherhithe, Southwark, and Lambeth. Immediately to the north of the City a great morass or fen, the site of Moorfields and Finsbury, extended eastward to Bishopsgate, westward to Smithfield, and northward towards Islington; whilst the country stretching away to the river Lea on the one hand, and to the river Brent on the other, and to the picturesque northern heights of Hornsey, Highgate, and Hampstead, was covered by a dense forest, which was afterwards known as the Forest of Middlesex. It abounded with game, deer, wolves, wild boars, and wild bulls; and that portion of it which extended from Islington to the healthy uplands of Hampstead, and thence to Highgate and Enfield, was for centuries a famous hunting-ground. Perennial brooks, fed by a thousand crystal streamlets, flowing off nothing but verdure, wandered through the forest, by massy oaks, emerald glades, and fern-clad knolls, down to the river; for during the existence of the forest the rainfall was greater, and consequently much more water passed down the brooks than after it was removed. Caen and Bishop's woods, Hampstead, and the wood on the eastern slope of Highgate, are remnants of this ancient forest. In primitive times Celtic tracts traversed it from Ludgate through Fleet Street and the Strand, from Newgate through Holborn and Oxford Street, from Cripplegate through Highbury and Highgate, and from Aldgate through Bow and Stratford. It was, however, gradually cut down for supplying the City with timber for house-building and fuel for cooking and warming; and the ground, as it was cleared, was converted into parks, gardens, meadows, and cornfields.—*Builder.*

59. PARIS.

The situation in Paris during the last three or four days has been such as no pen could adequately describe. It even passes the bounds of imagination ; picture to yourself what you will, you cannot 'realise' it. Palaces and public buildings in ruins ; houses **burned down, or burning** ; new **fires** breaking out **here and there** ; incessant rolls of musketry and cannon not far off ; shells whizzing **overhead**, and killing or maiming people, and perforating roofs and houses in **this or that** quarter ; small troops of prisoners, male and female, led along every street, guarded by soldiers with **fixed bayonets** ; at this or that **mairie** a sudden volley of musketry, and to your question, 'What is it?' the reply, 'They are shooting prisoners!' barricades literally in every street ; pools of blood in abundance ; dead bodies in not a few places, and carts crammed with others passing along the streets ; shops closed everywhere ; consternation on every face ; death, incendiaryism, ruin, desolation around you **wherever** you go ! And that was only, so to speak, the material part of the situation ; the moral was far worse. For it was said that men and women, chiefly the latter, were going about with incendiary bombs, and matches, and petroleum, to throw into the orifices of cellars (houses in Paris are built differently from those of London), into the windows—into each spot, in a word, in which there was a chance of lighting up a conflagration. It was said, too, that vast quantities of explosive materials were collected in the sewers, and that at any moment entire districts were in imminent danger of being **sent flying** into the air. At the same time it was quite certain that, as hundreds of people were being arrested in all directions, with or without reason, and as many of them were being shot immediately afterwards, you, **whoever** you were, ran the risk of being seized, placed against a wall, and **shot into**. In addition to all this you had no certainty that, on returning home, if you **did** return, you would not find that an abominable shell had not killed the family dear to you, or demolished your household goods.—*Globe.*

60. THE APOTHECARY OF NEWCASTLE.

A man in many a country town, we know,
Professes openly with Death to wrestle,
 Entering the field against the grimly foe,
 Armed with a mortar and a pestle.

Yet some affirm, no enemies they are,
 But meet just like **prize-fighters** in a fair,
 Who first shake hands before they box,
 Then give each other plaguy knocks,
 With all the love and kindness of a brother ;
 So (many a suffering patient saith),
 Though the apothecary fights with Death,
 Still they are **sworn** friends to one another.

A member of this **Æsculapian line**
 Lived at Newcastle-upon-Tyne :

No man **could** better gild a pill,
 Or make a bill ;
 Or mix a draught, or bleed, or blister ;
 Or draw a tooth out of your head ;
 Or **chatter scandal** by your bed,
 Or spread a plaster.

His fame full six miles round the country ran ;
 In short, in reputation he was solus ;
 All the old women called him ‘a fine man ;’—
 His name was Bolus.

Benjamin Bolus, though in trade
 (Which oftentimes will genius fetter),
 Read works of fancy, it is said,
 And cultivated the belles-lettres.
 And why should this be thought so odd ?
 Can’t men have taste who cure a phthisic ?
 Of poetry though patron god,
 Apollo patronises physic.

Bolus loved verse, and took so much delight in ‘t,
 That his prescriptions he resolved to write in ‘t.

No opportunity he e'er let pass
Of writing the directions on his labels
In **dapper couplets**, like Gay's fables ;
Or rather like the lines in Hudibras.

Apothecary's verse ! and where's the treason,
'Tis simply honest **dealing**, not a crime ;
When patients swallow physic without reason ?
It is but fair to give a little rhyme.

He had a patient lying at death's **door**,
Some three miles from the town, it might be four ;
To whom, one evening, Bolus sent an **article**,
In pharmacy that's called cathartical ;
And, on the label of the **stuff**,
He wrote this verse,
Which one would think was clear enough
And terse :—
' When taken,
To be well shaken.'

Next morning early, Bolus rose,
And to the patient's house he goes
Upon his pad,
Who a vile trick of stumbling had.
It was indeed a very sorry hack ;
But that's **of course** :
For what's expected from a horse
With an apothecary on his back ?

Bolus arrived, and gave a doubtful tap,
Between a single and a double rap.
The servant lets him in with dismal face,
Long as a courtier's out of place,
Portending some disaster ;
John's countenance as rueful looked and grim,
As if the apothecary had physick'd him,
And not his master.

' Well, how's the patient ? ' Bolus said.
John shook his head.
' Indeed !—hum !—ha !—that's very odd !
He took the draught ? ' John gave a **nod**.

'Well, how? what then? speak out, you dunce!'

'Why then,' said John, 'we shook him once.'

'Shook him? how?' Bolus stammered out.

'We jolted him about.'

'What! shake a patient, man! a shake won't do.'

'No, sir, and so we gave him two.'

'Two shakes!'

'Twould make the patient worse.'

'It did so, sir, and so a third we tried.'

'Well, and what then?'—'Then, sir, my master died.'

G. Colman (1733-1794).

61. A HUNT IN A HORSE-POND.

Pray what is there to be found in a horse-pond except mud, dead dogs and cats, and duck-weed? the reader may ask. Pray what is to be found in that **trumpery** ball they call the earth? the 'man in the moon' may demand of his neighbour Saturn as they both come out for their evening stroll. The answer to such questions is simply 'life; ' life in all diversity of form, beautifully and wonderfully arranged, each individual **deriving** benefit from the well-being of the mass; the mass itself prospering **in ratio with** the individual.

To the inhabitants of the pond, the pond is the world; to the inhabitants of the world, the world, as compared to space, is but a pond; and when the adventurous lizard has made a voyage of discovery round his pond, he has as much right, comparatively speaking, to boast of his performance to his **fellow-lizards**, as Captain Cook had, when he first **sailed round** the world, to write two thick volumes for the information of his **fellow-men**. Well, let us have a **look** at the pond-world; choose a dry place at the side, and fix our eyes steadily upon the dirty water: what shall we see? Nothing at first; but wait a minute or two; a little round black nob appears in the middle; gradually it rises **higher and higher**, till at last you can make out a frog's head, with his great eyes **staring hard** at you; not a bit of his body do you see, he is much too cunning for that, he does not know who or what you are; you **may** be a heron, his mortal enemy, for **aught** he knows. You move your arm, he thinks it is the heron's bill coming; down he goes again, and you see him not;

a few seconds, he regains courage and reappears, having probably communicated the intelligence to the other frogs ; for many big heads and many big eyes appear in all parts of the pond, looking like so many hippopotami on a small scale. . . Soon a conversational ‘wurk, wurk, wurk’ begins ; you don’t understand it ; luckily, perhaps, ~~as~~ from the swelling in their throats it is evident that the colony is outraged by the intrusion, and the remarks passing are not complimentary to the intruder. . . These frogs are all respectable, grown-up, ~~well-to-do~~ frogs, and they have in this pond duly deposited their spawn, and then, hard-hearted creatures ! left it to its fate ; it has, however, taken care of itself, and is now hatched, at least that part of it which has escaped the hands of the gipsies, who not unfrequently prescribe baths of this natural jelly for rheumatism.

The **tadpoles** are cannibals. You ask a proof : last year I went with a tin quart pot in my hand, **tee-biter** hunting on Clapham Common, and brought home exactly a quart of tadpoles ; these I emptied into a tub in the beer-cellar ; there they lived, being ~~fed on~~ meat several days, till one evening, on sending for a glass of the all-refreshing fluid, up comes John with half a smile on his face, and simpers out, ‘**If you please**, sir, I have brought the beer, but I have upset the tadpoles.’ . . . On arriving at the scene of the disaster, there were the poor things high and dry on the floor. I restored them to their tub, but forgot to put back their meat. The next morning, I found some had not recovered their accident, and round the bodies of their departed brethren were crowded the cannibal survivors, eating and pulling away, each for himself.

Come again to the horse-pond a few weeks after the tadpole era, and you will find hundreds of lively little frogs, no longer black specks, but having lost their gills, and their tails, and their ferocious appetites, sent forth to fight their way in the world.—*Curiosities of Natural History*.

62. THE JEWS.

‘The Jews, independently of the capital qualities for citizenship which they possess in their industry, temperance, and energy and vivacity of mind, are a race essentially monarchical, deeply religious, and, **shrinking** themselves from converts as

from a calamity, are ever anxious to see the religious system of the countries in which they live, flourish ; yet, since your society has become agitated in England, and powerful combinations menace your institutions, you find the once loyal Hebrew invariably arrayed in the same ranks as the leveller and the latitudinarian, and prepared to support the policy which may even endanger his life and property, rather than tamely ~~continue~~ under a system which seeks to degrade him. The Tories lose an important election at a critical moment ; 'tis the Jews come forward to vote against them. The Church is alarmed at the scheme of a latitudinarian university, and learns with relief that funds are not forthcoming for its establishment ; a Jew immediately advances and endows it. Yet the Jews are essentially Tories. Toryism, indeed, is but copied from the mighty prototype which has fashioned Europe. And every generation they must become more powerful and more dangerous to the society which is hostile to them. Do you think that the quiet humdrum persecution of a decorous representative of an English university can crush those who have successively baffled the Pharaohs, Nebuchadnezzar, Rome, and the feudal ages ? The fact is, you cannot destroy a pure race of the Caucasian organisation. It is a physiological fact ; a simple law of nature, which has baffled Egyptian and Assyrian Kings, Roman Emperors, and Christian Inquisitors. No penal laws, no physical tortures, can effect that a superior race should be absorbed in an inferior, or be destroyed by it. The mixed persecuting races disappear ; the pure persecuted race remains. And at this moment, in spite of centuries, of tens of centuries, of degradation, the Jewish mind exercises a vast influence on the affairs of Europe. I speak not of their laws, which you still obey : of their literature, with which your minds are saturated ; but of the living Hebrew intellect.

' You never observe a great intellectual movement in Europe in which the Jews do not greatly participate. The first Jesuits were Jews : that mysterious Russian diplomacy which so alarms Western Europe is organised and principally carried on by Jews ; that mighty revolution which is at this moment preparing in Germany, and which will be, in fact, a second and greater Reformation, and of which so little is as yet known in England, is entirely developing under the auspices of Jews, who almost monopolise the professorial chairs of Germany. Neander, the

founder of Spiritual Christianity, and who is Regius Professor of Divinity in the University of Berlin, is a Jew. Benary, equally famous, and in the same university, is a Jew. Wehl, the Arabic Professor of Heidelberg, is a Jew. Years ago, when I was in Palestine, I met a German student who was accumulating materials for the History of Christianity, and studying the genius of the place; a modest and learned man. It was Wehl; then unknown, since become the first Arabic scholar of the day, and the author of the life of Mahomet. But, for the German professors of this race, their name is Legion. I think there are more than ten at Berlin alone.

'A few years back we were applied to by Russia. Now, there has been no friendship between the Court of St. Petersburg and my family. It has Dutch connections, and our representations in favour of the Polish Hebrews, a numerous race, but the most suffering and degraded of all the tribes, have not been very agreeable to the Czar. However, I resolved to go myself to St. Petersburg. I had, on my arrival, an interview with the Russian Minister of Finance, Count Cancrin; I beheld the son of a Lithuanian Jew. The loan was connected with the affairs of Spain; I resolved on repairing to Spain from Russia. I travelled without intermission. I had an audience immediately on my arrival with the Spanish Minister, Senor Mendizabal; I beheld one like myself, the son of a Nuevo Christiano, a Jew of Arragon. In consequence of what transpired at Madrid, I went straight to Paris to consult the President of the French Council; I beheld the son of a French Jew, a hero, an imperial marshal, and very properly so, for who should be military heroes if not those who worship the Lord of Hosts ?'

'And is Soult a Hebrew ?' .

'Yes, and others of the French marshals, and the most famous; Massena, for example; his real name was Manasseh: but to my anecdote. The consequence of our consultations was that some Northern Power should be **applied** to in a friendly and mediative capacity. We fixed on Prussia; and the President of the Council made an application to the Prussian Minister, who attended a few days after our conference. Count Arnim entered the cabinet, and I beheld a Prussian Jew. So you see, my dear Coningsby, that the world is governed by very different

personages from what is imagined by those who are not behind the scenes.'

' You startle, and deeply interest me.'

' You must study physiology, my dear child. Pure races of Caucasus may be persecuted, but they cannot be despised, except by the brutal ignorance of some mongrel breed, that brandishes fagots and howls extermination, but is itself exterminated, without persecution, by that irresistible law of Nature which is fatal to curs.'

' But I come also from Caucasus,' said Coningsby.

' Verily ; and thank your Creator for such a destiny : and your race is sufficiently pure. You come from the shores of the Northern Sea, land of the blue eye, and the golden hair, and the frank brow : 'tis a famous breed, with whom we Arabs have contended long ; from whom we have suffered much : but these Goths, and Saxons, and Normans were doubtless great men.'

' But so favoured by Nature, why has not your race produced great poets, great orators, great writers ?'

' Favoured by Nature and by Nature's God, we produced the lyre of David ; we gave you Isaiah and Ezekiel ; they are our Olynthians, our Philippics. Favoured by Nature we still remain : but in exact proportion as we have been favoured by Nature we have been persecuted by Man. After a thousand struggles ; after acts of heroic courage that Rome has never equalled ; deeds of divine patriotism that Athens, and Sparta, and Carthage have never excelled ; we have endured fifteen hundred years of supernatural slavery, during which, every device that can degrade or destroy man has been the destiny that we have sustained and baffled. The Hebrew child has entered adolescence only to learn that he was the Pariah of that ungrateful Europe that owes to him the best part of its laws, a fine portion of its literature, all its religion. Great poets require a public ; we have been content with the immortal melodies that we sung more than two thousand years ago by the waters of Babylon and wept. They record our triumphs ; they solace our affliction. Great orators are the creatures of popular assemblies ; we were permitted only by stealth to meet even in our temples. And as for great writers, the catalogue is not blank. What are all the schoolmen, Aquinas himself, to Maimonides ? and as for modern philosophy, all springs from Spinoza.

‘But the passionate and creative genius, that is the nearest link to Divinity, and which no human tyranny can destroy, though it can divert it ; that should have stirred the hearts of nations by its inspired sympathy, or governed senates by its burning eloquence ; has found a medium for its expression, to which, in spite of your prejudices and your evil passions, you have been obliged to bow. The ear, the voice, the fancy teeming with combinations, the imagination fervent with picture and emotion, that came from Caucasus, and which we have preserved unpolluted, have endowed us with almost the exclusive privilege of Music ; that science of harmonious sounds, which the ancients recognised as most divine, and deified in the person of their most beautiful creation. I speak not of the past ; though, were I to enter into the history of the lords of melody, you would find it the annals of Hebrew genius. But at this moment even, musical Europe is ours. There is not a company of singers, not an orchestra in a single capital, that is not crowded with our children under the feigned names which they adopt to conciliate the dark aversion which your posterity will some day disclaim with shame and disgust. Almost every great composer, skilled musician, almost every voice that ravishes you with its transporting strains, spring from our tribes. The catalogue is too vast to enumerate ; too illustrious to dwell for a moment on secondary names, however eminent. Enough for us that the three great creative minds to whose exquisite inventions all nations at this moment yield—Rossini, Meyerbeer, Mendelssohn, are of Hebrew race ; and little do your men of fashion, your muscadins of Paris, and your dandies of London, as they thrill into raptures at the notes of a Pasta or a Grisi—little do they suspect that they are offering their homage to “the sweet singers of Israel !”’—*Disraeli, Coningsby.*

63. THE SAXONS.

This people most probably derive their name, as well as their origin, from the Sacæ, a nation of the Asiatic Scythia. At the time of which we write, they had seated themselves in the Cimbric Chersonesus, or Jutland, in the countries of Holstein and Sleswick, and thence extended along the Elbe and Weser to the coast of the **German Ocean**, as far as the mouths of the Rhine. In that tract they lived in a sort of loose military com-

monwealth of the ordinary German model under several leaders, the most eminent of whom was Hengist, descended from Odin, the great conductor of the Asiatic colonies. It was to this chief that the Britons applied themselves. They invited him by a promise of ample pay for his troops, a large share of their common plunder, and the isle of Thanet for a settlement.

The army, which came over under Hengist, did not exceed fifteen hundred men. The opinion, which the Britons had entertained of the Saxon prowess, was well founded; for they had the principal share in a decisive victory, which was obtained over the Picts soon after their arrival, a victory which for ever freed the Britons from all terror of the Picts and Scots, but in the same moment exposed them to an enemy no less dangerous.

Hengist and his Saxons, who had obtained by the free vote of the Britons that introduction into this island they had so long in vain attempted by arms, saw that by being necessary they were superior to their allies. They discovered the character of the king; they were eye-witnesses of the internal weakness and distraction of the kingdom. This state of Britain was represented with so much effect to the Saxons in Germany, that another and much greater embarkation followed the first; new bodies daily **crowded in**. As soon as the Saxons began to be **sensible of** their strength, they found it their interest to be discontented; they complained of breaches of a contract, which they construed according to their own designs; and then fell rudely upon their unprepared and feeble allies, who, as they had not been able to resist the Picts and Scots, were still less in a condition to **oppose** that force by which they had been protected against those enemies, when turned unexpectedly upon themselves. Hengist, with very little opposition, subdued the province of Kent, and there laid the foundation of the first Saxon kingdom. Every battle the Britons fought only prepared them for a new defeat by weakening their strength, and displaying the inferiority of their courage. Vortigern, instead of a steady and regular resistance, opposed a mixture of timid war and unable negotiation. In one of their meetings, wherein the business, according to the German mode, was carried on amidst feasting and riot, Vortigern was struck with the beauty of a Saxon virgin, a kinswoman of Hengist, and entirely under his influence. Having married her, he **delivered** himself **over** to her councils.

His people harassed by their enemies, betrayed by their prince, and indignant at the feeble tyranny that oppressed them, deposed him, and set his son Vortimer in his place. But the change of the king **proved** no remedy for the exhausted state of the nation, and the constitutional infirmity of the government. For even if the Britons could have supported themselves against the superior abilities and efforts of Hengist, it **might** have added to their honour, but would have contributed little to their safety. The news of his success had roused all Saxony. Five great bodies of that adventurous people, under different and independent commanders, very nearly at the same time **broke in upon** as many different parts of the island. They came no longer as pirates, but as invaders.—*Burke.*

64. LAST WORDS OF CELEBRATED CHARACTERS.

Whoever has not lived well, does not know how to die well.

Martin Luther.

To learn how to die, is certainly one of the most useful endeavours in life. It is, therefore, a comfort and a powerful incitation for **all of us** to reflect on the way **in which some** of the eminent men, whose names are recorded in the political and literary history of the world, **breathed their last**, to remember the words which fell from their dying lips.

There is much to be learnt from such recollections, and we will, for that purpose, endeavour to describe some of these ‘last scenes.’

The immortal German poet, the author of ‘William Tell,’ ‘Wallenstein,’ and ‘Don Carlos,’ died (1805) in the bloom of manhood, and at the acme of his glory. He had much to regret in life ; yet, as a **female** friend asked him how he found himself, Schiller answered composedly : ‘**more and more** calm.’ And, in fact, calmness seems the death-prerogative of good men, certainly a precious reward for a life spent in the fulfilment of duties.

The great Goethe, **true to the last** to his high mind, already in the grasp of death, asks for ‘light, more light.’

Johannes Müller, who has been named the ‘Tacitus of Switzerland,’ and who possessed really much of the thoughtful

brevity, and the ardent love of liberty of the Roman annalist, died in 1809, with the words : ‘All that exists belongs to God, and all that happens comes from God.’ The eminent historian uttered this remarkable exclamation in the last hour of his life, when he knew no longer those who stood around him, in a gentle but firm voice ; then he turned round and was no more.

We have met somewhere with a curious instance of a very earnest man dying in the act of making a joke. Wolfgang Musculus, a professor of theology at Berne, lay quietly on his death-bed (1563). His learned friend Haller spoke to him on the vanity of life, and exclaimed : ‘*Ah ! quid sumus ?*’ The professor answered with a smile, ‘*fumus*,’ and expired.

Jean Jacques Rousseau, who exercised a great influence over France, and, as it were, the world, the father of modern deists, author of the ‘*Contrat Social*,’ the code of revolutionists, of ‘*Emile*’—in spite of many errors a most valuable work on education—of the romantic ‘*Nouvelle Héloïse*,’ and the curious ‘*Confessions*’ of his own life and feelings, died in 1778. His last words were a solemn confirmation of his religious faith : ‘Being of beings, God !’

Addison, at the approach of death (1719), behaved in such a remarkable manner that we shall give Dr. Young’s own account of it : ‘After a long and manly, but vain struggle with his temper, he dismissed his physicians, and with them all hopes of life. But with his hopes of life he dismissed not his concern for the living, but sent for a youth nearly related and finely accomplished, but not above being the better for good impressions from a dying friend. He came, the dying friend was silent. After a pause, the youth said : “Dear sir, you sent for me ; I believe and hope that you have some commands ; I shall hold them most sacred. May distant ages not only hear but feel the reply.” Forcibly grasping the youth’s hand, he softly said : “See in what peace a Christian can die.” He spoke with difficulty, and soon expired.’

Hunter, physician in ordinary to the Queen of England, one of the most learned and celebrated men of his profession, said at the hour of his death (1783) : ‘I would I could hold my pen in order to write down how easy and agreeable it is to die.’

The distinguished author of the ‘*Essay on Man*,’ Alexander Pope, said shortly before his death, which happened in May

1744 : ‘One of the things that I have always most **wondered at**, is that there should be any such thing as human vanity ; if I had **any**, I saw enough to mortify it a few days ago, for I lost my mind for a whole day.’ What could ordinary men say, when the writer of the ‘Essay on the Immortality of the Soul’ expressed himself in such a striking manner ?

Last, but not least, the illustrious author of the ‘Essay concerning Human Understanding,’ John Locke, who was, with his countryman, Bacon, and the French Descartes, the founder of our modern philosophy and method of reasoning, said the day before his death (1704), to Lady Masham : ‘I have lived enough, and thank God for having spent my life so happily.’

When the good utopist and great scholar, Thomas More, was told that the king had graciously **changed** his sentence to be hanged, **drawn**, and **quartered** (1536), into that of being beheaded, he observed with his usual cheerfulness : ‘**God forbid** that the king may ever grant the same favour to any of my friends.’ When he had already put his head on the block, he begged the executioner to allow him to put his beard beside, observing that it had committed no high treason.

If we **turn** now from the sixteenth century to the eighteenth, the men and women of the French revolution will teach us an equally useful lesson, from Mirabeau, who, when he could no longer speak, wrote with his dying hand ‘to sleep,’ down to Danton, who, when the executioner prevented him, on the guillotine, from embracing his friend, Hérault de Séchelles, exclaimed in his usual bold manner : ‘Will you prevent our two heads from embracing each other **presently** in the basket?’ Is there not heroic grandeur in Madame Roland’s last invocation · ‘Oh liberty ! how many crimes are committed in thy name !’ and **moving** despair in poor André Chénier’s exclamation, when, at the foot of the scaffold, he touched his noble forehead and sighed, ‘And, nevertheless, there was something **here !**’ And yet the death they suffered was violent and premature. Saint Just and Charlotte Corday were both under thirty years of age when they concluded their life under the hands of the executioner. Royalists and republicans, Girondists and Montagnards, all showed the same valorous spirit, for each had bound his life to a principle which he believed to be true and just.

And how many ended a noble, youthful, and brilliant career

on the field of honour, **fighting** the battles of their country, and shedding their blood for their convictions ! It will be sufficient to mention the gifted Marceau, who fell, a general scarcely twenty-seven years old, and the high-minded Desaix, who received the death-wound in the midst of the triumph of Marengo, to which he contributed so much. ‘Tell the first consul, said he, that I die regretting not to have done more for the Republic ;’ and in order not to discourage his soldiers, he added, ‘Conceal my death.’

That poor royal vagrant and really good man, Stanislas Leczinski, king of Poland, and afterwards father-in-law of Louis XV., and duke of Lorraine, where his memory is still held in great veneration by the peasantry, died in 1766, at the age of more than ninety, by a mournful accident. He set his clothes on fire by the hot cinders of tobacco, and said himself jocularly : ‘There was only such a death wanting to an adventurer like I was.’

If we read the lives of statesmen, we shall find that the Cardinal d’Amboise, one of the **few** good ministers which it has been the lot of France to possess, and to whom that country was mostly indebted for the franchise of its cities, said, **a few** minutes before his end, to a **lay brother** who attended his sick-bed : ‘*Frère Jean, frère Jean ! why have I not been my whole life nothing but a frère Jean ?*’

Everyone is acquainted with the beautiful lines which Shakspeare puts in the mouth of the dying Cardinal Wolsey, but the words of the great dramatist are but a poetical amplification of those really uttered by the minister of Henry VIII. : ‘Had **I but** served God as diligently as I have served the king, he would not have **given me up** in my grey hairs.’

Now, all the men, the last moments of whom we have recorded, **teach us** a useful lesson. They all knew that they were dying, and gave, therefore, **went** to their real feelings, for there are but **few** who would or could **act a part** at that solemn moment.

One general remark we may venture to make is, that the last desire of each receives a peculiar direction, mostly in accordance with his avocations or his aspirations in life, and that no good or great man ever fears death. But we will not extend this subject too far. We have said enough to convince our readers that, if the records of eminent lives are highly interesting, there

is also much attraction in what we may be allowed to name, 'the annals of death.'—*The Cosmopolitan Review*.

65. THE CHILDREN IN THE BUSH.

A story comes to us by the Australian mail which will fill **many** a mother's eyes with tears, and touch the sterner hearts of all those true men who love little children, and are tender to them. The colony was ringing with it when the steamer came away. Years **hence**, probably, it will **get into** a ballad, and be 'sung or said' to the tiny Australians of generations to come, like the 'Children in the Wood' to their small cousins **at home**. Antiquarians are afraid to pronounce how old that famous nursery story is; but what do the little **ones** care about antiquity and dates? Haven't they Robin Redbreast hopping about the garden and the window-sill all the winter—a palpable witness to the narrative? Doesn't he chirp out, as plainly as a bird can, that 'it's all true, **every** word of it?' and isn't he plainly of opinion that 'it's murder to kill a robin,' and that nobody with a conscience will touch him, **ever since** he chanted, with his musical throat, that funeral service over the little **people** in the wood, and 'covered them with leaves'? The wicked uncle, and the brother and sister, and the ruffians, and the kind birds have become part of the pretty religion of the nurseries, which 'loves man, and bird, and beast,' and only through much tribulation with grammars, and many disillusionments, enters into the reluctant belief that there are bad **people** in the world besides 'giants.' Our Australian story has, indeed, no 'Robin Redbreast.' If birds had any part in it, they **must** have been the grass parroquet, or the blue bird, or the 'bell bird'—something outlandish to English nurseries. But it has the old, old pathos of children's suffering, and children's tender truth and courage towards each other; with a happier ending, too, than the English ballad, which is a capital thing; for although the conduct of Robin Redbreast was highly laudable, we never yet met the audience of **wee** faces that was consoled by that 'respectable funeral.' They can't see why 'the one that was of milder mood' didn't **go through** with his penitence, and, after 'slaying the other there,' **bring** the twins **out** of the blackberry bushes, and then everybody, except the 'wicked uncle,' would have 'lived happily **ever after**.' Well,

that's exactly how the Australian story does end, and so we tell it with the greater pleasure.

Its heroes are three little **people**—two brothers and a sister—of whom the eldest boy was nine, and the youngest five, the girl being seven years of age. They were the children of a carpenter named Duff, who worked at a place called Horsham. In Australia small hands can help ; so these three used to be **sent after** brushwood for brooms and fires. They had gone dozens of times, and had come back safely ; but **this once**, when their mother sent them, they **wandered** into the bush, and missed their way, and at night there were their little cots empty, and their little plates of supper getting cold, but no children. ‘Lost in the bush !’ Think what that means for an Australian mother —when vigorous men have sometimes wandered but a hundred yards from the tract in those labyrinths of gum-trees, and gone hopelessly forward and backward, and backward and forward, till they laid themselves down to die. **Of course** there was a search for them, all night, all day, all the next night and day, many nights and many days, and every hour of the weary time stealing the hope slowly out of the poor hearts of the father and mother. At last they did what **ought** to have been done before—they called the instinct of the savage to help them to find at least the corpses of the wanderers. Nobody can explain that instinct ; everybody who has hunted or travelled with wild tribes has witnessed it. The face of the ground to them is like the leaf of a book to us—they *read* it. One of these Australian blacks will tell you if a kangaroo has crossed a creek, by the displacement of a pebble : blindfold him, and bring him into the thick of the eucalyptuses, he will point to his ‘gunya’ miles **away** ; it is the sixth sense of races brought up in a life that could not exist on five. The blacks soon found the trail of the poor little three ; and to find one end, for them, was to be sure of the other. So father, and mother, and friends, *on the eighth day* after the loss, followed the native trackers step by step. ‘Here littlest one tired—look, sit down !’ says one black bloodhound ; and presently another grunts, ‘Big one carry—see, travel in dark—tumble into this bush.’ Farther on still, the keenest of the pack finds the mark where ‘little one put down, too tired—big one fall on him face—no can jump up.’ So yard by yard through the scrub, and round and round the dark tree trunks, the sad

hunt went, expecting death at best, perhaps worse. But, on a sudden, there they are ! asleep, all the three of them, among the broom ! the little toddler of five lying between his 'big' brother of nine and his 'big' sister of seven—not dead, but asleep ! And look ! the smallest, not only tucked for warmth between the other two, but wrapped in 'Janie's' frock—that tender heroine herself remaining in her petticoat. Not dead ; but oh, so near it ! Nine days and eight nights without **anything** between their poor little lips but one **drink** of water ! and when they wake the eldest boy, those lips of **his** are so thin that they won't cover his teeth, nor help him to do anything but moan 'Father !' The smallest takes it **cooest** : 'Father ! why didn't you come sooner ? We cooeyed for you.' But the sister, who **stripped** her frock off and helped carry 'Frank,' is almost gone, and can only just murmur 'Cold, cold !' Is there any need to say how they were caught up, and warmed at the beating hearts of the hunters, and fed with wine, and soup, and sweet bread, till the light came slowly back to their eyes so nearly glazed, and the roses that were deathly white on their tiny cheeks blossomed back again into jolly Australian red ; for they were saved, these small adventurers, to tell their tale ?

But what a story they will have to tell, if that placid sleep together in the big green bed of the Australian bush, with the sky for their counterpane and the stars for their chamber-candle, and death—pitiful, gentle, merciful death—coming close at last to '**tuck** them **up**' and kiss them, has not banished all from their tender memories. What a tale it will be now—what a recollection hereafter, to try to piece together again that long, long week of weary footsteps and sinking hearts ! Think what it **must** have been for them, hand in hand, amid the vast and pathless bush of Australia, to see the sun rise, and glare, and set, and rise again, and again, and again, and 'no father, no mother.' No father and mother, but only new trees, and new bushes, and new flowers, which yet seem old, because they are so all alike ; and no path anywhere out of them—always alike ! Always a silent green ring about them ; full of birds, perhaps, that chattered and chirped about the wanderers. How they must have gripped each other's tiny hands when the lizards shambled over the grass, or a snake hissed at them, and rustled into the bushes ; and how they must have nestled together, and cried

for the warm beds at home, when the cold night brought the noises of the wide forest ! Eight miserable mornings—eight nights of tears and broken sleep—and all the time bitter hunger and thirst pinching the little stomachs, and driving them to wander farther and farther away in the agony of purposeless effort. And yet, in what would have been in twelve hours more their forest death-bed, the little sister wraps the little brother in her frock, and lies down to die outside him, while the other one has carried him till the nine-year-old knees fail and founder, and he falls upon his face. But they were saved, and ‘Janie Duff’ is a heroine in the colony, with ever so many hundred pounds being collected to buy her a new frock and something else. By-and-by, when they are grown up, will they not come to think and prove that their lives were saved for something noble ? Let us hope so, as a sequel to the Australian story of the ‘Children in the Scrub ;’ and, as all such stories must have an ‘application,’ let it be that good little boys and girls should never wander in the bush, natural or moral.

66. THE PASSAGE OF THE BERESINA.

The Russians, having destroyed in their flight the great bridge of Borisow, defended all the right bank of the Beresina, and occupied, with four divisions, the principal points where we could **possibly** attempt to pass it. During the 25th, Napoleon manœuvred to deceive the vigilance of the enemy, and by stratagem obtained possession of the village of Studzianca, placed on an eminence that commanded the river which we wished to pass. There, in the presence of the Russians, and notwithstanding their utmost opposition, he constructed two bridges, of which the Duke of Reggio profited, to cross the Beresina ; and, attacking the troops which **opposed** his passage, he put them to flight, and pursued them without intermission to the head of the bridge of Borisow. During these operations, which took place **within** November 23 and 27, we passed four dreadful days, traversing many villages, among which we could only learn the names of Bohr and Kraupki, where fatigue compelled us to halt. The days were so short that, although we made but little progress, we were obliged to march during part of the night. It was from this cause that so many unhappy

wretches ~~wandered~~ from their regiments and were lost. Arriving very late at the encampments, where all the corps were confounded together, they could not distinguish or learn the situation of the regiments to which they belonged. After having marched the whole day, they were often compelled to ~~wander about~~ all night to find their officers, and rarely were they sufficiently fortunate to accomplish their object ; they laid themselves down to sleep, ignorant of the hour of march, and, on awaking, found themselves in the power of the enemy.

As we passed the Borisow, we saw the division of Parthouneaux, forming the rearguard of the ninth corps. We then quitted the great road that led to the bridge occupied by the Russians, and turned to the right to proceed to Studzianca, where we found Napoleon ; the other troops of the ninth corps, commanded by the Duke of Belluno, arrived likewise by the same road.

The twelfth and ninth corps, and the Poles, commanded by General Dembrowski, not having been at Moscow, had so much baggage that from Borisow to Studzianca the road was covered with carriages and waggons. The reinforcements which these troops brought us were very acceptable, yet we almost doubted whether the junction of so many men in the centre of a vast desert ~~might~~ not increase our misfortunes. Always marching in the midst of a confused mass of stragglers, with the divisions of the ninth corps, we were two hours afterwards arrested in our progress by a great crowd ; and, unable to penetrate it, we were compelled to ~~march round~~ it. In the midst of this multitude were some paltry barns, on the summit of a little hill. Seeing some chasseurs of the imperial guard encamped around it, we judged that Napoleon was there, and that we were approaching the borders of the Beresina. In fact, it was the very spot where Charles XII. crossed that river on his march to Moscow.

What a frightful picture did this multitude of men present, overwhelmed with misfortunes of every kind, and hemmed in by a morass ; that very multitude which, two months before, had exultingly spread itself over half the surface of a vast empire ! Our soldiers, pale, emaciated, dying with hunger and cold, having nothing to defend them from the inclemency of the season but tattered pelisses and sheepskins half burnt, and

uttering the most mournful lamentations, crowded the banks of this unfortunate river. Germans, Polanders, Italians, Spaniards, Croats, Portuguese, and French, were all mingled together, disputing among themselves, and quarrelling with each other in their different languages ; finally, the officers, and even the generals, wrapped in pelisses covered with dirt and filth, confounded with the soldiers, and abusing those who pressed upon them or braved their authority, formed a scene of strange confusion, of which no painter could trace the faintest resemblance.

They whom fatigue, or ignorance of the impending danger, rendered less eager to cross the river, were endeavouring to kindle a fire, and repose their wearied limbs. We had too frequently occasion to observe, in these encampments, to what a degree of brutality excess of misery would debase human nature. In one place we saw several of the soldiers fighting for a morsel of bread. If a stranger, pierced with the cold, endeavoured to approach a fire, those to whom it belonged inhumanly drove him away ; or if, tormented with raging thirst, anyone asked for a single drop of water from another who carried a **full supply**, the refusal was accompanied by the vilest abuse. We often heard those who had once been friends, and whose education had been liberal, bitterly disputing with each other for a little straw, or a piece of horseflesh, which they were attempting to divide. This campaign was therefore more terrible, as it brutalised the character and stained us with vices to which we had before been strangers. Even those who once were honest, humane, and generous, became selfish, avaricious, dishonest, and cruel.

Napoleon having, with the assistance of his guard, **forced** his way through this immense crowd, crossed the river (November 27) about three o'clock in the afternoon. The viceroy, who had passed the whole day with him, announced to his staff that what remained of the fourth corps should pass the bridge at eight o'clock at night. Although not a moment should have been lost in escaping from a place so dangerous, many could not **prevail** on themselves to leave the fires round which they were sitting. ‘It is much better,’ said they, ‘to pass the night on this side of the river than the other, where there is nothing but marshes ; besides, the bridge is as much encumbered as ever, and by waiting till to-morrow the crowd will have lessened, and

the passage will be easy.' This unfortunate advice **prevailed** on too many, and, at the hour appointed, only the household of the prince, and a few of the officers of the staff, crossed the river.

It was, indeed, necessary to know all the danger that would have **attended** our stay on the left side of the river, to induce us to pass to the other. The viceroy and his suite, arriving on the right bank, encamped on a marshy piece of ground, and endeavoured to find out the places which were most frozen, to pass the night on them and escape the bogs. The darkness was horrible, and the wind tremendous, blowing a thick shower of ice and snow **full** in our faces. Many of the officers, pierced with the cold, did not cease running, and walking, and **striking** their feet during the whole night, to preserve themselves from being completely frozen. To complete our misfortunes, wood was so scarce that we could with difficulty supply one little fire for the viceroy ; and, to obtain some firebrands, were obliged to appeal to the Bavarian soldiers, the daughter of whose king had been united in marriage to Prince Eugene.

On November 28, Napoleon, being gone towards Zemblin, left behind him this immense crowd standing on the other side of the Beresina. The snow fell with violence; the hills and forests presented only some white indistinct masses, scarcely visible through the fog. We could only see distinctly the fatal river, which, half frozen, forced its way through the ice that impeded its progress.

Although there were two bridges, one for the carriages, and the other for the foot soldiers, yet the crowd was so great, and the approaches so dangerous, that near the Beresina the passage was completely choked up, and it was absolutely impossible to move. About eight o'clock in the morning the bridge for the carriages and the cavalry **broke down**; the baggage and artillery then advanced towards the other bridge, and attempted to force a passage. Now began a frightful contention between the foot soldiers and the horsemen. Many perished by the hands of their comrades, but a great number were suffocated at the head of the bridge ; and the dead bodies of horses and men so choked every avenue, that it was necessary to climb over mountains of carcasses to arrive at the river. Some who were buried in these horrible heaps still breathed, and, struggling in

the agonies of death, caught hold of those who mounted over them ; but these kicked them with violence to disengage themselves, and, without remorse, trod them under foot. During this contention, the multitude which followed, like a furious wave, swept away, while it increased the number of victims.

Borisow being evacuated, the three Russian armies effected their junction ; and the same day (November 28), about eight o'clock in the morning, the Duke of Reggio was attacked on the right bank, and half an hour afterwards the Duke of Belluno was engaged on the left. Every soldier, who had before been wandering in confusion, fell into the ranks. The battle was obstinately fought, and the Duke of Reggio could only obtain the victory at the price of his own blood. He was wounded at the beginning of the action, and compelled to quit the field. The command then devolved on the Duke of Elchingen.

In the meantime the enemy, notwithstanding the valour of our soldiers and the exertions of their commanders, briskly pressed the ninth corps, which formed the rearguard. We already heard the roar of the cannon, and the sound dismayed every heart. Insensibly it approached, and we soon saw the fire of the enemy's artillery on the summit of the neighbouring hills ; and we no longer doubted that the engagement would soon extend to that spot which was covered with thousands of unarmed men, sick and wounded, and with all our women and children.

The Duke of Elchingen having rallied his troops, the battle recommenced with new fury. The division of cuirassiers, commanded by General Doumerc, made a very brilliant charge, and at the same moment the legion of the Vistula was engaged in the woods, endeavouring to force the enemy's centre. These brave cuirassiers, although enfeebled by fatigue and privations of every kind, performed prodigies of valour. They pierced the enemy's squares, took several pieces of cannon, and three or four thousand prisoners, which our weakness would not permit us to retain—for in our cruel situation we fought not for victory, but only for life, and the honour of our arms.

In the heat of the engagement many of the balls flew over the miserable crowd which was yet pressing across the bridge of the Beresina. Some shells burst in the midst of them. Terror and despair then took possession of every breast. The women

and children, who had escaped so many disasters, seemed to have been preserved only to suffer here a death more deplorable. We saw them rushing from the baggage-waggons, and falling in agonies and tears at the feet of the first soldier they met, imploring his assistance to enable them to reach the other side. The sick and the wounded, sitting on the trunks of trees, or supported by their crutches, anxiously looked around them for some friend to help them. But their cries were lost in the air. No one had leisure to attend to his dearest friend. His own preservation absorbed every thought.

At length the Russians, continually reinforced by fresh troops, advanced in a mass, and drove before them the Polonese corps of General Girard, which till then had held them in check. At the sight of the enemy, those who had not already passed mingled with the Polanders, and rushed precipitately towards the bridge. The artillery, the baggage-waggons, the cavalry, and the foot soldiers all **pressed on, contending which** should pass the first. The strongest threw into the river those who were weaker and hindered their passage, or unfeelingly trampled under foot all the sick whom they found in their way. Many hundreds were crushed to death by the wheels of the cannon. Others, hoping to save themselves by swimming, were frozen in the middle of the river, or perished by placing themselves on pieces of ice, which sunk to the bottom. **Thousands** and thousands of victims, deprived of all hope, threw themselves headlong into the Beresina, and were lost in the waves.

The division of Girard made its way, by force of arms, through all the obstacles that retarded its march; and, climbing over that mountain of dead bodies which obstructed the way, gained the other side. Thither the Russians would soon have followed them, if they had not hastened to burn the bridge.

Then the unhappy beings who remained on the other side of the Beresina abandoned themselves to absolute despair. **Some** of them, however, yet attempted to pass the bridge, enveloped, as it was, in flames; but, arrested in the midst of their progress, they were compelled to throw themselves into the river, to escape a death yet more horrible. At length, the Russians being masters of the field of battle, our troops retired; the uproar ceased, and a mournful silence succeeded.—*Labaume*.

PART II.

67. THE FÉTE OF AUGUST 15 IN PARIS.

A. The Marchand de Coco.

In the midst of the multitude, the laughter, the shouting, the dust, the din, the smoke of gunpowder from the theatres, and of tobacco from a hundred thousand mouths, I always see one old familiar form, and hear one old, old familiar sound. Alas ! there he is, the **very same**. The little old man who sells *coco*. Why do they call liquorice water '*coco*'? His tin pagoda, with the drapery of red cotton velvet, and its tricoloured flag at the back, is **strapped** behind his back as usual. The pipe and tap pass under his arm. The same array of glasses is slung before him. He has the same cry, '*Coco ! Coco à la glace ! à la glace ! demandez le Coco !*' To-day he calls it '*Le Coco Impérial*' He **tinkles** the same little bell. He trusted me five farthings when I was a boy and thirsty, and had spent a week's pocket-money in my first cigar. How sick it made me, and how I lay on my back moaning and gasping like an indisposed seal, in a thicket of a wilderness, very wild and incult in those days, but which is now the Bois de Bologne. *Coco, Coco à la glace !* I will have **another** five farthings' worth **though** it cost me a franc. How long will this ancient continue to sell *Coco*? Till the **crack** of doom. Bourbons, Orleans, Bonapartes, Monarchies, Republics, Empires are all **one** to him. He only wants the weather to be warm and people to be thirsty and schoolboys to be out for a holiday. Gently, but distinctly, tinkles his peaceful little tocsin. '*Coco ! Coco !*' Surely here is a man who deserves well of his country. If ever he ascended a barricade it must have been in June '48, to cry '*Coco à la glace*'.

B. Open-air Shops.

Nothing is complete in France without a considerable admixture of the shopkeeping element. Our lively neighbours are accustomed to call us 'a nation of shopkeepers.' Well may we return the compliment by calling them a nation of stall-keepers and pedlars. Set a Frenchman, **stark naked**, in the midst of the Great Desert of Sahara, and in a quarter of an hour he would make something pretty **out of** some sand and a sunbeam, and begin selling it, and **overcharging** for it too, *à l'instar de Paris*. **As though** there were not shops and stalls enough opposite, three sides of the *Trocadero* had been abandoned to the *marchands forains*, or petty dealers and hucksters who are permitted to line the boulevards with their booths during the first week in January. Taking the *Trocadero* as a fair, I hold it in every way appropriate that there should be stalls for the sale of pastry, cool drinks, tobacco, toys, sausages, and the like ; but what on earth the fête of the Emperor Napoleon III. can have to do with frenzied attempts at the retail sale of photographs of the Venus of Milo, and the Grande Duchesse de Gerolstein ; of *porte-monnaies* and electro-plated spoons ; of indiarubber goloshes and embroidered garters, of shaving glasses and earthenware teapots, passes my comprehension. I was passionately entreated to purchase, first a reading-lamp with a **japanned** reflector, silvered inside, and next a packet of 'hygienic soap.' Now, did I or anybody else come to the *Trocadero* with a view of washing or reading ? Those processes are not recreative. They are duties, not pastimes.

C. Open-air Theatres.

As for the open-air theatres, no sooner was the curtain of one **down** than the curtain of the other one **went up**. The dramas performed were of the spectacular pantomimic order. The stage was periodically occupied by strong bodies of regular troops, whose red trousers had a very lively and picturesque effect, and who **went through** martial evolutions, and drummed and fife and trumpeted, and fired off their muskets and charged with their bayonets to the intense delight of the audience on the grass. I was told at one theatre that the piece was 'The Siege of Puebla ;' but it could hardly have been about Mexico.

My belief is that it was the very same piece I saw in July 1839, **performed** by the sons and daughters of the very same actors. As for the **plot**, I think that in a very few words I can describe it. Julius Caesar runs away with the wife of Vercingetorix, a Gaulish chief. Timour the Tartar, brother-in-law of the injured husband, forthwith invades Cochin China with a strong force of Praetorian Guards and Chasseurs de Vincennes. Cambodge is taken. But Abd-el-Kader being brought in a prisoner, is decorated with the Legion of Honour by Marshal Bazaine. General volley of musketry. The enemy fly, but are hotly pursued by a vivandière and a comic corporal of Sapeurs. Then the *corps de ballet* enter and dance a bolero. The comic corporal is named lieutenant on the spot. The Kabyles then come down in force. The *vivandière* treats with scorn the advances of a spy in brown pantaloons. Another volley of musketry. The troops form square. The comic corporal crosses the stage **mounted on** the back of the spy, whom he belabours with a broomstick. A Bedouin Arab appears on the summit of a rock pointing a gun menacingly at the *vivandière*. General discharge of musketry. Waving of tricoloured flags. The drums beat *aux champs*. The spy turns out to be the father of the comic corporal. He has done good service to France under the most disadvantageous circumstances. He is decorated with the Legion of Honour. The *vivandière* and the comic corporal kneel to receive his blessing, and are forthwith united in the bonds of matrimony. An individual in general's uniform appears, on a **live** horse, at the back of the stage. The fiery steed shies and the general is thrown. He appears hurt. He rubs himself. Indescribable enthusiasm. Final discharge of musketry. *Vive l'Empereur!* Tableau. Curtain. End. This is the drama of the Trocadero. You may call it the 'Siege of Puebla' if you choose, but in my time it was the 'Storming of Constantine and the Capture of Mazagran,' and it has been in *its* time the 'Siege of Corunna,' the 'Capitulation of Ulm,' the 'Bombardment of San Sebastian,' the 'Defence of Pampeluna,' and the 'Battle of the Lake Regillus.'

D. Les Vieux de la Vieille.

One sight I did like : it was the procession of the remaining force of the troops which **actually** did make war for the Con-

sulate, and served under the first Emperor. There are about a hundred of these veterans **left**, and after hearing mass at the Invalides, headed by a drum-major, **so old** that he might have been at Agincourt, they march to **pay** homage to the first Emperor, as now represented on the column of the Place Vendôme. Alas ! the fine old characteristic statue of the 'Petit Caporal' has been exiled to a St. Helena called Courbevoie, and the great man is represented by a figure in a 'night rail,' in his hand a chamber candlestick. As this real veteran corps of about a hundred men, dressed in what are now grotesque uniforms, but which to our grandfathers were the type of dress of the only soldiers for whom they **cared**, advanced towards the square, the drums beat, the Guards **turned out** and presented arms, and private individuals uncovered, as the old soldiers of the First Empire **marched past**. This morning **many** a memory was **carried back**, no doubt, to Ulm and Austerlitz, to the glories of the East and the calamities of the North. This is, of course, conjecture ; but I do know that several eyes were dimmed with tears, and that even mere bystanders could not witness unmoved the homage of these heroes to the statue of that great chief, in whom they believed as in a divinity. As the ceremony was going on, Marshal Canrobert in the full uniform of to-day, returning from Notre Dame, where he had been in company with the Senate, the Corps Législatif, and all the authorities to **high mass**, came on the ground with all his A.D.C.'s, and so the present and the past were curiously contrasted. They differ as to dress truly, indeed a more powerful contrast than the **be-powdered** and **pigtailed** soldier of the First Empire, his body buttoned up as in a case, and his legs encumbered with gaiters like those abominations we call 'butcher's boots,' and the active, light, little Zouave or Chasseur of to-day can scarcely be conceived. They differ in dress, but I question if there is any other difference between the French soldiers of the first and of the second half of the nineteenth century.

68. SORROWS OF WERTHER.

Werther had a love for Charlotte
Such as words could never utter ;
Would you know how first he met her ?
She was cutting bread and butter.

Charlotte was a married lady,
 And a moral man was Werther,
 And for all the wealth of Indies,
 Would do nothing for to hurt her.

So he sighed, and pined, and **ogled**,
 And his passion boiled and bubbled,
 Till he blew his silly brains out,
 And no more was by it **troubled**.

Charlotte, having seen his body
 Borne before her on a shutter,
 Like a well-conducted person,
Went on cutting bread and butter.—*Thackeray.*

69. LORD ELLENBOROUGH AND THE BANDBOX.

‘Lord Ellenborough was once about to **go on** the **circuit**, when Lady Ellenborough said that she should like to accompany him. He replied that he had no objection, provided she did not encumber the carriage with **bandboxes**, which were his utter abhorrence. During the first day’s journey, Lord Ellenborough, **happening** to stretch his legs, struck his foot against something below the seat. He discovered that it was a bandbox. Up went the window and out went the bandbox. The coachman stopped, and the footmen, thinking that the bandbox had tumbled out of the window by some extraordinary chance, were going to pick it up, when Lord Ellenborough furiously called out, “**Drive on!**” The bandbox accordingly was left by the **ditch-side**. Having reached the county town where he was to officiate as judge, Lord Ellenborough **proceeded** to array himself for his appearance in the Court-house. “Now,” said he, “where’s my wig—where is my wig?” “My lord,” replied his attendant, “it was thrown out of the carriage window.”—*Samuel Rogers.*

70. THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON AND DR. HUTTON.

It is related of the Duke of Wellington that, having to select an officer of the Corps of Royal Engineers to fill a post requiring considerable scientific attainments, he determined to take the opinion of the late Dr. Hutton as to the qualifications of **one** who had been recommended to him for the vacant situation,

justly considering that the Doctor, having been for many years the director of studies at the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich, must have had good opportunities of judging of the abilities of those who had passed through his hands. The learned professor was accordingly summoned to attend his Grace. The Doctor, though an eminent mathematician, was prone to make long speeches. Having therefore culled a few flowers of rhetoric, and placed them in array with geometrical precision, he proceeded to the interview with the utmost punctuality. The Duke was equally punctual ; and after his usual brief salutation, he proceeded at once to the point. ‘I have given you the trouble of coming here, Doctor, to ask if — is fit for — ?’ The learned professor, having made a profound bow, commenced his well-concocted speech : ‘No man more so, my Lord Duke.’ . . . ‘That is quite sufficient,’ interrupted his Grace, taking up his hat ; ‘I know how valuable your time is ; mine, just now, is equally so ; I will not, therefore, detain you any longer.’

The Doctor withdrew, disappointed at the cutting short of his harangue, but highly gratified with the compliment paid to his judgment.—*Life of the Duke of Wellington, by Major Basil Jackson and Captain R. Scott.*

71. SPEECH OF ROLLA.

My brave associates—partners of my toil, my feelings, and my fame ! Can Rolla’s words add vigour to the virtuous energies which inspire your hearts ? No ;—you have judged as I have, the foulness of the crafty plea by which these bold invaders would delude you. Your generous spirit has compared, as mine has, the motives which, in a war like this, can animate their minds and ours. They, by a strange frenzy driven, fight for power, for plunder, and extended rule ; we, for our country, our altars, and our homes. They follow an adventurer whom they fear, and obey a power which they hate ; we serve a monarch whom we love, a God whom we adore. Whene’er they move in anger, desolation tracks their progress ! Whene’er they pause in amity, affliction mourns their friendship. They boast, they come but to improve our state, enlarge our thoughts, and free us from the yoke of error ! Yes, they will give enlightened freedom to our minds, who are themselves the slaves of passion,

avarice, and pride. They offer us their protection. Yes, such protection as vultures give to lambs—covering and devouring them. They call on us to barter all of good we have inherited and proved, for the desperate chance of something better which they promise. Be our plain answer this : The throne *we honour* is the *people's choice*; the laws we reverence are our brave fathers' legacy; the faith we follow teaches us to live in bonds of charity with all mankind, and die with hope of bliss beyond the grave. Tell your invaders this, and tell them too, we seek no change ; and, least of all, such change as *they* would bring us.—*Sheridan's 'Pizarro.'*

72. CURATES AND BISHOPS.

I am surprised it does not strike the mountaineers **how very much** the great emoluments of the Church are **hung open** to the lowest ranks of the community. Butchers, bakers, publicans, schoolmasters, are perpetually seeing their children elevated to the mitre. Let a respectable baker drive through the City from the west end of the town, and let him cast an eye on the battlements of Northumberland House, has his little muffin-faced son the smallest chance of getting in among the Percies, enjoying a share of their luxury and splendour, and of chasing the deer with hound and horn upon the Cheviot Hills ? But let him drive his alum-steeped loaves a little farther, till he reaches St. Paul's Churchyard, and all his thoughts are changed when he sees that beautiful **fabric**; it is not impossible that his little penny-roll may be introduced into that splendid oven. Young Crumpet is sent to school—**takes to** his books—spends the best years of his life, as all eminent Englishmen do, in making Latin verses—knows that the *crum* in crumpet is long, and the *pet* short—goes to the university—gets a prize for an Essay on the Dispersion of the Jews—takes orders—becomes a bishop's chaplain—has a young nobleman for his pupil—publishes a useless classic, and a serious call to the unconverted—and then goes through the Elysian transitions of prebendary, dean, prelate, and the long train of purple, profit, and power.—*Sydney Smith.*

73. DINING-OUT IN THE COUNTRY.

Did you ever **dine out** in the country ! What a misery human beings inflict upon each other under the name of plea-

sure ! We went to dine last Thursday with Mr. —— a neighbouring clergyman, a haunch of venison being the stimulus to the invitation. We set out at three o'clock ; **drove** in a broiling sun, on dusty roads, three miles in our best gowns ; found squire and parsons assembled in a small hot room, the whole house redolent with frying ; talked, as is our wont, of roads, weather, and turnips ; that done, began to grow hungry, then serious, then impatient. At last, a **stripling**, evidently **caught up** for the occasion, opened the door and beckoned our host out of the room. After some moments of awful suspense, he returned to us with a face of much distress, saying ‘the woman assisting in the kitchen had mistaken the soup for dirty water, and had thrown it away ; so we must **do without** it.’ We all agreed it was perhaps **as well** we should, under the circumstances. At last, to our joy, dinner was announced ; but oh, ye gods ! as we entered the dining-room, what a gale met our nose ! the venison was high, the venison was uneatable, and was obliged to follow the soup with all speed.

Dinner proceeded, but our **spirits flagged** under these accumulated misfortunes. There was an ominous pause between the first and second course ; we looked at each other in the face—what new disaster awaited us ? The pause became fearful . . . We obtained the second course with difficulty, bored each other the usual time, ordered our carriages, expecting our postboys to be drunk, and were grateful to Providence for not permitting them to deposit us in a wet ditch. **So much** for dinners in the country.—*Sydney Smith.*

74. DINNER.

Dinner ! The bare mention of the word suggests an ocean of more or less embarrassing questions. ‘What shall we have for dinner?’ has been the subject of a whole book. ‘Where shall we dine?’ is a question answered abundantly in our **advertising** columns. Society has not even made up its mind as to the proper time for dining. Medical men tell us that 2 P.M is the best hour ; the labourer’s dinner hour is noon ; quiet country folks like to dine at one, in order that they may **enjoy a comfortable meat tea** at five ; many eminent solicitors dine at three ; there are highly respectable people who dine at four ;

others have a preference for five ; the public dinner hour is six ; Belgravia and Tyburnia dine at seven ; and superlative gentility, together with the officers of her Majesty's land forces, dine at eight. We have **heard of** Sybarites who never think of rising till 6 P.M., and who dine at midnight ; but these are to be considered exceptions. When we have fixed upon a time, we find ourselves quite as perplexed as to the manner in which our dinner is to be served. Should we dine *à la Russe*, and have nothing on the table beyond plate, glass, napery, flowers, and *épergnes*, while solemn servitors **hand** scraps of meat to us over our shoulders ; or should we 'see our dinner,' and **surfeit** ourselves, even before we have begun to eat, with the contemplation of monstrous joints, cauldrons of soup, and turbot as big as boats ? Let those who list eat melon with roast lamb ; or follow their second *entrée* and their hermitage with 'three black Hambro' grapes ; or insist that a dinner should be bisected, just before the roast, by a *ponche à la romaine* and a cigarette of Laferme's choicest Bessarabian tobacco. We shrink from the examination of the vexed problem.

75. A CHINESE DINNER.

A traveller recently arrived from Pekin gives the following description of a Chinese dinner : 'The first course **consisted of** a kind of square tower formed of slices of **breast** of goose and of a fish, which the Chinese call "cow's head," with a large dish of hashed tripe and hard eggs of a dark colour preserved in lime. Next came grains of pickled wheat and barley, shell-fish unknown in Europe, enormous prawns, preserved ginger, and fruits. All these are eaten with ivory **chopsticks**, which the guests bring with them. On grand occasions, the first dish is always birds'-nest soup, which consists of a thick gelatinous substance. Small cups are placed round the tureen, each containing a different kind of sauce. The second course was a ragout of sea-snails. At Macao these are white, but at Ningpo they are green, viscous, and slippery, **by no means** easy to pick up with small sticks. Their taste resembles that of the green fat of turtle. The snails were followed by a dish of the flesh covering the skull of sturgeons, which is very costly, **as** several heads are required to make even a small dish. Next was a dish of sharks' fins mixed with slices of pork, and a crab salad ; after these a stew of plums and

other fruit, the acidity of which is considered a corrective for the viscous fat of the fish ; then mushrooms, pulse, and ducks' tongues, which last are considered the *ne plus ultra* of Chinese cookery ; deer's tendons—a royal dish which the Emperor himself sends as a present to his favourites ; and Venus's ears—a kind of unctuous shell-fish ; lastly, boiled rice, served in small cups, with acanthus seeds preserved in spirits, and other condiments. Last of all tea was served.'—*Galignani*.

76. THE HUNGARIAN HUSSAR.

There is a story of an Hungarian hussar, who, to his misfortune, was much too fond of **corn brandy**. Various punitive measures had, quite **unavailingly**, been tried to cure him of this fatal affection for the bottle ; but neither **stocks**, nor **stripes**, nor the blackhole would wean the hussar from the Circe who had enslaved him. At last his captain, who really **wished** the man **well**, hit upon a plan, by means of which he thought some idea of self-responsibility and some sense of shame might be awakened in him. He ordered the inebriate dragoon to present himself every morning at his, the captain's, quarters, and there faithfully report to him all that he had done during the preceding four-and-twenty hours. Day after day, however, it was the same lamentable history—the same mournful catalogue of alcoholic excesses. '**If you please**, your honour,' the penitent but incorrigible trooper would begin, 'I went out with Fritz and Johann, and we **had** schnapps. Then I broke three of the widow Fürst's best glasses. Then I beat Fritz. Then Johann kicked me. Then I fell into the river. Then I had some more schnapps,' and so forth. One morning the captain happened to observe that the penitent's utterance, even while he confessed his sins, was suspiciously thick, and that he **swayed to and fro** in a most unmilitary manner. 'Why, you rascal,' he cried in a passion, 'what's the good of your telling me of the things you did yesterday? **You're drunk now, sirrah!**' The hussar brought his hand with tipsy gravity to the salute, '**That fact,**' he said, 'I shall report to your honour to-morrow.'

77. MONEY AND LABOUR.

We must not forget that, while **some few** abuse wealth, there are vastly more who know its **appropriate** use and worth.

With **such**, money is the procurer of our common blessings. Money is then the universal talisman, the **mainspring** of our social system, the lever that moves the world. Some moderns, like Socrates (who wrote in praise of poverty on a table of solid gold), cynically speak against wealth. It is, however, the great motive agent in all departments of the social economy ; **helping on** the civilisation of the world, and **ministering** not merely to the elegances, but also the essentials of life. Money represents labour, and who can adequately describe the triumphs of labour, **urged on** by the potent spell of money ? It has extorted the secrets of the universe, and **trained** its powers into myriads of forms of use and beauty. From the bosom of the old creation it has developed **anew** the creation of industry and art. It has been its task and its glory to overcome obstacles. Mountains have been levelled, and valleys been exalted before it. It has broken the rocky soil into fertile glades ; it has crowned the hill-tops with fruit and verdure, and bound around the very feet of ocean, ridges of golden corn. **Up from** the sunless and hoary deeps, up from the shapeless quarry, it drags its spotless marbles, and rears its palaces of pomp. It tears the stubborn metals from the bowels of the globe, and makes them ductile to its will. It **marches steadily on** over the swelling flood, and through the mountain clefts. It **fans** its way through the winds of ocean, tramples them in its course, surges and mingles them with flakes of fire. Civilisation follows in its paths. It achieves grander victories, it weaves more durable trophies, it holds wider sway than the conqueror. His name becomes tainted and his monuments crumble ; but labour converts his red battle-fields into gardens, and erects monuments significant of better things. It rides in a chariot driven by the wind. It writes with the lightning. It **sits** crowned as a queen in a thousand cities, and **sends up** its roar of triumph from a million wheels. It glistens in the fabric of the loom, it rings and sparkles from the steely hammer, it glories in shapes of beauty, it speaks in words of power, it makes the sinewy arm strong with liberty, the poor man's heart rich with content, crowns the swarthy and sweaty brow with honour, and dignity, and peace.

78. MARKETS AND WAGES IN THE REIGN OF HENRY VIII.

Wheat, the price of which necessarily varied, averaged in the middle of the fourteenth century tenpence the bushel; barley averaging at the same time three shillings the quarter. With wheat the fluctuations were excessive; a table of its possible variations describes it as ranging from eighteenpence the quarter to twenty shillings; the average, however, being six-and-eightpence. When the price was above this sum, the merchants might import to bring it down; when it was below this price, the farmers were allowed to export to the foreign markets; and the same average continued to hold, with no perceptible tendency to a rise, till the close of the reign of Elizabeth.

Beef and pork were a halfpenny a pound—mutton was three-farthings. They were fixed at these prices by the 3rd of the 24th of Henry VIII. But this Act was unpopular both with buyers and with sellers. The old practice had been to sell in the gross, and under that arrangement the rates had been generally lower. Stowe says: ‘It was this year enacted that butchers should sell their beef and mutton by weight—beef for a halfpenny the pound, and mutton for three-farthings; which being devised for the great commodity of the realm—as it was thought—hath proved far otherwise: for at that time fat oxen were sold for six-and-twenty shillings and eightpence the piece; fat wethers for three shillings and fourpence the piece; fat calves at a like price; and fat lambs for twelvepence. The butchers of London sold penny pieces of beef for the relief of the poor—every piece two pounds and a half, sometimes three pounds for a penny; and thirteen and sometimes fourteen of these pieces for twelvepence; mutton, eightpence the quarter; and an hundredweight of beef for four shillings and eightpence.’ The Act was repealed in consequence of the complaints against it, but the prices never fell again to what they had been, although beef, sold in the gross, could still be had for a halfpenny a pound in 1570.

Strong beer, such as we now buy for eighteenpence a gallon, was then a penny a gallon; and table-beer less than a halfpenny. French and German wines were eightpence the gallon. Spanish and Portuguese wines a shilling. This was the highest price at which the best wines might be sold; and if there was any fault

in quality or quantity, the dealers forfeited four times the amount. **Rent**, another important consideration, cannot be fixed so accurately, for Parliament did not interfere with it. Here, however, we are not without very tolerable information. ‘My father,’ says Latimer, ‘was a **yeoman**, and had no land of his own ; only he had a *farm of three or four pounds by the year* at the **uttermost**, and hereupon he tilled **so much as** kept half a dozen men. He had walk for a hundred sheep, and my mother milked thirty kine. He was able, and did find the king a harness with himself and his horse. I remembered that I buckled on his harness when he went to Blackheath field. He **kept** me to school, or else I had not been able to have preached before the king’s majesty now. He **married** my sisters with five pounds, or twenty nobles each, having brought them up in godliness and fear of God. He **kept** hospitality for his poor neighbours, and some alms he gave to the poor ; and all this he did **off** the said farm.’ If ‘three or four pounds at the uttermost’ was the rent of a farm yielding such results, the rent of labourers’ cottages is not likely to have been considerable.—*J. A. Froude.*

79. THE LAST MINSTREL.

The way was long, the wind was cold,
 The minstrel was infirm and old ;
 His withered cheek, and tresses grey,
 Seemed to have known a better **day** ;
 The harp, his sole remaining joy,
 Was carried by an orphan boy.
 The last of all the bards was he
 Who sung of **border** chivalry ;
 For, **well-a-day** ! their date was fled ;
 His **tuneful** brethren all were dead ;
 And he, neglected and oppressed,
 Wished to be with them, and at rest.
 No more, on prancing palfrey borne,
 He carolled, light as lark at morn ;
 No longer, courted and caressed,
 High placed in hall, a welcome guest,

He poured, to lord and lady gay,
The **unpremeditated** lay :
Old times were changed, old **manners** gone ;
A stranger filled the Stuarts' throne ;
The bigots of the iron time
Had called his harmless art a crime.
A wandering harper, scorned and poor,
He begged his bread from door to door,
And tuned, to please a peasant's ear,
The harp a king had loved to hear.—*Walter Scott.*

80. CHEERFULNESS.

Men of truly great powers of mind have generally been cheerful, social, and indulgent, while a tendency to sentimental whining or fierce intolerance may be ranked among the surest symptoms of little souls and inferior intellects. In the whole list of our English poets we can only remember Shenstone and Savage—two certainly of the lowest—who were querulous and discontented. Cowley, indeed, used to call himself melancholy ; but it was not in **earnest**, and at any rate was full of conceits and affectations, and has nothing to make us proud of him. Shakespeare, the greatest of them all, was evidently of a free and joyous temperament ; and so was Chaucer, their common master. The same disposition appears to have predominated in Fletcher, Jonson, and their great contemporaries. The genius of Milton **partook** something of the austerity of the party to which he belonged, and of the controversies in which he was **involved** ; but, even when fallen on evil days and evil tongues, his spirit seems to have retained its serenity as well as its dignity ; and in his private life, as well as in his poetry, the majesty of a high character is tempered with great sweetness, genial indulgences, and practical wisdom. In the succeeding age our poets were but too gay ; and though we forbear to speak of living authors, we know enough of them to say with confidence, that to be miserable or to be hated is not now, any more than heretofore, the common lot of those who excel.—*Francis Jeffrey.*

81. PATRIOTISM.

There is probably no nation in Europe that does not take a sort of naïve pleasure and pride in believing that it stands towards its neighbours in the position of an original inhabitant, and that its own manners and customs are far more ancient and respectable than the manners and customs it sees on every side of it. The French democrat flatters himself that he is the representative of the Latin race, and that he inherits from immemorial ages a right to **take the lead** in all the affairs of the Continent. Mr. Matthew Arnold's Arminius **plumes** himself on a name which is two thousand years old. And the Englishman is conscientiously persuaded that an honest Briton is not only the noblest, but the oldest work of heaven, and that, whatever may be his faults, there is at any rate nothing newfangled about him :

I am the old traditional man bull ;
 And from my ancestors having been Ionian,
 I am called Ion ; which, by interpretation,
 Is John ; in plain Theban, that is to say,
 My name's JOHN BULL. I am a famous hunter,
 And can leap any gate in all Boeotia.

Some dignified sentiment of this kind is **bound up with** and forms an unconscious part of the opinions of **most** of us upon every political, moral, and theological subject that presents itself. We are **pleased to** think that there is something about all that we say and do which has **stood** the test of time. The most rabid Protestant of the day would be shocked to be told that his particular form of creed is no older than the Reformation. According to Mr. Whalley and Dr. Cumming, it is the Church of Rome that is the novelty and the excrescence, and Exeter Hall would repudiate with indignation the idea that its favourite tenets only date back to the age of Luther or of Henry VIII. In politics it is just the same. In fact, each of us has a secret conviction that in some mysterious way or other he is, like the Oriental potentate, if not a brother, **at any rate** some sort of lineal descendant, of the Sun and Moon. The last **knock-down** argument which the Briton applies to anything that he does not like or that he does not understand is, that it is not English. Ritualism and the ballot, French claret and German

philosophy, may be good things in theory, but in practice they are mere **kickshaws**. John Bull will none of them. He prefers the simple fare and the simple faith which have come down to him from his fathers. And it is more from instinct than from reason that he makes up his **mind** to live and die rallying round all that his fathers have rallied round, whether it be old port wine, the purchase system of the army, the Union Jack, or the Royal family. It is in virtue of this feeling that the country, whatever its political movements or its progress in tastes or arts, is conservative at heart. The Englishman was born, and wishes to die, plain John Bull.

It would be a curious and instructive study if we could contrive to trace back this archaic fancy to its very beginning, and to watch the enormous effect that so spontaneous and simple an instinct must have had at all times of our history upon our moral and political development as a people. In itself the instinct is of the very rudest and most primitive character. It is **one** which the barbarous tribe possesses quite as strongly as the most civilised community. It begins in ignorance and isolation ; it is the result of a want of common feeling between the various groups of the great human family, and yet it is impossible to say that the instinct, barbarous and archaic as it is in its inception, has not done good as well as harm to the world **at large**. If ever there was a time when mankind were not dispersed, it must have been a time when patriotism was an unknown virtue. Before the Tower of Babel, if there ever was a literal Babel, and for a long time after it, there can have been no patriots. The love of country, which we are taught from childhood to revere as one of the most wholesome and beneficial characteristics of a good citizen, is only a slightly refined improvement upon the selfish domestic passion which binds the savage to the savages among whom he has been **brought up**, and which teaches him to look with suspicion on the savage who lives at a little distance, on the other side of the nearest river, or across the nearest sea. Want of intercourse and sympathy with others produces it. As the tribe or the caravan becomes a nation, the rough domestic passion becomes larger and more tolerant ; but it is a selfish and a separating passion still, and constitutes a barrier between man and his fellow-men. It is true that it places the State above the individual, but, on

the other hand, it no less clearly tends to rank the good of the State above the ties of humanity. If the patriot does not live for himself, he lives at all events for his immediate circle of belongings. As opposed to the mere egotist, he is no doubt a paragon of excellence. But, weighed in the balance with the cosmopolitan and the philanthropist, he would as certainly be found **wanting**. And it is clear that history would furnish plenty of instances to justify this criticism. Half the wars that have desolated the Continent have **sprung from** the antipathies of nations and of races, and from their incapacity to sympathise with each other's interests. The notion of a balance of European power has been at the bottom of the greatest and bloodiest contests of the last two centuries. And even in our own times of superior wisdom, patriotism every now and then threatens civilisation with new explosions quite as formidable, and as ruinous to peace and progress. **Whatever else** comes from patriotism, wars and rumours of wars certainly are among its offspring ; and one can imagine some philosopher of the future surveying the ruins of the Nelson column and of the Landseer lions in Trafalgar Square, and exclaiming of patriotism as the Roman poet exclaimed of something still more respectable—

Tantum religio potuit suadere malorum.

—The Saturday Review.

82. REFORM—MR. GLADSTONE AND MR. LOWE.

The bonds of **party allegiance** are **strained** until they are ready to crack, in order to keep party together, and we are told that we are bound by every tie to act according to the policy of Lord Russell. I **dispute** that. I have never served under him. I have served under two prime ministers, unfortunately, for little less than ten years; one was Lord Aberdeen, and the other Lord Palmerston. Both those Governments Lord Russell joined ; both those Governments he abandoned. Both those Governments he assisted to destroy. I owe him no allegiance. I am not afraid of the people of this country ; they have shown remarkable good sense—remarkable, indeed, contrasted with the harangues that have been addressed to them. Nor am I afraid of those who lead them. Demagogues are the common-

places of history ; they are found everywhere where there is popular commotion. They have all a family likeness, and their names float lightly on the stream of time. They generally **contrive** to be seen **somewhat**, but they are as little to be regarded as the foam which rides on the crest of the stormy wave, and bespatters the rock which it cannot shake. What gives me the gloomiest misgivings is, when I see many men of rank, property, and intelligence, carried away, without being convinced, to support what many of them in their inmost hearts detest and abhor. Monarchies exist by loyalty, aristocracies by honour, and popular assemblies by political virtue. When these things begin to fail, it is in their loss, and not in comets, eclipses, and earthquakes, that we are to **look for** the portents that herald the fall of states. I am utterly unable to reason with the Chancellor of the Exchequer, but I am happy to find that there is one common ground **left** to us, and that is the second of the *Aeneid*. My right hon. friend returned again to the poor old Trojan horse. I will add one more excerpt to the story of that noble animal, after which I will promise to **turn him out** to grass for the remainder of his life. The passage which I wish to call his attention to presents a sketch not only of the army, but also of the general :

Arduus armatos mediis in moenibus astans
Fundit equus, victorque Sinon incendia miscet
Insultans ; portis alii bipatentibus adsunt,
Millia quot magnis nunquam venere Mycenis.

The fatal horse pours forth the human tide,
Insulting Sinon flings his firebrands wide;
The gates are burst—the ancient rampart falls,
And swarming myriads climb its crumbling walls.

I have now, sir, traced as well as I can what I believe will be the natural results of the measure which seems to my poor imagination destined to absorb and destroy one after the other those institutions which have made England what she has hitherto been, and what I firmly believe no other country ever was or ever will be. Surely the heroic works of so many centuries, the matchless achievements of so many wise heads and strong heads, and strong hands, deserve a wiser and nobler consummation than to be sacrificed to revolutionary passion or to the

maudlin enthusiasm of humanity. But if we do fall we shall deservedly, uncoerced by any external force, not beaten down by any intestine calamity. In the plethora of wealth and the overflow of our own too exuberant prosperity we are about by our own rash and unconstrained hands to pluck down on our own heads the venerable temple of our liberty and our laws. History may record other catastrophes as signal and disastrous, but none more wanton and more disgraceful.—*Mr. Lowe (Peroration of Speech on Reform.)*

Reform—The Last Act.

I am deeply indebted to gentlemen **opposite**, as well as to gentlemen on this side, for their patience and kindness, but may I say to honourable gentlemen opposite, as some gentlemen have addressed advice to us, ‘Will you not **consider**, before you embark upon this new crusade, what were the results of the old?’ Three great battles have been **fought**, and you have fought them manfully. The battle of maintaining civil **disabilities**, the battle of refusing the Reform Bill, and the battle of protection. All these great battles have been fought by the party opposite, and I admit my own share of responsibility as to the opposition to the Reform Bill. Have they been so satisfactory that you are disposed to renew the experiment? Certainly those who sit on this side of the House have no reason to **find fault** with the result, for the result has been that for five years out of six and six years out of seven since the Reform Act we have been in power. The effect has been to lower, reduce, and contract your just influence in the country, and your share in the public administration. But if you are strong, you can only be strong by showing not only personal kindness and generosity towards the people, but public and political confidence in them. You may listen with kindness to what I now say. We are assailed. This Bill is in a state of crisis and peril, and the Government **along** with it. We **stand** or fall by it, as was declared by my noble friend. We stand with it now—we may fall with it a short time hence; but if we fall, we shall rise with it hereafter. We cannot measure with precision the forces that are to be raised in the coming struggle. Perhaps the great division of to-night is not the last act of the struggle. You may succeed on some point. You may drive us from our seats; you may

bury the bill we introduced ; but for its epitaph we will write on the gravestone this line with perfect confidence :

‘Exoriare aliquis nostris ex ossibus ultor.’

You cannot fight against the future ; time is on our side. The great social forces are against you. They are arrayed—they are marshalled on our side. The banner which we carry, although, perhaps, it may at this moment droop over our sinking heads, yet it will soar again, and float in the eye of heaven, and will be borne in the firm hands of the united people of these three kingdoms—not, perhaps, to an easy, but a certain and not distant future.—*Gladstone (Peroration of Speech on Reform).*

[*The Programme of Philosophy.*]

The honourable member for Westminster is an advocate of universal suffrage, but on principles on which I do not know **but what** I should advocate it myself. In the first place, he says that the suffrage should not be confined to the darker sex ; and really, if you have universal suffrage, I do not see why women should not vote. Next he says that no one should be allowed to vote who did not pay direct taxes. That seemed at first sight rather to limit the proposition. But I had confidence. I knew the difficulty would be solved. Statesmen are a limited, arid race of men—limited by nature, and fettered by experience. But a philosopher is an exuberant, imaginative being, and the hon. gentleman is at once ready with an admirable expedient. He says that we must have a **poll-tax**. Well, it is a great thing to know what is in **store** for us—to know when the philosophical Cabinet, which is said to be in **course** of formation, **sits** on the benches opposite we shall have a poll-tax as the basis of our finance, combined with a measure of compulsory education and another for compulsory cleanliness. That is the programme of philosophy. It will be the admiration of cosmopolitan Europe; but, before many months have passed, the country will be in a state of insurrection.—*B. Disraeli.*

83. NEW YEAR'S DAY IN PARIS.

Socially speaking, as you know, New Year's Day is the great festival of Paris. From dewy morn to shadowy eve, which

commences about 3.30 P.M., we are in a perpetual whirl of visits, and under a genial and continued rain of presents. Truth, however, compels me to say that these *étrences* are of very small value, though of great current utility. You see, you must not only *receive*, but *give*, on the first day of the year : if, for instance, you *chance* to meet—and it is not his fault if you do not—a man who has done anything for or against you during the past twelve months, you must give him a bonus of not less than four shillings and two-pence. Among that class of society to whom five francs are not a socially legal *tender*, you must offer chocolate bonbons, or little figures of metal, marble, or even wax, filled with indigestion, coloured according to taste. Now, the best way to settle these polite reciprocities is to give unto others what others have given unto you. It is, indeed, a sort of eleventh commandment written in the code of Paris ; therefore, the wise man or woman—if she is single and helpless—orders a cab *by* the day, has it at her door at a very early hour, and *sits* in her best clothes, waiting for good gifts. They come early, those good or indifferent gifts, and by eleven our recipient is almost prepared to give in her turn. *So off* she *pops* in a ‘Remise,’ at ‘2.50 the hour,’ and gives not unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar’s—*nothing of that sort*, I assure you, but rather unto Mrs. Pompey the things which were Mrs. Cæsar’s. For instance, A arrives at Rue de la Sainte-en-Ciel, No. 90, with a little box of sweetmeats, which perhaps A has bought, perhaps A has received as ‘Etrennes’ from Z—a charmingly liberal letter, which gives its compliments early. Well, A having paid to B the ‘compliments of the season,’ goes off to give presents to the rest of the alphabet. The door is no sooner shut than off goes B, and carries the same present to Æ, a newly-married diphthong, and they, in their turn, pass on the bonbons and the compliment, which therefore revolve in a polite, but still really vicious circle. Is it a good thing to give preserved oranges, pickled pears, nuts ‘clad’ with sugar, almost impenetrable to the human tooth, almonds disguised till their best friends would not *know* them *from* the ‘rock’ they assume to be ? Is the diffusion of indigestion a good thing for either nations or individuals ? *These* are questions which must arise to the mind of any traveller in Paris. Still, perhaps, they are scarcely questions to *intrude on* the population of either me-

tropolis, at a time when the residents might well be described as ‘magna indigestaque moles,’ a great population, who have **indulged** in too many sweets.

84. THE LODGING-HOUSE KEEPER.

‘**Apartments** to let !’ It formerly was ‘lodgings,’ but of **late** years the world has grown vastly **genteel**, and the simple term ‘lodgings’ is **held** to be vulgar. ‘**Apartments** to let !’ To many minds the bare sight of that laconic announcement conveys an impression of terror and despair, akin to that awakened by the awful inscription over the portals of the Inferno—‘ All hope abandon, ye who enter here.’ Who has not been compelled, at some period or another of his career, to live in apartments ; and who does not preserve the most dismal reminiscences of the days he spent in them ? It is all very well to be genteel ; but to us these penitential places must always be lodgings, and the landlady a **lodging-house keeper**. Horrible female ! Mr. Dickens, who is ever striving to bring out the bright side of human nature, and who, if need were, would undertake a vindication of mothers-in-law or men in possession, has drawn with matchless skill an amiable lodging-house keeper, and has made Mrs. Lirriper so attractive that we should not be surprised to learn that numbers of his readers had given up housekeeping, and undertaken a *voyage* of discovery for some living Mrs. Lirriper in Cecil or Salisbury Street, Strand. But when we come to contemplate the Lirriper of real life we shudder. The genial novelist may whitewash her in fiction, but in fact she will remain an ogre, like Nero or Richard III. Her ways are dreadful ; her cat is a monster ; her servant a slave ; her accounts are inscrutable : her rapacity insatiable ; her mendacity unfathomable ; her heart deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked. If there be one thing on earth more intolerable than the **she** lodging-house keeper, it is the lodging-house keeper’s husband—the **sea-faring** man who never goes to sea ; the corn and coal agent who never gets a commission ; the mysterious, lazy, **loafing**, **bushy-whiskered** fellow with the deep bass voice, who ‘hasn’t done a **stroke** of work these ten years,’ who is always hanging about with a chisel, or a hammer and a flight of steps, and who at night smokes the strongest

shag tobacco, and drinks cold rum-and-water in the kitchen, while his wife makes out her ‘little bills,’ or meditates fresh onslaughts on your tea-caddy or your chiffonier. A Temple laundress is not an agreeable specimen of femininity ; a char-woman is frequently a *muisance* ; and, *next to* the stewardess of a Gravesend steamer, or a female searcher at the station-house, a pew-opener is about the last person we should care to meet at a small party : but all these are Venuses, Psyches, Hebes, compared with the regular London or watering-place lodging-house keeper.

85. THE WELL OF ST. KEYNE.

A Well there is in the west country,
And a clearer one never was seen ;
There is not a wife in the west country
But has heard of the Well of St. Keyne.

An oak and an elm tree **stand** beside,
And behind does an ash tree grow ;
And a willow from the bank above
Droops to the water below.

A traveller came to the Well of St. Keyne,
Joyfully he **drew nigh** ;
For from cockcrow he had been travelling,
And there was not a cloud in the sky.

He drank of the water so cool and clear,
For hot and thirsty was he ;
And he sat down upon the bank,
Under the willow tree.

There came a man from the neighbouring town,
At the Well to fill his pail ;
By the well-side he rested it,
And he bade the stranger hail.

‘ Now, art thou a bachelor, stranger ? ’ quoth he,
‘ For **an if** thou hast a wife,
The happiest draught thou hast drunk this day
That ever thou didst in thy life.

‘ Or has thy good woman, if one thou hast,
Ever here in Cornwall been ?

For an if she have, I’ll **venture** my life,
She has drank of the Well of St. Keyne.’

‘ I have left a good woman who never was here,’
The stranger he made reply ;

‘ But that my draught should be better for that,
I pray you answer me why.’

‘ St. Keyne,’ quoth the Cornishman, ‘ **many** a time
Drank of this crystal Well ;
And, before the angel **summoned** her,
She **laid** on the water a **spell** :

‘ If the husband, of this gifted Well
Shall drink before his wife,
A happy man henceforth is he,
For he shall be master for life.

‘ But if the wife should drink of it first,
God help the husband then !’
The stranger stoop’d to the Well of St. Keyne,
And drank of the water again.

‘ You drank of the Well, I warrant, betimes,’
He to the Cornishman said ;
But the Cornishman smiled as the stranger spake,
And **sheepishly** shook his head.

‘ I hastened as soon as the wedding was done,
And left my wife in the porch ;
But I’ **faith** she had been wiser than I,
For she took a bottle to church.’—*Southey*.

86. THE BEDOUINS.

Stand in an Arab market-place, and you might fancy yourself surrounded by the greatest ruffians and villains in the world. Such wild eyes, such ferocious gestures, such scowling brows you never saw out of a picture by Salvator Rosa. But they are decent and honest folk notwithstanding. Here is a brawny

Bedouin, six feet high, noble, and dignified, and warlike in mien, but he bestrides the humblest little donkey you can imagine. Neddy is burdened, too, with a pannier full of spring onions, and the Bedouin is inciting the meek little beast into a trot, not by blows or curses, but by soft terms of Arabic endearment. You might fancy the Bedouin to be Saul, the son of Kish, riding one of his father's asses, and quite **unwotting** that he is to be made king over Israel. But mount this Arab on a fleet barb, and give him a long gun, and a sharp yataghan, and a holster full of pistols, and see what a terrible man of war he will make. The Arab, however, does not seem to make war on his own responsibility. If the emir or the sheik of his tribe raises the war-cry, he and all his tribe get on horseback, and fight like tigers. He will rob and slay in a body, but individually he is neither an assassin nor a thief. In truth, he is one of nature's nobility, and a very dirty, savage nobleman too, like most of the primitive peerage. Dissimilar as he is in race, complexion, and garb, I am the **more and more** reminded as I mingle with these wild men of the Scottish Highlanders, as Sir Walter describes them in the Legend of Montrose—true children, if not of the Mist, at least of the Sirocco—plunderers and **cattle-lifters**, and occasionally blood-spillers ; but the target and claymore once laid aside, quiet and docile people ; terrible in warfare as Fergus M'lvor, but gentle and affectionate in repose as Evan Dhu in the gaol at Carlisle.

87. LA GRANDE VILLE DE MARSEILLE.—LA CANNEBIÈRE.

This often-mentioned street is, in truth, handsome enough, as wide as the Rue de la Paix, but not much longer. The best shops and hotels of Marseilles **line** its trottoir, and it leads directly down to the port and to the sea. There are streets quite as noble in Lyons and in Bordeaux ; but its chief charm consists in its incessant and characteristic life and bustle, and the varied costumes of the people, who seem to have been culled indiscriminately from all the nations under the sun. Venice **used** to be the most cosmopolitan-looking place in Europe ; but, in the sad days of her hopeless bondage, she has **grown** monotonous. But here, in the Cannebière, thousands are running **to and fro**, clothed **in** different habits, **gabbling** different

tongues, knowing not, perchance, their right hand from their left. There are Greeks in roomy **galligaskins** and **long-tasselled** skull-caps—Greeks with small dark eyes and silky black moustachios like leeches, and who, if they are not rascals, might certainly **bring** actions for libel against their countenances. There are Wallachs and Bulgares in sheepskin jackets and caps, **all** broiling **as** is the sun. There are Maltese sailors, **suspicious-looking** varlets with **parti-coloured** sashes of many folds about their loins—sashes in which I am very much mistaken if knives do not **lurk**. There are sunburnt sailors and engineers—many of them English—from the Mediterranean steamers in port, for Marseilles is the Southampton of France. There are Parisians, regarding all things with supercilious glances. There is the British paterfamilias and his wife, and his children and his man-servant, and his maid-servant, inspecting everything with a stern air; **as though** it were, somehow or another, a **humbug** and ‘an infamous attempt at extortion, by Jove.’ And, finally, there are the Marseillais themselves, who are picturesque enough in look and gesture to satisfy the most sedulous disciples of Salvator Rosa. Nobody can tell exactly who the Marseillais are. They have certainly very little either of the Gaul or the Frank in their composition. They say themselves that they are Romans, and the oldest families of the Provençal aristocracy **claim** to be descended from Pontius Pilate, who, as the legends tell, settled here, and made a good end of it. Some say they **spring** from a Phoenician colony, and others that in origin they are Greek. From a touch of ‘Yorkshire’ in the midst of their ebullient temperament, I should opine that they are.

88. ST. PETER'S CHAPEL IN THE TOWER.

The head and body of Monmouth were placed in a coffin covered with black velvet, and were laid **privately** under the communion-table of St. Peter's Chapel in the Tower. In truth, there is no sadder spot on earth than that little cemetery. Death is there associated, not, as in Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's, with genius and virtue, with public veneration and with imperishable renown—not, as in our humblest churches and churchyards, with everything that is most endearing in social

and domestic charities, but with **whatever** is darkest in human nature and in human destiny, with the savage triumph of implacable enemies, with the inconstancy, the ingratitude, the cowardice of friends, with all the miseries of fallen greatness and of blighted fame. Thither have been carried, through successive ages, by the rude hands of gaolers, without one mourner following, the bleeding relics of men who had been the captains of armies, the leaders of parties, the oracles of senates, and the ornaments of courts. Thither was borne, before the window where Jane Grey was praying, the mangled corpse of Guildford Dudley. Edward Seymour, Duke of Somerset, reposes there **by** the brother whom he murdered. There has mouldered away the headless trunk of John Fisher, Bishop of Rochester and Cardinal of St. Vitalis, a man worthy to have lived in a better age. There are laid John Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, Lord High Admiral, and Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex, Lord High Treasurer. There, too, is another Essex, on whom nature and fortune had lavished all their bounties in vain, and whom valour, grace, genius, royal favour, popular applause, conducted to an early and ignominious doom. Not far off sleep two chiefs of the great house of Howard—Thomas, fourth Duke of Norfolk, and Philip, eleventh Earl of Arundel. **Here and there** among the thick graves of unquiet and aspiring statesmen lie more delicate sufferers.

89. EDUCATION.

What is education? And, above all things, what is our ideal of a thorough liberal education—of that education which, if we could begin life again, we would give ourselves—the education which, if we could mould the fates to our own will, we would give our children? Well, I know not what may be your conception upon this matter, but I will tell you mine, and I hope I shall find that our views are not very discrepant. Suppose it were perfectly certain that the life and fortune of every one of us would one day or other depend upon his winning or losing a game of chess. Don't you think that we should all consider it to be a primary duty to learn at least the names and the **moves** of the pieces, to have a notion of a gambit, and a keen eye for all the means of **giving** and getting out of check? Do you not

think that we should look with disapprobation amounting to scorn upon the father who allowed his son, or the State which allowed its members, to grow up without **knowing** a pawn from a knight? Now, it is a very plain and elementary truth that the life, the fortune, and the happiness of every one of us, and, more or less, of those who are connected with us, do depend upon our knowing something of the rules of a game infinitely more difficult and complicated than chess. It is a game which has been played for **untold** ages, every man and woman of us being one of the two players, in a game of **his** or **her** own. The chessboard is the world, the pieces the phenomena of the universe, the rules of the game are what we call the laws of nature. The player on the other side is hidden from us. All we know is, that his play is always fair, just, and patient; but, also, that he never overlooks a mistake, or makes the smallest **allowance** for ignorance. To the man who plays well the highest stakes are paid with that sort of overflowing generosity with which the strong show delight in strength; and one who plays ill is **checkmated** without haste, but without remorse. My metaphor will remind some of you of the famous picture in which Retzeh has depicted Satan playing at chess with man for his soul. Substitute for the mocking fiend in that picture a calm, strong angel, who is playing for **love**, as we say, and would **rather** lose than win, and I should accept it as an image of human life. Well, now what I mean by education is learning the rules of this mighty game. In other words, education is the instruction of the intellect in the laws of nature, and the fashioning of the affections and of the will into harmony with those laws.—*Professor Huxley.*

90. AN AUNT.

When a girl has a mother, her aunt may be little or nothing to her. But when the mother is gone, if there be an aunt unimpeded with other family duties, then the family duties of that aunt begin, and are assumed sometimes with great vigour. Such had been the case with Mrs. Winterfield. No woman ever lived, perhaps, with more conscientious ideas of her duty as a woman than Mrs. Winterfield, of Prospect Place, Perivale. And this, as I say it, is intended to convey no scoff against that ex-

cellent lady. She was an excellent lady—unselfish, given to self-restraint, generous, pious, looking to find in her religion a safe path through life, a path as safe as the facts of Adam's fall would allow her feet to find. She was a woman fearing much for others, but fearing also much for herself; striving to maintain the house in godliness, hating sin, and struggling with the weakness of her humanity, so that she might not allow herself to hate the sinners. But her hatred for the sin she found herself bound at all times to pronounce—to show it by some act at all seasons. To fight the devil was her work—was the appointed work of every living soul, if only living souls could be made to acknowledge the necessity of the task. Now, an aunt of that kind, when she assumes her duties towards a motherless niece, is apt to make life serious.—*Anthony Trollope* ('The Belton Estate').

91. THE GUARDS.

The right of the 1st Division was formed by the brigade of 'Guards.' In its origin, the appellation given to the regiments called 'the Guards' imported that the personal safety of the sovereign was peculiarly committed to their charge. Princes have imagined that, by specially ascribing this duty to a particular portion of their armed forces rather than to the whole, and by granting some privileges to troops specially distinguished as their chosen defenders, they secure to themselves good means of safety in time of trouble ; and that still, upon the whole, they do more good than harm to their military system, by establishing a healthy spirit of rivalry between the favoured body and the rest of the army. The danger is, that a corps thus set apart will come to be considered as a great reserve of military strength, and that, for that very reason, any disaster which it may sustain will be looked upon as more ruinous than a disaster of equal proportions occurring to other regiments.

With us, the corps of Guards numbers only seven battalions, distributed into three regiments, called the Grenadier Guards, the Coldstream, and the Scots Fusilier Guards ; and each of these three regiments had sent one battalion to form a brigade of Guards now serving in the 1st Division. The officers of the corps enjoy some privileges tending to accelerate their advancement in the army. They are, for the most part, men well born

or well connected ; and, being aided by a singularly able body of sergeants and corporals, they are not **so** overburthened in peace-time by their regimental duties **as** to have their minds in the condition which too often results from monotonous labour. They have deeply at heart the honour of the whole brigade, as well as of their respective corps ; and the feeling is quickened by a sense of the jealousy which their privileges **breed**, or rather, perhaps, by the tradition of that ancient rivalry which exists between the ‘ Guards ’ and the ‘ Line.’

The men of the **rank and file** have some advantages over the line, in the **way of allowances** and accoutrements. They are all of fine stature. Without being **overdrilled**, they are well enough practised in their duties, and **whoever** loves war sees grandeur in the movement of the stately forms and the towering bearskins which mark a battalion of the Guards. It is true that these household troops are **cut off** from the experience gained by line regiments in India and the colonies, but **when-ever** England is at war in Europe, or against people of European descent, it is the custom and the pride of the Guards to take their part.

The force is deeply prized by the Queen, and the class from which it takes its officers connects it with many families of high station in the country. Its officers have so many relatives and friends amongst those who generate conversation in London, that when ‘ the Guards ’ are sent upon active service, the war in which they engage becomes, **as it were**, for their **sake**, a subject of interest in circles which commonly yield only a languid attention to events beyond the seas. Grief for the death of line officers is dispersed among the counties of the three kingdoms ; and, when they fall in battle, it is the once merry country-house, the vicarage, or the **wayside** cottage of some old Peninsular officer that becomes the house of mourning. But, by the loss of officers of the household regiments, the central body of English society is touched, is shocked, is almost angered ; and he who has to sit in his saddle, and see a heavy slaughter of the ‘ Guards,’ may be almost forced to think ruefully of fathers, of mothers, of wives, of sisters, who are amongst his own friends.

There was nothing in the history or traditions of the famous corps of ‘ the Guards ’ to justify the notion that they were to be more often **kept out** of the brunt of the battle than the troops of

the line, and in this very war they were destined to encounter the hardest trials of soldiers, and to go on fighting and enduring until the glory of past achievements, the strange ascendancy which those achievements had won, and a few score of wan men with hardly the garb of soldiers, should be all that remained of 'the Guards.' Still it is certain that the household battalions were more or less regarded as a cherished body of troops, and that the loss of the brigade of Guards would be looked upon as a loss more signal, and in that sense more disastrous, than the loss of three other battalions of equal strength.—*A. W. Kinglake (Invasion of the Crimea).*

92. THE BROWNS.

The Browns have become illustrious by the pen of Thackeray and the pencil of Doyle, **within** the memory of the young gentlemen who are now **matriculating** at the universities. Notwithstanding the well-merited but **late** fame which has now fallen upon them, any one at all acquainted with the family must feel that much has yet to be written and said before the British nation will be properly **sensible** of how much of its greatness it owes to the Browns. For centuries, in their quiet, **dogged**, **home-spun** way, they have been subduing the earth in most English counties, and leaving their mark in American forests and Australian uplands. **Wherever** the fleets and armies of England have won renown, there stalwart sons of the Browns have done **yeomen's** work. With the **brown bill** and **cloth-yard shaft** at Cressy and Agincourt—with the **brown bill** and **pike** under the brave Lord Willoughby—with culverin and demi-culverin against Spaniards and Dutchmen—with hand-grenade and sabre, and musket and bayonet under Rodney and St. Vincent, Wolfe and Moore, Nelson and Wellington, they have carried their lives in their hands, getting hard knocks and hard work in plenty, which was, **on the whole**, what they looked for, and the best thing for them, and little praise or pudding, which indeed they, and most of us, are better **without**. Talbots and Stanleys, St. Maurs and **such-like** folk, have led armies and made laws **time out of mind**; but those noble families would be somewhat astounded—if the accounts ever came to be fairly

taken—to find how small their work for England has been by the side of that of the Browns.—*Thomas Hughes.*

93. ON SLAVERY.

If we consider the domestic influences of slavery, we must look for a dark picture indeed. Slavery virtually dissolves the domestic relations. It ruptures the most sacred ties on earth. It violates **home**. It lacerates the best affections. The domestic relations precede, and, in our present existence, are worth more than all our other social ties. They give the first throb to the heart, and unseal the deep fountains of its love. **Home** is the chief school of human virtue. Its responsibilities, joys, sorrows, smiles, tears, hopes, and solicitudes, form the chief interests of human life. Go where a man **may**, home is the centre to which his heart turns. The thought of home **nerves** his arm, and lightens his toil. For that his heart yearns when he is **far off**. There he garners up his best treasures. God has ordained for all men **alike** the highest earthly happiness, in providing for all the sanctuary of home. But the slave's home does not merit the name. To him it is no sanctuary. It is open to violation, insult, outrage. His children belong to another, are **provided for** by another, are disposed of by another. The most precious burden **with** which the heart can be charged, the happiness of his child, he must not bear. He lives not for his family, but for a stranger. He cannot improve their lot. His wife and daughter he cannot shield from insult. They may be torn from him at another's pleasure, sold as beasts of burden, sent he knows not whither, sent where he cannot reach them, or even interchange inquiries and messages of love. To the slave marriage has no sanctity. It may be dissolved in a moment at another's will. His wife, son, and daughter may be lashed before his eyes, and not a finger must be lifted in their defence. He sees the scar of the lash on his wife and child. Thus the slave's home is desecrated. Thus the tenderest relations, **intended** by God equally for all, and intended to be the chief springs of happiness and virtue, are **sported with** wantonly and cruelly. What outrage so great as to enter a man's house, and tear from his side the beings whom God has bound

to him by the holiest ties? Every man can make the case **his own**. Every mother can bring it **home** to her own heart.

And let it not be said that the slave has not the sensibilities of other men. Nature is too strong even for slavery to conquer. Even the brute has the yearnings of parental love. But suppose that the conjugal and parental ties of the slave may be severed without a pang. What a curse must slavery be, if it can so blight the heart with more than brutal insensibility, if it can sink the human mother below the Polar she-bear, which 'howls and dies for her **sundered** cub.'—*Channing*.

94. THE LAST OF THE INCAS.

Pizarro saw that the hour had come. He waved a white scarf in the air, the **appointed** signal. The fatal gun was **fired** from the fortress; then, springing into the squares, the Spanish captain and his followers **shouted** the old war cry of 'St. Iago, and **at them!**' It was answered by the battle-cry of every Spaniard in the city, **as**, rushing from the avenues of the great walls in which they were concealed, they threw themselves into the midst of the Indian crowd. The latter, taken by surprise, stunned by the report of artillery and muskets, the echoes of which reverberated like thunder from the surrounding buildings, and blinded by the smoke, were seized with a panic; they knew not **whither** to fly. All were **trampled down** under the fierce charge of the cavalry, who **dealt** their blows right and left without sparing, while their swords carried dismay into the hearts of the wretched natives, who now for the first time saw the horse and his rider in all their terrors.

The fight, or rather massacre, continued hot around the Inca, whose person was the great object of the assault. His faithful nobles, rallying about him, threw themselves in the way of the assailants, and strove, by tearing them from their saddles, or, at least, by offering their own bosoms, to shield their beloved master. . . . The Indian monarch, stunned and bewildered, saw his faithful subjects falling round him, without hardly comprehending his situation.

The struggle now became fiercer than ever round the royal litter. It **reeled more and more**, and at length, several of the nobles who supported it having been slain, it was over-

turned, and the unhappy monarch, strongly secured, was removed to a neighbouring building, where he was carefully guarded.

All attempts at resistance now ceased. Every man thought only of his own safety.—*Prescot's Conquest of Peru.*

95. DEATH OF GOETHE.

The following morning—it was March 22, 1832—he tried to walk a little up and down the room, but, after a turn, he found himself too feeble to continue. Reseating himself in the easy-chair, he chatted cheerfully with Ottilie (his daughter-in-law) on the approaching spring, which would be **sure** to restore him. He had no idea of his end being so near. The name of Ottilie was frequently on his lips. She sat beside him, holding his hand in hers. It was now observed that his thoughts began to **wander** incoherently. ‘See,’ he exclaimed, ‘the lovely woman’s head, with black curls, in splendid colours—a dark background.’ **Presently** he saw a piece of paper on the floor, and asked them how they could leave Schiller’s letters so carelessly **lying about**. Then he slept softly, and, on awaking, asked for the sketches he had just seen—the sketches of his dream. In silent anguish they awaited the close now so surely approaching. His speech was becoming less and less distinct. The last words audible were, *More light!* The final darkness grew **apace**, and I.c., whose eternal longings had been for more light, gave a **parting** cry for it as he was passing under the shadow of death. He continued to express himself by signs, drawing letters with his forefinger in the air while he had strength, and finally, as life **ebbed**, drawing figures slowly on the shawl which covered his legs. At half-past twelve he **composed** himself in the corner of the chair. The watcher placed a finger on her lip to intimate that he was asleep. If sleep it was, it was a sleep in which a life glided from the world. He woke no more.—*G. H. Lewis.*

96. SYDNEY SMITH BUILDS HIS HOUSE.

I was suddenly **caught up** by the Archbishop of York, and transported to my **living** in Yorkshire, where there had not been a resident clergyman for a hundred and fifty years. **Fresh**

from London, not **knowing** a turnip from a carrot, I was compelled to **farm** three hundred acres, and without capital to build a **parsonage-house**.

I asked and obtained three years' leave from the Archbishop, in order to effect an exchange, **if possible**, and fixed myself meantime at a small village two miles from York, in which was a fine old house of the time of Queen Elizabeth, where resided the last of the **squires**, with his **lady**, who looked as if she had **walked** straight out of the ark, or had been the wife of Enoch. He was a perfect specimen of **old** ! he smoked, hunted, drank beer at his door with his grooms and dogs, and **spelt over** the county paper on Sundays.

At first he heard I was a Jacobin, and a dangerous personage, and **turned aside** as I passed; but at length, when he found the peace of the village undisturbed, harvests as usual, he first bowed, then **called**, and at last reached such a pitch of **confidence**, that he used to bring the papers, that I **might** explain the difficult words to him ; **actually** discovered that I had made a joke, laughed till I **thought** he would have died of convulsions, and ended by inviting me to see his dogs.

All my efforts for an exchange having **failed**, I asked and obtained from my friend the Archbishop **another** year to build in. And I then **set my shoulder to the wheel** in good **earnest**; **sent for** an architect—he **produced** plans which would have ruined me. I made him my bow : ‘ You build for glory, sir ; I for use.’ I returned him his plans, with five-and-twenty pounds, and sat down in my **thinking-chair**, and in a few hours Mrs. Sydney and I **concocted** a plan which has produced what I call the model of parsonage-houses.

I then **took to horse**, to **provide** bricks and **timber** ; was advised to make my own bricks of my own clay ; **of course**, when the kiln was opened, all bad ; mounted my horse again, and in twenty-four hours had bought **thousands** of bricks and tons of timber. Was advised by neighbouring gentlemen to employ oxen ; bought four, Tug and Lug, Haul and Crawl ; but Tug and Lug **took to fainting**, and required buckets of sal volatile, and Haul and Crawl to **lie down** in the mud. So I did as I **ought** to have done at first—took the advice of the farmer instead of the gentleman ; sold my oxen, bought a team of horses, and at last, in spite of a frost which delayed me six

weeks, in spite of walls **running down** with wet, in spite of the advice and remonstrances of friends who predicted our death, in spite of an infant six months old, who had never been **out of** doors, I landed my family in my new house nine months after laying the first stone, on March 20, and performed my promise to the letter to the Archbishop, by issuing forth at midnight with a lantern to meet the last cart, with the cook and the cat, which had **stuck** in the mud, and fairly established myself and them before twelve o'clock at night in the new parsonage-house—a feat, taking ignorance, inexperience, and poverty into consideration, requiring, I can assure you, no small degree of energy.

It made me a very poor man for many years, but I never repented it. I **turned** schoolmaster, to educate my son, as I could not **afford** to send him to school. Mrs. Sydney turned schoolmistress, to educate my girls, as I could not afford a governess. I turned a farmer, as I could not let my land. A man-servant was too expensive, so I **caught up** a little garden-girl, made like a milestone, christened her *Bunch*, put a napkin in her hand, and made her my butler. The girls taught her to read, Mrs. Sydney to wait, and I undertook her **morals**; Bunch became the best butler in the country.

I had little furniture, so I bought a cartload of deals, took a carpenter (who came to me for parish relief), called Jack Robinson, with a face like a full-moon, into my service, established him in a barn, and said, 'Jack, furnish my house.'

At last it was suggested that a carriage was much **wanted** in the establishment. After diligent search, I discovered in the **back settlements** of a York coachmaker an ancient green chariot, supposed to have been the earliest invention of the kind. I **brought** it home in triumph to my admiring family. Being somewhat **dilapidated**, the village tailor **lined** it, the village blacksmith repaired it—**nay, but for** Mrs. Sydney's earnest entreaties, we believe the village painter would have exercised his genius upon the exterior; it escaped this danger, however, and the result was wonderful. Each year added to its charms; it grew **younger and younger**; a new wheel, a new spring. I christened it the *Immortal*. It was known all over the neighbourhood; the village boys cheered it, and the village dogs barked at it; but '*Faber meæ fortunæ*' was my motto, and we had no false shame.

My house was considered the ugliest in the country, but all admitted it was one of the most comfortable ; and we did not die, as our friends had predicted, of the damp walls of the parsonage.—*Sydney Smith.*

97. THE MAN OF MANY SPEECHES.

Mr. Twill is one of those men without whom no society, earned or otherwise, is complete. I am afraid to guess the number of associations, companies, and **debating** bodies to which he belongs ; but I have never been to a public meeting, nor **attended** at a gathering of shareholders, nor sat down to a dinner at which there was **likely** to be any **speechifying** at dessert without discovering him in a place of honour, and, somewhere in the neighbourhood of him, the pale young man with a cargo of notes and the blue bag under his seat. Mr. Twill is a director of one railway company and two telegraphic companies (one **overland**, and one submarine). He forms part of the governing body of three hospitals and four asylums. He is patron of six schools, chairman of a **joint-stock** bank, and vice-chairman of more financial companies than he can count on his ten fingers. I suppose there is not a more honourable man in existence. His **bond** is worth gold, and his word is as good as his bond. He has never been accused of pocketing a single sixpence that had not been fairly **come by**. The public respect him. Society esteems him, and **so do I**; but I think he is one of the most perfect **stumbling-blocks** that ever barred a straight road. I confess that I am the only one of my opinion, and I may add that I have hitherto **kept** my opinion to myself, for belief in the efficacy of Mr. Twill is so deeply rooted in the creed of every man of business I have met, that to have expressed dissent would have been to incur energetic censure ; one must never **look askance** at popular idols. Besides, Mr. Twill is **earnest**, no man more so ; and when a man throws himself heart and soul into everything he undertakes, when he **evinces** more zeal and **does** more **talking** than **any** other twelve men put together, it is very **uphill** work trying to convince the public that he is **all wrong**. Men are attracted by warmth ; they will have nothing to say to your cold, **brief-spoken** toilers, who do a formidable amount of work in silence, and explain their work

in monosyllables. **As** prices go, one rattling tongue is worth a hundred pairs of good hands. The advice our forefathers gave their children in the fabular days was, ‘Dig, dig,’ with occasional variations of ‘Fight, fight.’ **Now-a-days** the provident parent, with an eye to his progeny’s welfare, will say, ‘Talk, my son, talk ; there are none of the prizes of life you cannot obtain by talking.’—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

98. DAVID COPPERFIELD MAKES HIMSELF KNOWN TO HIS AUNT BETSEY.

I inquired about my aunt among the boatmen first, and received various answers. One said she lived in the South Foreland Light, and had singed her whiskers by doing so ; another, that she was made fast to the great buoy outside the harbour, and could only be visited at half tide ; a third, that she was locked up in Maidstone Jail for child-stealing ; a fourth, that she was seen to mount a broom in last high wind, and make direct for Calais. The fly-drivers, among whom I inquired next, were equally jocose and equally disrespectful ; and the shopkeepers, not liking my appearance, generally replied without hearing what I had to say, that they had got nothing for me. I felt more miserable and destitute than I had done at any period of my running away. My money was all gone, I had nothing left to dispose of ; I was hungry, thirsty, and worn out ; and seemed as distant from my end as if I had remained in London.

The morning had worn away in these inquiries, and I was sitting on the step of an empty shop at a street corner, near the market-place, when a fly-driver, coming by with his carriage, dropped a horse-cloth. Something good-natured in the man’s face, as I handed it up, encouraged me to ask him if he could tell me where Miss Trotwood lived, though I had asked the question so often, that it almost died upon my lips.

‘Trotwood,’ said he. ‘Let me see. I know the name, too. Old lady?’

‘Yes,’ I said, ‘rather.’

‘Pretty stiff in the back?’ said he, making himself upright.

‘Yes,’ I said, ‘I should think it very likely.’

'Carries a bag?' said he—'bag with a good deal of room in it—is gruffish, and **comes down** upon you, sharp?'

My heart **sank** within me as I acknowledged the undoubted accuracy of this description.

'**Why then**, I tell you **what**,' said he, 'if you go up there,' pointing with his whip towards the heights, 'and keep right on till you come to some houses facing the sea, I think you'll **hear of** her. My opinion is she won't **stand anything**, so here's a penny for you.'

I accepted the gift thankfully, and bought a loaf **with** it. Despatching this refreshment **by the way**, I went in the direction my friend had indicated, and **walked on** a good distance without coming to the houses he had mentioned. At length I saw some before me; and, approaching them, went into a little shop (it was what we used to call a **general shop** at home), and inquired if they would have the goodness to tell me where Miss Trotwood lived. I addressed myself to a man behind the counter, who was weighing some rice for a young woman; but the latter, taking the inquiry to herself, turned round quickly.

'My mistress?' she said. 'What do you **want with** her, boy?'

'I want,' I replied, 'to speak to her, if you please.'

'To beg of her, you mean,' retorted the damsel.

'No,' I said, 'indeed.' But suddenly remembering that in truth I came for no other purpose, I **held my peace** in confusion, and felt my face burn.

My aunt's handmaid, as I supposed she was from what she had said, put her rice in a little basket and **walked out** of the shop, telling me that I could follow her, if I wanted to know where Miss Trotwood lived. I **needed** no second permission, though I was by this time in such a state of agitation that my legs shook under me. I followed the young woman, and we soon came to a very **neat** little cottage with cheerful **bow-windows**: in front of it, a small square gravelled court or garden full of flowers, carefully **tended**, and smelling deliciously.

'**This** is Miss Trotwood's,' said the young woman. 'Now you know; and that's all I have **got to say**.' **With which** words she **hurried into** the house, as if to **shake off** the responsibility of my **appearance**; and left me **standing** at the

garden-gate, looking disconsolately **over** the top of it towards the parlour-window, where a muslin curtain partly undrawn in the middle, a large round green screen or fan fastened on to the window-sill, a small table, and a great chair, suggested to me that my aunt might be at that moment seated in awful **state**.

My shoes were **by** this time in a woeful condition. The soles had **shed** themselves **bit by bit**, and the **upper leathers** had broken and burst until the very shape and form of shoes had departed from them. My hat (which had served me for a night-cap, too) was so crushed and bent that no old **battered** handleless saucepan on a dunghill **need** have been ashamed to **vie** with it. My shirt and trousers, stained with heat, dew, grass, and the Kentish soil on which I had slept—and torn besides—might have frightened the birds from my aunt's garden, as I **stood** at the gate. My hair had known no comb or brush since I left London. My face, neck, and hands, from unaccustomed exposure to the air and sun, were burnt to a **berry-brown**. From head to foot I was powdered almost as white with chalk and dust as if I had come out of a lime-kiln. In this plight, and with a strong consciousness of it, I waited to introduce myself to, and make my first impression on, my formidable aunt.

The unbroken stillness of the parlour-window leading me to infer, after awhile, that she was not there, I lifted up my eyes to the window **above** it, where I saw a florid, pleasant-looking gentleman, with a grey head, who shut up one eye in a grotesque manner, **nodded** his head at me several times, laughed, and went away.

I had been discomposed enough before ; but I was so much the more discomposed by this unexpected behaviour, that I was on the point of **slinking off**, to think how I had best **proceed**, when there came out of the house a lady with a handkerchief tied over her cap, a pair of gardening gloves on her hands, and carrying a great knife. I knew her immediately to be Miss Betsey, for she came **stalking out** of the house exactly as my poor mother had so often described her **stalking up** our garden of Blunderstone Rookery.

' Go away ! ' said Miss Betsey, shaking her head, and making a distant **chop** in the air with her knife. ' Go along ! No boys here ! '

I watched her as she marched to a corner of her garden, and stooped to dig up some little root there. Then, without a scrap of courage, but with a great deal of desperation, I went softly in and stood beside her, touching her with my finger.

‘If you please, ma’am,’ I began.

She started, and **looked up**.

‘If you please, aunt.’

‘EH?’ exclaimed Miss Betsey, in a tone of amazement I have never heard approached.

‘If you please aunt, I am your nephew.’

‘Oh, Lord!’ said my aunt, and sat flat down in the garden-path.—*Charles Dickens.*

99. TRUTH IN SCIENTIFIC RESEARCH.

Whoever has once **got** knowledge from nature herself by truthful reasoning and experiment, must be dull **indeed** if he does not feel that he has acquired a new and noble power, and if he does not long to exercise it **further**, and make new conquests **from** the realm of darkness by the aid of known truths.

The habit of systematically searching for truth by the aid of known truths, and of **testing** the validity of each step by constant reference to nature, has now been practised **for** a sufficiently long time to enable us to judge of some of its results.

Every true idea of the order of nature is an instrument of thought. It can only be obtained by truthful investigation ; and it can only be used effectively in obedience to the same laws. But the first idea which is formed of **any thing** occurring in nature **affords** only a partial representation of the **actual** reality, by recording what is seen of it from a particular point of view. By examining a thing from different points of view we **get** different ideas of it ; and when we compare these ideas accurately with one another, recollecting how each one was obtained, we find that they really supplement each other.

Each **onward** step in the search for truth has made us stronger for the work ; and when we look **back** upon what has been done by the efforts of so many workers simply but steadily directed by truth towards **further** truth, we see that they have **achieved**, for the benefit of the human race, the conquest of a

systematic body of truths which encourages men to similar efforts while **affording** them the most effectual aid and guidance.—*A. W. Williamson.*

100. THE ANTIQUARY.

Following the windings of the beach, Sir Arthur and his daughter passed one projecting point or headland of rock after another, and now found themselves under a huge and continued extent of precipices, by which that iron-bound coast is in most places defended. Long projecting reefs of rock, extending under water, and only evincing their existence by here and there a peak entirely bare, or by the breakers which foamed over those that were partially covered, rendered Knockwinnock Bay dreaded by pilots. The crags, which rose between the beach and the mainland, to the height of two or three hundred feet, afforded in their crevices shelter for unnumbered sea-fowl, in situations seemingly secured by their dizzy height from the rapacity of man. Many of these wild **tribes**, with the instinct which sends them to seek the land before a storm arises, were now **winging** towards their nests with the shrill and dissonant clang which announces disquietude and fear. The disc of the sun became almost totally obscured ere he had altogether sunk below the horizon, and an **early** and lurid shade of darkness blotted the serene twilight of a summer evening. The wind **next** began to arise, but its wild and moaning sound was heard for some time, and its effects became visible on the bosom of the sea, before the gale was felt on shore. The mass of waters, now dark and threatening, began to lift itself in larger ridges, and sink in deeper furrows, forming waves, that rose high in foam upon the breakers, or burst upon the beach with a sound resembling distant thunder.

They were now near the centre of a deep but narrow bay, or recess, formed by two projecting capes of high and inaccessible rock, which **shot out** into the sea like the horns of a crescent; and neither durst communicate the apprehension which each began to entertain, that, from the unusually rapid advance of the tide, they might be deprived of the power of proceeding by doubling the promontory which lay before them, or of retreating by the road which brought them thither.

As they thus **pressed forwards**, Sir Arthur observed a human figure on the beach, advancing to **meet** them. The figure made many signs, which the haze of the atmosphere, now disturbed by wind and by a drizzling rain, prevented them from seeing or comprehending distinctly. Sir Arthur could recognise the old **blue-gowned** beggar, Edie Ochiltree. ‘Turn back ! turn back,’ exclaimed Edie ; ‘why did you not turn when I waved to you ?’

‘We thought,’ replied Sir Arthur, in great agitation, ‘we thought we could get round Halkethhead.’

‘Halkethhead ! the tide will be running on Halkethhead **by this time** like the Fall of Fyers ! It was a’ I could do to get round in twenty minutes, since it was coming in three feet abreast. We will, **may be**, get back by Ballyburgh Ness Point yet. The Lord help us ! it is our only chance.’

It was indeed a dreadful evening. The howling of the storm mingled with the shrieks of the sea-fowl, and sounded like the dirge of the three devoted beings who, pent between two of the most magnificent yet most dreadful objects of nature—a raging tide and an insurmountable precipice—**toiled along** their painful and dangerous path, often lashed by the spray of some giant billow, which threw itself higher on the beach than those that preceded it. Each minute did their enemy gain ground perceptibly upon them ! Still, however, loth to relinquish the last hopes of life, the black rock, pointed out by Ochiltree, was yet distinctly visible, and continued to be so, until they came to a turn in their precarious path, where an intervening projection of rock hid it from their sight. Deprived of the view of the beacon, on which they had relied, they now experienced the double agony of terror and suspense.

The countenance of the old man fell. Isabella **gave** a faint shriek, and—‘God have mercy upon us !’ which her guide solemnly uttered, was piteously repeated by Sir Arthur.

Sir W. Scott.

101. SCENE FROM ‘VIRGINIUS.’

My child, she hath been like a child to me
For fifteen years. If I am not her father,
I have been like a father to her, Appius,
For even such a time. They that have lived

So long a time together, in so near
 And dear society may be allowed,
 A little time for **parting**. Let me take
 The maid aside, I pray you, and confer
 A moment with her nurse ; perhaps she 'll give me
 Some token will unloose a tie so twined
 And knotted round my heart, that, if you break it,
 My heart breaks with it.

App. Have your **wish**. Be brief !
 Lictors, **look** to them.

Virginia. Do you **go from** me ?
 Do you leave ? Father ! Father !

Vir. No, my child—
 No, my Virginia—come along with me.

Virginia. Will you not leave me ? Will you take me with
 you ?

Will you take me home again ? O, bless you ! bless you !
 My father ! my dear father ! Art thou not
 My father ?

(VIRGINIUS, *perfectly at a loss what to do, looks anxiously around the Forum ; at length his eye falls on a butcher's stall, with a knife upon it.*)

Vir. This **way**, my child—No, no ; I am not going
 To leave thee, my Virginia ! I 'll not leave thee.

App. **Keep back** the people, soldiers ! Let them not
 Approach Virginius ! Keep the people back !

[*Virginius secures the knife.*

Well, have you done ?

Vir. Short time for converse, Appius.
 But I have.

App. I hope you are satisfied.

Vir. I am—

I am—that she is my daughter !

App. Take her, Lictors !

[*Virginia shrieks, and falls half dead upon her father's shoulder.*

Vir. Another moment, pray you. **Bear with** me
 A little—'Tis my last embrace. 'Twon't try
 Your patience beyond **bearing**, if you're a man !
 Lengthen it **as I may**, I cannot make it

Long. My dear child ! My dear Virginia ! [Kissing her.
There is one only way to save thine honour—
'Tis this.

[Stabs her, and draws out the knife. Icilius breaks from
the soldiers that held him, and catches her.

Lo, Appius, with this innocent blood
I do devote thee to the infernal gods !
Make **way** there !

App. Stop him ! Seize him !

Vir. If they dare

To tempt the desperate weapon that is maddened
With drinking my daughter's blood, why, let **them** thus
It rushes in amongst them. **Way** there ! Way !

[Exit through the soldiers.

—Sheridan Knowles.

102. GEORGE STEPHENSON.

Though mainly an engineer, he was also a daring thinker on many scientific questions, and there was scarcely a subject of speculation, or a department of recondite science, on which he had not employed his faculties in such a way as to have formed large and original views. At Drayton the conversation often turned upon such topics, and Mr. Stephenson freely **joined** in it. On one occasion an animated discussion took place between himself and Dr. Buckland, on one of his favourite theories as to the formation of coal. But the result was, that Dr. Buckland, a much greater master of **tongue-fence** than Stephenson, completely **silenced** him. Next morning, before breakfast, when he was walking in the grounds deeply pondering, Sir William Follett came up, and asked what he was thinking about ? 'Why, Sir William, I am thinking over that argument I had with Buckland last night. I know I am right, and that, if I had only the **command** of words which he has, I'd have beaten him.' 'Let me know **all about it**,' said Sir William, 'and I'll see what I can do for you.' The two sat down in an arbour, where the astute lawyer made himself thoroughly **acquainted** with the points of the case, entering into it with all the zeal of an advocate about to plead the dearest interests of his client. After he had **mastered** the subject, Sir William rose up, rubbing his

hands with glee, and said : 'Now I am ready for him.' Sir Robert Peel was made **acquainted** with the plot, and adroitly introduced the subject of the controversy after dinner. The result was, that in the argument which followed the man of science was overcome by the man of law, and Sir William Follett had at all points the mastery over Dr. Buckland. 'What do *you* say, Mr. Stephenson?' asked Sir Robert, laughing. 'Why,' said he, 'I will only say this, that of all the powers above and under the earth, there seems to me to be no power so great as the gift of the **gab**.' One day at dinner, during the same visit, a scientific lady asked him the question, 'Mr. Stephenson, what do you consider the most powerful force in nature?' 'Oh!' said he, in a gallant spirit, 'I will soon answer that question: it is the eye of a woman for the man who loves her; for if a woman look with affection on a young man, and he should go to the **uttermost** ends of the earth, the recollection of that look will bring him back; there is no other force in nature that could do that.' One Sunday, when the **party** had just returned from church, they were standing together on the terrace near the hall, and observed in the distance a railway train flashing along, throwing behind it a long line of white steam. 'Now, Buckland,' said Mr. Stephenson, 'I have a **poser** for you. Can you tell me what is the power that is driving that train?' 'Well,' said the other, 'I suppose it is one of your big engines.' 'But what drives the engine?' 'Oh, very likely a canny Newcastle driver.' 'What do you say to the light of the sun?' 'How can that be?' asked the doctor. 'It is nothing else,' said the engineer; 'it is light bottled up in the earth for tens of thousands of years—light, absorbed by plants and vegetables, being necessary for the condensation of carbon during the process of their growth, if it be not carbon in another form—and now, after being buried in the earth for long ages in fields of coal, that latent light is again **brought forth** and liberated, made to work, as in that locomotive, for great human purposes.' The idea was certainly a most striking and original one: like a flash of light, it illuminated in an instant an entire field of science.—*S. Smiles.*

103. DESCRIPTION OF JANE DE MONTFORT.

(The following has been pronounced to be a perfect picture of Mrs. Siddons, the tragic actress.)

Page. Madam, there is a lady in your hall
Who begs to be admitted to your presence.

Lady. Is it not one of our invited friends ?

Page. No ; **far unlike** to them. It is a stranger.

Lady. How looks her **countenance** ?

Page. So queenly, so commanding, and so noble,
I **shrank** at first in awe ; but when she smiled,
Methought I could have **compassed** sea and land
To do her bidding.

Lady. Is she young or old ?

Page. Neither, if right I guess ; but she is fair
For Time hath laid his hand so gently on her
As he, too, had been awed.

Lady. The foolish **stripling** !
She has bewitched thee. Is she large in stature ?

Page. So stately and so graceful is her form,
I thought at first her stature was gigantic ;
But on a near approach I found, in truth,
She scarcely does surpass the **middle** size.

Lady. What is her garb ?

Page. I cannot well describe the fashion of it :
She is not decked in any gallant trim,
But seems to me clad in her usual **weeds**
Of high habitual state ; for as she moves,
Wide flows her robe in many a waving fold,
As I have seen unfurled banners play
With the soft breeze.

Lady. Thine eyes deceive thee, boy ;
It is an apparition thou hast seen.

Freberg. (*Starting from his seat, where he has been sitting during the conversation between the Lady and the Page.*)

It is an apparition he has seen,
Or it is Jane de Montfort.—*Joanna Baillie.*

104. THE ENGLISH COUNTRY GENTLEMAN.

To be a good old **country gentleman** is to hold a position **nearest** the gods, and at the summit of earthly felicity. To have a large, **unencumbered rent-roll**, and the rents paid regularly by adoring farmers, who bless their stars at having such a landlord as his honour; to have no tenant **holding back** with his money, excepting **just** one, perhaps, who does so just in order to give occasion to Good Old Country Gentleman to show his sublime charity and universal benevolence of soul; to hunt three days a week, love the sport **of** all things, and have perfect good health and good appetite in consequence; to have not only a good appetite, but a good dinner; to sit down at church in the midst of a chorus of blessings from the villagers; the first man in the parish, the benefactor of the parish, with a consciousness of **consummate desert**, saying, ‘Have mercy upon us miserable sinners,’ **to be sure**, not only for form’s sake and to give other folks an example:—a G.O.C.G. a miserable sinner! So healthy, so wealthy, so jolly, so much respected by the vicar, so much honoured by the tenants, so much beloved and admired by his family, amongst whom his story of grouse in the **gun-room** causes laughter from generation to generation; this perfect being a miserable sinner! *Allons donc!* Give **any man** good health and temper, five thousand a **year**, the adoration of his parish, and the love and worship of his family, and I’ll defy you to make him so heartily dissatisfied with his spiritual condition as to set himself down a miserable **anything**. If you were a Royal Highness, and went to church in the most perfect health and comfort, the parson waiting to begin the service until your R.H. came in, would you believe yourself to be a miserable, &c.? You **might**, when **racked** with gout, in solitude, the fear of death before your eyes, the doctor having cut off your bottle of claret, and ordered arrowroot and a little sherry—you might **then** be humiliated, and acknowledge your **shortcomings** and the vanity of things in general; but in high health, sunshine, spirits, that word ‘miserable’ is only a form. You can’t think in your heart that you are to be pitied much for the present. If you **are** to be miserable, what is Colin Ploughman with the ague, seven children, two pounds a year rent to pay for his cottage, and eight shillings a week? No; a healthy, rich, jolly

country gentleman, if miserable, has a very supportable misery ; if a sinner, has very few people to tell him so.—*Thackeray.*

105. COMMERCE.

Manufacturers and merchants, as a rule, have generally been either too modest, or have not been sufficiently acquainted with their own true position. In the **aggregate**, they are gradually becoming **more and more** important in the world than warriors and statesmen, and even than monarchs themselves. It is obvious to me that the power of these heretofore great authorities is waning, and that in our part of the world the power of the great industrial interests is sensibly waxing. If we were to **take down** the volume of history, which may be called the chart of past ages, we should see, I think, clearly that the stream of commerce runs close alongside the streams of freedom and of civilisation. It is a long time to go back to the age of those old merchants and mariners who were said to have come from the coast of Asia to this country in **pursuit** of one of the products of our mines. But the Phoenicians were a great people because they were merchants, and **given** to maritime **pursuit**, and it **needs** but a superficial knowledge of history to enable us to remember that from them came the arts and civilisation and the greatness of the Greek States in Europe, and at the same time the greatness and the commercial splendour of the city of Carthage on the African continent. From them, and from Greece, came the commercial population and colonists of Italy and Sicily ; and Carthage, though comparatively **early** destroyed, yet left its traces on France and Spain. Then coming to a period where history is more complete and accurate, we find that in the cities of the North of Italy commerce is **attended** by arts, by letters, and freedom, and civilisation to an **extent** which, considering the condition of the other parts of the world, is at least beautiful to contemplate, and **most** remarkable. And the great cities—the great commercial republics of Genoa and Venice—have left their mark in history, which time itself can never efface. Coming down to a period **somewhat** later, we find the commercial cities of the Netherlands taking a part in the history of Europe equally important, and showing themselves equally noted to the arts, to civilisation, and to freedom. Then, pass-

ing the narrow Channel, and coming towards our loved land, we find here that, precisely as commerce has extended and industry has been respected, towns and cities have grown, and populations have congregated. Turn to the southern hemisphere —to countries which are still colonies of England, and in some degree dependent yet on English authority—we find that **within a lifetime** almost of the accurate discovery of that great southern continent there are flourishing cities, a vast trade, states and empires that **are to be** are growing up with a rapidity unknown to ages which are past. If this be so, I should say that the English people ought to take special pride in the greatness of those colonies, **whether** on the American or the Australasian continents. They came from us, they have taken all that is best of our institutions and of our laws and principles. Our ancestors were theirs, and through their instrumentality the English language will be spoken far more universally throughout the world than **any** other European language.—*J. Bright (Speech at the inauguration of the Exchange at Birmingham).*

106. THE QUARREL OF SQUIRE BULL AND HIS SON.

John Bull was a choleric old fellow, who held a good manor in the middle of a great mill-pond, and which, by reason of its being quite surrounded by water, was generally called Bullock Island. Bull was an ingenious man, an exceedingly good blacksmith, a dexterous cutler, and a noble weaver besides. He also brewed capital porter, ale, and small beer, and was in fact a sort of **jack of all trades**, and good at each. In addition to these he was a hearty fellow, an excellent bottle-companion, and passably honest as **times** go.

But what tarnished all these qualities was a quarrelsome **over-bearing** disposition, which was always **getting** him into **some scrape** or **other**. The truth is, he never heard of a quarrel **going on** among his neighbours, **but** his fingers itched to be in the thickest of them; so that he hardly ever was seen without a broken head, a **black eye**, or a bloody nose. Such was Squire Bull, as he was commonly called by the country people his neighbours—one of those odd, testy, grumbling,

boasting old **codgers**, that never **get** credit for what they are, because they are always pretending to be what they are not.

The squire was as tight a hand to deal with **in-doors** as **out**; sometimes treating his family as if they were not the same flesh and blood, when they happened to differ with him in certain matters. One day he **got** into a dispute with his youngest son Jonathan, who was familiarly called Brother Jonathan, **about** whether churches ought to be called churches or meeting-houses; and whether steeples were not an abomination. The squire either having the **worst of** the argument, or being naturally impatient of contradiction (I can't tell which), fell into a great passion, and swore he would **physic** such notions out of the boy's noddle. So he went to some of his doctors and **got** them to **draw up** a prescription, made up of thirty-nine different articles, many of them bitter enough to some palates. This he tried to make Jonathan swallow; and finding he made villainous wry faces, and would not do it, fell upon him and beat him like fury. After this, he made the house so disagreeable to him that Jonathan, though as hard as a pine-knot and as tough as leather, could bear it no longer. Taking his gun and his axe, he put himself in a boat and paddled over the mill-pond to some new land to which the squire pretended some sort of claim, intending to settle there, and build a meeting-house without a steeple as soon as he grew rich enough.

When he got over, Jonathan found that the land was quite in a state of nature, covered with wood, and inhabited by nobody but wild beasts. But, being a lad of mettle, he took his axe on one shoulder, and his gun on the other, marched into the thickest of the wood, and, clearing a place, built a log hut. Pursuing his labours, and handling his axe like a notable woodman, he in a few years cleared the land, which he laid out into thirteen good farms; and building himself a fine farmhouse, about half finished, began to be quite snug and comfortable.

But Squire Bull, who was getting old and stingy, and, besides, was in great want of money on account of his having lately had to pay swinging damages for assaulting his neighbours and breaking their heads—the squire, I say, finding Jonathan was getting **well to do** in the world, began to be very much

troubled about his welfare ; so he demanded that Jonathan should pay him a good rent for the land which he had cleared and made good for something. He **trumped up** I know not what claim against him, and under different pretences managed to pocket all Jonathan's honest gains. In fact, the poor lad had not a shilling **left** for holiday occasions ; and, had it not been for the filial respect he felt for the old man, he would certainly have refused to submit to such impositions.

But for all this, in a little time Jonathan grew up to be very large of his age, and became a tall, stout, **double-jointed**, **broad-footed** fellow, awkward in his gait and simple in his appearance ; but showing a lively shrewd look, and having the promise of great strength when he should **get** his full growth. He was rather an **odd-looking chap**, in truth, and had many queer **ways** ; but everybody that had seen John Bull saw a great likeness between them, and swore he was John's own boy, and a true **chip of the old block**. Like the old squire, he was apt to be blustering and saucy, but in the **main** was a peaceable sort of careless fellow, that would quarrel with nobody if you would only let him **alone**. He used to dress in **home-spun** trousers. He always wore a coat that did not above half cover his breech, and the sleeves of which were so short that his hand and wrist **came out** beyond them, looking like a shoulder of mutton, all which was in consequence of his growing so fast that he **outgrew** his clothes.

While Jonathan was **outgrowing** his strength in this way, Bull **kept on picking** his pockets of every penny he could **scrape together** ; till at last one day, when the squire was even more than usually pressing in his demands, which he accompanied with threats, Jonathan started up in a furious passion, and threw the **tea-kettle** at the old man's head. The choleric Bull was hereupon exceedingly enraged, and, after calling the poor lad an undutiful, ungrateful, rebellious rascal, seized him by the collar, and forthwith a furious scuffle ensued. This lasted a long time, for the squire, though in years, was a capital boxer. At last, however, Jonathan **got** him **under**, and before he would let him up made him sign a paper **giving up** all claim to the farms, and acknowledging the **fee-simple** to be in Jonathan for ever.—*J. K. Paulding.*

107. VANITY FAIR.

Before long, Beckey received not only 'the best' foreigners (as the **phrase** is in our noble and admirable society **slang**), but some of the best English people too. I don't mean the most virtuous, or indeed the least virtuous, or the cleverest, or the stupidest, or the richest, or the best born, but 'the best'—in a word, people about whom there is no question—such as the great Lady Fitz-Willis, that patron saint of Almack's, the great Lady Slowbore, the great Lady Grizzel Macbeth (she was Lady G. Glowry, daughter of Lord Grey of Glowry), and the like. When the Countess of Fitz-Willis (her ladyship is of the King Street family, see Debrett and Burke), **takes up** a person, **he or she** is safe. There is no question **about** them **any more**. Not that my Lady Fitz-Willis is **any better** than **anybody else**, being, on the contrary, a faded person, fifty-seven years of age, and neither handsome, nor wealthy, nor entertaining ; but it is agreed on all sides that she is of the 'best people.' Those who go to her are of the best ; and from an old **grudge**, probably to Lady Steyne (for whose coronet her ladyship, then the youthful Georgina Frederica, daughter of the Prince of Wales's favourite, the Earl of Portansherry, had once **tried**), this great and famous leader of the fashion **chose** to acknowledge Mrs. Rawdon Crawley : made her a **most** marked curtsey at the assembly over which she presided, and not only encouraged her son, St. Kitts (his lordship got his place through Lord Steyne's **interest**), to frequent Mr. Crawley's house, but **asked** her to her own mansion, and spoke to her twice in the most public and condescending manner during dinner. The important fact was known all over London that night. People who had been crying fie about Mrs. Crawley were silent. Wenham, the wit and lawyer, Lord Steyne's **right-hand** man, went about everywhere praising her : some, who had hesitated, came forward at once and welcomed her. Little Tom Toady, who had **warned** Southdown **about** visiting such an abandoned woman, now besought to be introduced to her. In a word, she was admitted to be among the 'best' people. Ah, my beloved readers and brethren, do not envy poor Beckey prematurely—glory like this is said to be fugitive. It is currently reported that even in the very inmost circles they are no happier than the poor

wanderers outside the zone ; and Beckey, who penetrated into the very centre of fashion, and saw the great George IV. face to face, has owned since that there too was vanity.

We must be brief in descanting upon this part of her career. As I cannot describe the mysteries of freemasonry, although I have a shrewd idea that it is a **numbug** ; so an uninitiated man cannot take upon himself to pourtray the great world accurately, and had **best** keep his opinions to himself, **whatever** they are.

Beckey has often spoken in subsequent years of this season of her life, when she **moved** among the very greatest circles of the London fashion. Her success excited, elated, and then bored her. At first no occupation was more pleasant than to invent and procure (the latter a work of no small trouble and ingenuity, by the way, in a person of Mrs. Rawdon Crawley's very narrow means)—to procure, we say, the prettiest new dresses and ornaments ; to **drive** to fine dinner-parties, where she was welcomed by great people ; and from the fine dinner-parties to fine assemblies, whither the same people came with whom she had been dining, whom she had met the night before, and would see on the **morrow**—the young men faultlessly **appointed**, handsomely cravatted, with the neatest glossy boots and white gloves—the elders portly, brass-buttoned, noble-looking, polite, and **prosy**—the young ladies blonde, timid, and in pink—the mothers grand, beautiful, sumptuous, solemn, and in diamonds. They talked in English, not in bad French, as they do in the novels. They talked about each other's houses, and characters, and families, just as the Joneses do about the Smiths. Beckey's former acquaintances hated and envied her ; the poor woman herself was yawning in spirit. ‘I wish I were **out of it**,’ she said to herself. ‘I would rather be a parson's wife, and teach a Sunday school, than this ; or a sergeant's lady, and ride in the regimental waggon ; or, oh, how much gayer it would be to wear spangles and trousers, and dance before a **booth** at a fair.’

‘You would do it very well,’ said Lord Steyne, laughing. She used to tell the great man her ennuis and perplexities in her artless way—they amused him.

‘Rawdon would make a very good Ecuyer—master of the ceremonies—what do you call him—the man in the large boots

and the uniform, who goes round the ring cracking the whip ! He is large, heavy, and of a military figure. I recollect,' Beckey continued pensively, 'my father took me to see a show at Brook Green Fair, when I was a child, and when we came home I made myself a pair of stilts, and danced in the studio, to the wonder of all the pupils.'

'I should have liked to see it,' said Lord Steyne.

'I should like to do it now,' Beckey continued. 'How Lady Blinkey would open her eyes, and Lady Grizzel Macbeth would stare ! Hush, silence ! there is Pasta beginning to sing.' Beckey always made a point of being **conspicuously** polite to the professional ladies and gentlemen who **attended** at these aristocratic parties—of following them into the corners, where they sat in silence, and shaking hands with them, and smiling in the view of all persons. She was an artist herself, as she said very truly. There was a frankness and humility in the manner in which she acknowledged her origin, which provoked, or disarmed, or amused **lookers-on**, as the **case** might be. 'How **cool** that woman is,' said one ; 'what airs of independence she assumes, where she ought to sit still, and be thankful if anybody speaks to her.' 'What an honest and good-natured soul she is,' said another. 'What an artful little minx,' said a third. They were all right, very likely ; but Beckey **went** her own **way**, and so fascinated the professional personages that they would leave off their sore throats in order to sing at her parties, and give her lessons for nothing.

Yes, she gave parties in the little house in Curzon Street. Many scores of carriages, with blazing lamps, blocked up the street, to the disgust of No. 100, who could not rest **for** the thunder of the **knocking**, and of 102, who could not sleep **for** envy. The gigantic footmen who accompanied the vehicles were too big to be contained in Beckey's little hall, and were **billeted off** in the neighbouring public-houses, whence, when they were wanted, **call-boys** summoned them from their beer. Some of the great dandies of London squeezed and trod on each other on the little stairs, laughing to find themselves there ; and many spotless and severe ladies of *ton* were seated in a little drawing-room, listening to the professional singers, who were singing according to their wont, and as if they wished to **blow** the windows **down**. And the day after there appeared,

among the fashionable réunions in the ‘Morning Post,’ a paragraph to the following effect :—

‘ Yesterday, Colonel and Mrs. Crawley entertained a select party at dinner at their house in May Fair. Their Excellencies the Prince and Princess of Peterwarachin, H.E. Papoosh Pasha, the Turkish Ambassador (attended by Kibeb Bey, dragoman of the mission), the Marquess of Steyne, Earl of Southdown, Mr. Pitt, and Lady Jane Crawley, Mr. Wag, &c. After dinner Mrs. Crawley had an assembly, which was attended by the Duchess (Dowager) of Stilton, Duc de la Gruyère, Marchioness of Cheshire, Marchese Alessandro Strachino, Comte de Brie, Baron Schapzuger, Chevalier Tasti, Countess of Slingstone, and Lady F. Macadam, Major-General and Lady G. Macbeth, and (2) Misses Macbeth, Viscount Paddington, Sir Horace Fogey, Hon. Sands Bedwin, Bobbachy Bahawder,’ and an etc., which the reader may fill at his pleasure through a dozen close lines of small type.

How the Crawleys got the money which was spent upon the entertainments with which they treated the polite world was a mystery which gave rise to some conversation at the time, and probably added zest to these little festivities. Some persons averred that Sir Pitt Crawley gave his brother a handsome **allowance**; if he did, Beckey’s power over the baronet must have been extraordinary indeed, and his character greatly changed in his advanced age. Other parties hinted that it was Beckey’s habit to levy contributions on all her husband’s friends : going to this one in tears with an account that there was an **execution** in the house ; falling on her knees to that one, and declaring that the whole family must go to gaol, or commit suicide, unless such and such a bill could be paid. Lord Southdown, it was said, had been induced to give many **hundreds through** these pathetic representations. Young Feltham, of the —th Dragoons (and son of the firm of Tiler and Feltham, hatters and army accoutrement makers), and whom the Crawleys introduced into fashionable life, was also cited as one of Beckey’s victims in the pecuniary way. People declared that she got money from various simply disposed persons, under pretence of getting them confidential appointments under Government. Who knows what stories were or were not told of our dear and innocent friend? Certain it is,

that if she had had all the money which she was said to have begged or borrowed, or stolen, she might have capitalised, and been honest for life, whereas—but this is **advancing** matters.

The truth is, that by economy and good **management**—by a sparing use of ready money, and by paying scarcely **anybody**—people can **manage**, for a time at least, to make a great show with very little means : and it is our belief that Beckey's **much-talked-of** parties, which were not, after all was said, very numerous, cost this lady very little more than the wax candles which lighted the walls. Stillbrook and Queen's Crawley supplied her with game and fruit in abundance. Lord Steyne's cellars were at her disposal, and that excellent nobleman's famous cook presided over her little kitchen, or sent by my lord's order the rarest delicacies from their own. I protest it is quite shameful in the world to abuse a simple creature, as people of her time abuse Beckey, and I warn the public against believing one-tenth of the stories against her. If every person is to be banished from society who **runs** into debt and cannot pay—if we are to be peering into everybody's private life, speculating upon their income, and **cutting** them if we don't approve of their expenditure—why, what a howling wilderness and intolerable dwelling Vanity Fair would be. Every man's hand would be against his neighbour in this case, my dear sir, and the benefits of civilisation would be **done away with**. We should be quarrelling, abusing, avoiding one another. Our houses would become caverns : and we should go in rags because we cared for nobody. **Rents** would go down. Parties wouldn't be given any more. All the tradesmen of the town would be bankrupt. Wine, wax-lights, comestibles, rouge, crinoline petticoats, diamonds, wigs, Louis-Quatorze **gimeracks** and old china, park hacks and splendid **high-stepping** carriage horses—all the delights of life, I say, would go to the deuce if people did but act upon their silly principles, and avoid those whom they dislike and abuse. Whereas, by a little charity and mutual forbearance, things are **made to go** on pleasantly enough : we may abuse a man as much as we like, and call him the greatest rascal **unhung**—but do we wish to hang him therefore? No ; we shake hands when we meet. If his cook is good, we forgive him, and go and dine with him ; and we expect he will do the same by us. Thus trade flourishes—civilisation advances ;

peace is kept ; new dresses are wanted for new assemblies every week ; and the last year's vintage of Lafitte will remunerate the honest proprietor who reared it.—*Thackeray*.

108. ENGLISH DWELLINGS IN THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

It is an error to suppose that the English gentry were lodged in stately or even in **well-sized** houses. Generally speaking, their dwellings were as much inferior to those of their descendants in capacity as they were in **convenience**. The usual arrangement consisted of an entrance passage, **running through** the house, with a hall on one side, a parlour beyond, and one or two chambers above ; and on the opposite side a kitchen, pantry, and other **offices**. Such was the ordinary manor-house of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, as appears, not only from the documents and engravings, but, as to the latter period, from the buildings themselves, sometimes, though not very frequently, occupied by families of consideration.

But if the domestic buildings of the fifteenth century **would** not seem very spacious or convenient at present, far less would this **luxurious** generation be content with their internal accommodation. A gentleman's house containing three or four beds was extraordinarily well provided ; few, probably, had more than two. The walls were commonly bare, without wainscot, or even plaster, except that some great houses were **furnished** with hangings, and that, perhaps, **hardly so soon as** the reign of Edward IV. It is unnecessary to add that neither libraries of books nor pictures could have found a place among furniture.—*Hallam*.

109. THE DOG-SHOW AT ISLINGTON.

Cowper complained that for the merry music of a pack of hounds his destiny gave him no ear ; and undoubtedly the bard of Olney was far from singular in his non-appreciation of canine melody. . . . Collect fourteen hundred noble animals under a single roof, lacerate their tenderest feelings by separating them from their masters and mistresses, vex the honest pride of some by associating them with plebeian puppies, and excite the envy of others by placing them in disadvantageous juxtaposition to curled and silken **darlings** of the boudoir, and the inevitable

result will be a chronic chorus of dissatisfaction. In tones both loud and deep the canine tribes will bewail their imprisonment. . . . No one can wonder if their tender remembrances inspire a pathetic and continuous lament ; and, writing at a distance from merry Islington, it is natural to feel a certain sympathy for the dogs. It would, however, be scarcely fair to expect that this feeling can be shared by those British householders whose lot it is to be awakened in the middle of the night by a sudden outburst of barking, howling, yelping, and moaning from a vast host of four-footed serenaders. . . . **Fresh** from intricate applications of mental arithmetic pertaining to his daily work, the exhausted man of business has but just **dropped off** into his quiet slumbers, when his gentle dreams are rudely broken by the interruptions in question. Answering to the call, the cats of the neighbourhood add their quota to the clamour, and bright chanticleer, knowing that it is too early for him to proclaim the dawn, but anxious to take part in so general a concert, crows with a strength peculiar to the poultry of Cochin-China.—*Daily Telegraph.*

110. THE ASSAULT OF BADAJOS.

The columns **moved out** of the parallels at the same moment in silent order, and darkness **canopied** the city. Led by their steady guides, the columns destined to storm the breaches no sooner crowned the glacis, and came upon the ditch, than a light brighter than that of day, but of another sort, illumined all things, and they could see distinctly the armed walls and the ready foe. A line of **levelled** muskets and the cannon of the ramparts, already pointed, vomited forth a deadly fire. The men advanced ; they leaped into the covered way where the palisades had been destroyed by the batteries. Bags filled with hay were cast into the ditch ; ladders were **lowered**, and the brave assailants **hurried down** the counterscarp into the ditch. It was soon crowded with troops. Suddenly an incredible number of fougasses, shells, and other combustibles, which had been laid along the foot of the breach and in the ditch, were **fired** by the garrison. They exploded with an appalling effect. The destruction was terrific, and the confusion unavoidable ; yet there was no pause in the attack. The **main** breach was

found strongly intrenched : planks, studded with iron spikes, like harrows, had been laid down after dark, and chevaux de frise, formed of sword-blades, were fixed strongly along the summit. The boldest hearts, the strongest arms, were unable to force a way past obstacles like these. Volleys of musketry were showered upon the troops from the ramparts, and they all fell slain or disabled upon the rubbish.—*Moyle Sherer.*

III. THE GREENLAND GLACIER.

There is an unusual dearth of birds and seals ; everything around us is painfully still, excepting when an occasional iceberg **splits off** from the parent glacier ; then we hear a rumbling crash like distant thunder, and the wave **occasioned** by the launch reaches us in six or seven minutes, and makes the ship roll lazily for a similar period. The glacier serves to remind **one** at once of time and of eternity—of time, since we see portions of it break off to **drift** and melt away, and of eternity, since its **downward** march is so extremely slow, and its augmentations behind so regular, that no change in its appearance is perceptible **from age to age**. If even the untaught savages of luxuriant tropical regions regard the earth merely as a temporary abode, surely **all** who gaze upon this ice-overwhelmed region, this wide expanse of ‘terrestrial wreck,’ must be similarly assured that here ‘we have no abiding place.’ Some attempts to cross the glacier in South Greenland have failed, yet, by studying its character and **attending to** this remark, I think places may be found where an attempt would succeed.—*Captain McClintock.*

112. THE DOWNFALL OF BONAPARTE.

The downfall of Bonaparte is an **impressive** lesson to ambition, and **affords** a striking illustration of the inevitable tendency of that passion to bring to ruin the power and the greatness which it seeks so madly to increase. No human being, perhaps, ever **stood** on so proud a pinnacle of worldly grandeur as Napoleon at the beginning of his Russian campaign. He had done more, he had acquired more, and he possessed more, **as to actual** power, influence, and authority, than **any** individual that

ever figured on the scene of European story. He had visited, with a victorious army, almost every capital of the Continent, and dictated the terms of peace to their astonished princes. He had consolidated under his immediate dominion a territory and population apparently sufficient to meet the combination of all that it did not include, and interwoven himself with the government of almost all that was left. He had cast down and erected thrones at his pleasure, and surrounded himself with tributary kings and principalities of his own creation. He had connected himself by marriage with the proudest of the ancient sovereigns, and was at the head of the largest and the finest army that was ever assembled to desolate or dispose of the world. Had he known where to stop in his aggressions upon the peace and independence of mankind, it seems as if this terrific sovereignty might have been permanently established in his person. But the demon by whom he was possessed urged him on to his fate. He could not bear that any power should exist which did not confess its dependence on him. Without a pretext for quarrel, he attacked Russia, insulted Austria, trod contemptuously on the fallen fortunes of Prussia, and, by new aggressions, and the menace of more intolerable evils, drove them into that league which rolled back the tide of ruin on himself, and ultimately hurled him into the insignificance from which he originally sprung.—Jeffrey.

113. FRENCH.

If you take with you a friend who is ‘**up to**’ the language, and all that sort of thing,’ be sure he *is* up to it. What quacks we all are in this matter! I **shame** to think of the many people I have **taken in** with Stratford French. Every one of us pretends to know **all about** the French language, and so few of us do. It is not **alone** in the café or on the boulevard that you find the Englishman who calls *moi* ‘moa,’ and thinks that ‘postman’ is the literal translation of *homme de lettres*. Go to the private houses, where Wigley the barrister, on Continental **circuit**, meets Syntax the parson on his tour; where men who have been at Cambridge meet men who have been at Oxford; where the author and the painter slide side by side over the polished floors; and you shall hear very painful French—French that would,

perhaps, be more comprehensible to Rabelais than to Lamartine. ‘Oh, the language !’ as a certain youth **about town** of my acquaintance used to say. You see, we are all of us obliged to affect to understand it ; not to know it would show we hadn’t travelled, hadn’t read, hadn’t been rightly educated, perhaps. One may say one doesn’t **care** about Italian, or even German literature ; doesn’t like the people ; but in the matter of French such pleas are not admitted. ‘If you please, I haven’t a taste for music—I like the sewing-machine better.’ What young lady would dare say so if you asked her to **run over** Mr. Godfrey’s last waltz? The same moral cowardice makes me, on returning from my travels, say to my friends, ‘I had a long conversation with General Jumbo’s aide-de-camp, and found him a very pleasant **fellow**.’ I tell no **ab**, for I **did** speak to the aide-de-camp, and the aide-de-camp smiled, and what he said in reply **seemed** to be excessively good-natured, so he must have been a very pleasant fellow.

Half of the art of war lies in the management of retreats. When my cousin from rural Dorsetshire comes to Paris, and asks me to take charge of him for the language, I accept the office with the best grace in the world, trusting to my own readiness to **get** me **out** of possible scrapes. I take him to dinner, and run over the *carte* with an air, rapidly translating as I go. ‘*Veau marengo*,’ I say, ‘that’s stewed veal. *Bœuf braisé, pommes*—that’s beef and potatoes, you know ; *haricot de mouton*, that’s mutton, with beans.’ ‘Ah, I guessed that,’ says he, quietly ; ‘and what’s that ?’ pointing to *vol au vent financière*, ‘That ?’ says I. ‘Yes,’ says he. ‘Oh !’ says I, ‘that ?—that—why, that’s rare rubbish, you know—I’m certain you won’t like it a bit.’ ‘Yes, but what is it ?’ says he. (Country people are all like that.) ‘Why,’ says I, **sparring** a bit for wind, ‘haven’t you ever heard of that before ?’ ‘No,’ says he. ‘Oh !’ says I. ‘You don’t eat such things in Dorsetshire.’ ‘No,’ says he, ‘but what —— ?’ ‘It wouldn’t suit old Peter, eh ?’ I **dash in** rapidly. ‘**By the way**, how is the poor old boy ? I remember the last time I was **down** ——’ ‘Oh, Peter’s well enough,’ he says ; ‘but you haven’t told me what that is. Do’ee know thyself ?’ he asks bluntly, boorishly, brutally. (But they are all like that.) ‘Know !’ I laughed hysterically—‘know ! ha, ha, that’s capital. I ought to know, I think. Look here—*vol*, you know,

is "robbery," and *vent's* "wind," and *financière's* "financier;" like Gladstone, you know, and Dizzy—Chancellor of the Exchequer—and all that. It means, there's a financial robbery in the wind, and you'll be the victim of it if you order this *stuff*. It's their funny way of putting things—they're very witty, you know; almost irreverent. No organ of veneration. Dare say you've heard.'

'They be great fools,' says he. And we dine. I think he thinks I understood it. I hope he does; but where should I have been without my ready wit?

If a person addresses me, and I don't understand him, I find out that he's a Gascon, and tell my cousin so. 'Mere dialect, you know; same relation to French as Welsh to English.' Ten to one my cousin will believe me.—'Readings by Starlight,' in *the Evening Star*.

114. STORMING THE TEMPLE OF MEXICO.

Cortès, having **cleared** a way for the assault, sprung up the lower stairway, followed by Alvarado, Sandoval, Ordaz, and the other gallant cavaliers of his little band, leaving a file of arquebusiers and a strong corps of Indian allies to hold the enemy in check at the foot of the monument. On the first landing, as well as on the several galleries above, and on the summit, the Aztec warriors were **drawn up** to dispute his passage. From their elevated position they **showered down** volleys of lighter missiles, together with heavy stones, beams, and burning rafters, which, **thundering** along the stairway, overturned the ascending Spaniards, and carried desolation through their ranks. The more fortunate, eluding or springing over these obstacles, succeeded in gaining the first terrace, where, throwing themselves on their enemies, they compelled them, after a short resistance, to **fall back**. The assailants **pressed on**, effectually supported by a brisk fire of the musketeers from below, which so much galled the Mexicans in their exposed situation, that they were glad to take shelter on the broad summit of the *teocalli*.

Cortès and his comrades were **close upon** their **rear**, and the two parties soon found themselves face to face on this aerial battle-field, engaged in mortal combat in presence of the whole city, as well as of the troops in the courtyard, who paused, as if



by mutual consent, from their own hostilities, gazing in silent expectation on the issue of those above. The area, though somewhat smaller than the base of the teocalli, was large enough to afford a fair field of fight for a thousand combatants. It was paved with broad flat stones. No impediment occurred over its surface, except the huge sacrificial block and the temples of stone, which rose to the height of forty feet, at the farther extremity of the arena. One of these had been consecrated to the cross; the other was still occupied by the Mexican war-god. The Christian and the Aztec contended for their religions under the very shadow of their respective shrines, while the Indian priests, running to and fro, with their hair wildly streaming over their sable mantles, seemed hovering in mid-air, like so many demons of darkness urging on the work of slaughter.

The parties closed with the desperate fury of men who had no hope but in victory. Quarter was neither asked nor given; and to fly was impossible. The edge of the area was unprotected by parapet or battlement. The least slip would be fatal; and the combatants, as they struggled in mortal agony, were sometimes seen to roll over the sheer sides of the precipice together. Cortès himself is said to have had a narrow escape from this dreadful fate. Two warriors, of strong, muscular frames, seized upon him, and were dragging him violently towards the brink of the pyramid. Aware of their intention, he struggled with all his force, and, before they could accomplish their purpose, succeeded in tearing himself from their grasp, and hurling one of them over the walls with his own arm. The story is not improbable in itself, for Cortès was a man of uncommon agility and strength. It has been often repeated, but not by contemporary history.

The battle lasted with unintermitting fury for three hours. The number of the enemy was double that of the Christians, and it seemed as if it were a contest which must be determined by numbers and brute force, rather than by superior science. But it was not so. The invulnerable armour of the Spaniard, his sword of matchless temper, and his skill in the use of it gave him advantages which far outweighed the odds of physical strength and numbers. After doing all that the courage of despair could enable men to do, resistance grew fainter and fainter on the side of the Aztecs. One after another they had

fallen. Two or three priests only survived to be led away in triumph by the victors. **Every other** combatant was stretched a corpse on the bloody arena, or had been hurled from the giddy heights. Yet the loss of the Spaniards was not inconsiderable : it amounted to forty-five of their best men ; and nearly all the remainder were more or less injured in the desperate conflict.

The victorious cavaliers now rushed towards the sanctuaries. The lower story was of stone, the two upper were of wood. Penetrating into their recesses, they had the mortification to find the image of the Virgin and Cross removed. But in the other edifice they still beheld the grim figure of Huitzilopotchli, with his censer of smoking hearts, and the walls of his oratory reeking with gore—not improbably of their own countrymen. With shouts of triumph the Christians tore the uncouth monster from his niche, and tumbled him, in the presence of the horror-struck Aztecs, down the steps of the teocalli. They then set fire to the accursed building. The flame speedily ran up the slender towers, sending forth an ominous light over city, lake, and valley, to the remotest hut among the mountains. It was the funeral pyre of paganism, and proclaimed the fall of that sanguinary religion which had so long hung like a dark cloud over the fair regions of Anahuac.—*W. H. Prescott.*

115. THE DERBY.

The Derby is a national institution, in honour of which the **Premier** proposes a holiday for the House of Commons. The Derby eclipses elections and openings of Parliaments. No true Englishman ever **gets tired** of speaking of the Derby, going to the Derby, **looking back** upon the Derby. The day is always greeted with a hearty welcome, and the seventy-eighth anniversary had still a charm of **ever-recurring** novelty about it, though the performance is much the same, **year after year.**

The Derby has become a part of ‘our own Constitution.’ On that grand day

Rome n'est plus dans Rome ; elle est

^{st Ensom.} The whole population—since the wretches who are

unable to appreciate a genuine race are unworthy to be reckoned in the number of citizens—are on the Downs. All possible and impossible means of locomotion are in request, from humble walking to the aristocratic '**carriage-and-four**,' including every intermediate shade, as donkey-carts, Hansom cabs, flies, **dog-carts**, Broughams, omnibuses, stage-coaches, railway waggons, all **going along** dashingly and rapidly, with flaming colours and flourishing post-horns **out of tune**, and drawn by exhausted horses. It is a real tide of human beings, eager to enjoy a sunny day of the floral and merry month of May. But **by far** the greater number will seek their happiness in horrible, un-earthly yells when the horses are going to start, and the 'gentlemen of the turf' hazard their last bet. And how shall we depict that stirring and restless ant's nest of bipeds? There is the **grand stand**, tenanted by hundreds of visitors, and a swarm of blooming ladies, clad in all the colours and tints of the rainbow, give to the structure the appearance of a gigantic pyramid of flowers. On both sides muster thousands of men, from the **costermonger** and the '**rough**,' who stopped up all night in order to rise early, and **contrived** to make of the supper of the preceding day the breakfast of the morning, to the fop who protects his silly face with a blue veil. *Apropos* of veils, it is a curious remark that, during these saturnalia, pretty ladies leave that genteel but ungenerous ornament to the uglier sex: *they* want to see and to be seen. In true English manner and style, everyone has taken care to procure refreshments; the coarse inhabitant of Eastern London is provided with large hunks of bread and cheese, red slices of beef, fried fish, strong ale and *Old Tom*; while the beaux and belles of the West End indulge in pies and champagne. It **needs** the pen of a Rabelais or a Le Sage to describe this Pantagruelic feast, this wedding of Gamache. In one corner, I behold a 'happy couple' who contrive to be solitary

'Midst the crowd, the hum, the shock of men,

the serious-looking bridegroom offering the sparkling beverage to his fair partner; in another, a wrinkled peeress trying to look indifferent, while the spectators admire the lively contrast between her pink parasol and her yellow face.

And then come all the characteristics of the scene—the

height, weight, and strength machines, the German bands playing awkward waltzes, which may be taken for polkas or galops, the Bohemian tambourine girls, the Scotch red-haired jigging beauties, the **glee**-maidens, mixed with acrobats and distortionists, the **gypsies of all work**, including **fortune-tellers** and pickpockets, the smart soldiers with red coats on their backs and slender sticks in their hands, and the ‘lions’ of the day, the thin jockeys clad in silk. It is a Babel of types of every class and every country, and the noise becomes literally deafening.

On a sudden, a bell sends forth its merry tones, and directly the empty bottles are thrown away ; the child which formed the apex of a human pyramid jumps from his high position ; the London-born ‘nigger’ interrupts the favourite ‘My Mary Ann’ in the middle of a stave ; the **turban-headed** girl ceases to grind her **street-organ** ; the turf is evacuated in a moment ; the occupiers of carriages stand on tiptoe, and pedestrians kick and push, in John Bull fashion, in order to get a better view. The race is at **hand**.

A second bell is heard. The horses are going to start—they start—they have started, and an indescribable cry of ‘**They’re off !**’ is sent forth by more than fifty thousand throats. A deep emotion takes hold of the spectators ; there is a heavy weight on every chest, and every heart beats quicker. If the destinies of mankind were at **stake**, the excitement could not be greater ; you see that you are in presence of a national feeling.

116. COUNTRY-HOUSE COQUETTE.

There was not a country-house in England that had so completely the air of habitual residence as Beaumanoir. It is a charming trait, and very rare. In many great mansions everything is as stiff, formal, and tedious, as if your host were a Spanish grandee in the days of the Inquisition. No ease, no resource ; the passing life seems a solemn spectacle in which you play a part. How delightful was the morning-room at Beaumanoir. **Such** a profusion of flowers ! Such a multitude of books ! Such a various prodigality of **writing materials** ! So many easy chairs too, of so many shapes ; each in itself a

comfortable **home** ; yet nothing crowded. Woman alone can organise a drawing-room ; man succeeds sometimes in a library. And the ladies' work ! How graceful they look bending over their embroidery-frames, consulting over the arrangement of a group, or the colour of a flower. The panniers and fanciful baskets, overflowing with variegated worsted, are gay and full of pleasure to the eye, and give an air of elegant business that is vivifying. Even the sight of employment interests.

Then the morning costume of English women is itself a beautiful work of art. At this period of the day they can find no rivals in other climes. The brilliant complexions of the daughters of the north dazzle in daylight ; the illuminated saloon levels all distinctions. One should see them in their well-fashioned muslin dresses. What matrons, and what maidens ! Full of graceful dignity, fresher than the morn ! And the married beauty in her little lace cap. Ah, she is a coquette ! A charming character at all times ; in a country-house an invaluable one.

A coquette is a being who wishes to please. Amiable being ! If you do not like her, you will have no difficulty in finding a female companion of a different mood. Alas ! coquettes are but too rare. 'Tis a career that requires great abilities, infinite pains, a gay and airy spirit. 'Tis the coquette that provides all amusement ; suggests the **riding-party**, plans the pic-nic, gives and guesses charades, **acts** them. She is the stirring element amid the heavy congeries of social atoms ; the soul of the house, the salt of the banquet. Let **any one** pass a very agreeable week, or it may be ten days, under any roof, and analyse the cause of his satisfaction, and one might safely make a gentle wager that his solution would present him with the frolic phantom of a coquette.—*Disraeli, 'Coningsby.'*

117. THE MONKEY.

Monkey, little **merry fellow**,
Thou art Nature's **Punchinello** ;
Full of fun as Puck could be—
Harlequin might learn of thee !

In the very ark, no doubt,
You went **frollicking about** ;

Never keeping in your mind
Drownèd monkeys left behind !

Have you no traditions—none
Of the court of Solomon ?
No memorial how ye went
With Prince Hiram's armament ?

Look not at him, slily **peep** ;
He pretends to be asleep ;
Fast asleep upon his bed,
With his arm beneath his head.

Now that posture is not right,
And he is not **settled** quite ;
There ! that's better than before,
And the knave pretends to snore.

Ha ! he is not half asleep ;
See, he slily takes a peep.
Monkey ! though your eyes were shut,
You could see this little nut.

You shall have it, pigmy brother !
What, **another** ! and another !
Nay your cheeks are like a sack—
Sit down and begin to crack.

There, the little ancient man
Cracks as fast as crack he can !
Now good-bye, you merry fellow,
Nature's **primest** Punchinello.—*Mary Howitt.*

118. THE SPHYNX.

And near the Pyramids, more wondrous and more awful than all else in the land of Egypt, **there** sits the lonely Sphynx. Comely the creature is, but the comeliness is not of this world ; the once worshipped beast is a deformity and a monster to this generation, and yet you can see that those lips, so thick and heavy, were fashioned according to some ancient mould of beauty—some mould of beauty now forgotten—forgotten be-

cause that Greece **drew forth** Cytherea from the flashing foam of the Ægean, and in her image created new forms of beauty, and made it a law among men that the short and proudly wreathed lip should **stand** for the sign and the **main** condition of loveliness through all generations to come. Yet still there lives **on** the race of those who were beautiful in the fashion of the elder world, and Christian girls of Coptic blood will look on you with the sad, serious gaze, and kiss your charitable hand with the big **pouting** lips of the very Sphynx.

Laugh and mock if you will at the worship of stone idols ; but **mark ye** this, ye breakers of images, that in one regard the stone idol bears awful semblance of Deity—unchangefulness in the midst of change—the same seeming will and intent, **for ever and ever** inexorable ! Upon ancient dynasties of Ethiopian and Egyptian kings—upon Greek and Roman, upon Arab and Ottoman conquerors—upon Napoleon dreaming of an Eastern empire—upon battle and pestilence—upon the ceaseless misery of the Egyptian race—upon **keen-eyed** travellers—Herodotus yesterday, and Warburton to-day—upon all and more this **unworldly** Sphynx has **watched**, and watched like a Providence with the same earnest eyes, and the same sad, tranquil mien. And we, we shall die, and Islam will wither away, and the Englishmen **straining far over** to hold his loved India, will plant a firm foot on the banks of the Nile, and sit in the seats of the Faithful, and still that sleepless rock will lie watching and watching the works of the new busy race, with those same sad, earnest eyes, and the same tranquil mien everlasting. You dare not mock at the Sphynx !—*A. W. Kinglake, 'Eothen.'*

119. GRANDILOQUENT WRITING.

Magnificent words, and the pomp and procession of stately sentences may accompany genius, but are not always nor frequently **called out** by it. The voice ought not to be perpetually, nor much, elevated in the ethic and didactic, nor to roll sonorously, as if it issued from a mask in the theatre. The horses in the plain under Troy are not always kicking and neighing ; **nor** is the dust always raised in whirlwinds on the banks of Simois and Scamander ; nor are the **rampires** always in a blaze. Hector has lowered his helmet **to** the infant of Andro-

mache, and Achilles to the embraces of Briseis. I do not blame the prose writer who opens his bosom occasionally to a breath of poetry ; **neither**, on the contrary, can I praise the gait of that pedestrian who lifts up his legs as high on a bare heath as in a cornfield.—*Walter Savage Landor.*

120. THE GLADIATOR.

I see before me the gladiator lie :
 He leans upon his hand ; his manly brow
 Consents to death, but conquers agony,
 And his drooped head **sinks** gradually **low** :
 And through his side the last drops, ebbing slow
 From the red gash, fall heavy, **one by one**,
 Like the first of a thunder-shower ; and now
 The arena swims around him ; he is gone,
 Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hailed the wretch who won.
 He heard it, but he **needed** not ; his eyes
 Were with his heart, and that was far away :
 He **recked** not of the life he lost, nor prize,
 But where his rude hut by the Danube lay ;
There were his young barbarians all at play,
There was their Dacian mother—he, their sire,
 Butchered to make a Roman holiday.
 All this rushed with his blood. Shall he expire,
 And unavenged ? Arise, ye Goths, and **glut** your ire !—*Byron.*

121. THE NIGHT NOISES OF 'SUBURBIA.'

The night passes calmly until the crescent moon, rising over the **housetops**, sheds its light on a scene of tranquillity tempered only with cats. Unfortunately, Suburbia being rather sentimental, the appearance of the silvery luminary generally causes a severe conflict between rival pianos, divided from each other only by a brick and a half, while multitudinous voices, not always melodious, pay their homage to chaste Diana in hymns culled from 'La Fille de Madame Angot.' The battle is fierce, but after an hour or two the last quaver **dies away**, and Suburbia **sinks** to rest, soothed by the sweet lullaby of **caterwauling**. Not for long. An hour after midnight gay

chanticleers, afflicted with chronic **hoarse throats**, and possessing indefinite notions about the dawn, begin to crow. Next, dogs of every degree, having slept through the first part of the night, **emerge** from small barrels in dark corners, to bay at the moon. Then **catdem**, outraged in its tenderest feelings, spits viciously from wall-tops ; then windows again open ; then infants, aroused by the noise, think it their duty to add their quota ; then sleepy policemen, possessed with indefinite notions of burglars, create general alarm by causing bright focuses of light to dance like **will-o'-the-wisps** about the back gardens ; and then the market gardeners' vans and milk carts begin to **rattle past**. After that sleep is but a fitful dream, which also may be said of life itself in the dreary country of Suburbia.—*Globe.*

122. NIAGARA IN WINTER.

As I **stood** gazing on the sun, and the rainbow, and the glittering spray, and the sparkling snow, and as the constant roar of the cataract had become to me, through its even monotony of sonorous continuity, quite soft and **subdued**, the very oddest, the very absurdest, the most incongruous thing it is possible to conceive, happened. I thought I had **worked** myself **up** to the proper state of rapture. The sun had worked marvels in me. I was absorbed. I was wonder-struck. I was delighted. Here was the grand sight—the Show of Shows—the spectacle that, from the most unimpressionable, extorts the exclamation of wonder. I was invoking Phœbus Apollo—I was crying '*Evoe!*' or, '*Mehercle!*'—when an abominably ludicrous thing happened.

It was in this **wise**. Mr. Sol Davis is a **thrifty** man, and **keeps live stock**. From the rear of his **premises** there came gravely and **consequently waddling** towards me, a certain domestic bird. This bird, it may be, flattered himself that his plumage was white ; but, contrasted with the virgin snow over which he sacrilegiously waddled, he had a dirty, tawny hue. And the varlet thought, no doubt, that he had red legs. Red ! These were like unto the worn-out jacket of an **untidy** militiaman. His bill was unbearable. He was the ugliest biped I ever **set eyes** upon : and yet I dare say Mr. Sol Davis thought him in the plumpest of condition, and intended to send him

presently into the States, **with** a view to the Christmas market. There, the truth must **out**. He was a Goose, and this beast of a bird waddled to the brink of Table Rock, and stood beside me, gazing out upon Niagara.

It would be a mean and paltry thing, I knew, for a strong man to **kick** a goose **over** a precipice. It would have been a cruel and dishonest thing to steal Mr. Sol Davis' property, or wring its neck. Yet something **must** be done, I felt. Why didn't he fly away? Why didn't he **waddle back**? No; there he remained, ruminating, and occasionally gobbling to himself. Perhaps he was indulging in aspirations that the sage and onion crop had **given out**, and that he would not be roasted yet. I told him savagely to get **out of that**. He turned his bill and his eye upwards to me, **stood on** one leg, and hissed slightly, as **though to** say, 'Have I not as much right here as you, brother? What do *you* think of the Falls? As for me, I am *blasé*. I am a Goose. Men may come and men may go, but I and the Falls **go on** for ever. More rain drops from the heavens, and gushes from this source, and feeds the lakes, and **flushes** the river, and rushes from Erie to Ontario, and tumbles over these rocks, and is **shattered into spray** and becomes vapour, and in time gathers again in clouds, and falls once more in rain. More goslings **chip** from the shell, more mother-geese drive off with strong wing and angry hiss the barn-door cat, more geese are baked and roasted, or are set before fires, or caged in coops and crammed that their livers may swell, and the fatty degeneration be made into pies. I am a Goose, and have gone on for thousands of years. And you, brother? I was in Noah's Ark. I saved the Roman Capitol. I once laid golden eggs. The **clodhopper** thought he had killed me, but here I am again. How old is the world, and for how many thousands of years has this cataract been roaring, and I or my brothers hissing or gobbling on the edge of the precipice?' I declined to answer the implied questions he propounded. I left the abominable brute; and for my part I don't see **anything** cruel in the process of preparing *pâtés de foie gras*, or plucking geese alive.

123. THE RED MAN AT THE NIAGARA FALLS.

Slowly and sadly I walked along the precipice road towards the Suspension Bridge, when I came on some one standing, as I had stood, on the verge of a scarp, and gazing on the Falls.

He had his dog with him—a patient little black fellow with ragged ears—a poverty-stricken mongrel cur. He looked as though he had been bred a turnspit, but, that branch of business declining through the introduction of **bottle-jacks**, had attempted the water-spaniel line of business. Poor little beast ! He shivered and looked lamentably **uncomfortable** in his sporting character, but was quite meek and resigned. His master was somewhat under the middle size, but was a brawny, **thickset** fellow. The facial angles of his countenance would not have been amiss on a medal representing one of the Twelve Cæsars, for his nose was purely aquiline, his cheekbones high, his lips firmly set, and his chin broad and massive ; but there his classicality stopped. His forehead was low ; his eye, though black and lustrous, small and sunken ; and his head, so far as I could discern for the fur cap he wore, thatched with long, coarse, matted black hair—raven black if you please, but the sable of a raven who has fed on **anything** but succulent garbage. He was very dirty, very ragged, and very greasy. Wrapped round him was a blanket coat, patched here and there with scraps of leather ; his loins were girt with a wampum belt, but the beads were broken and lustreless. There was some **shabby** embroidery, too, on the canvas pouch he carried at his side. His legs were swathed in bandages of coarse linen, with **criss-cross** ligaments, such as Italian brigands wear, and such as you may note in the statues of the Gauls of old. On his feet he wore moccasins, and these offered a curious contrast to the poverty of the rest of his attire, for they were of new black cloth, glowing with **party-coloured** *passemeunterie*, and, in their embroidery, quite a marvel of bead-work. On one arm rested a long **duck-gun** with bright barrel, and his **shot-belt** and powder-flask hung on his hip opposite the pouch. He had been out birding—seeking perchance the ptarmigan or the capercailzie, or more probably in quest of smaller and prettier quarries, such as that exquisite little blue

bird of Canada which forms a centre-piece to the feather fans made by his race.

There he stood, silent and motionless, contemplating the raging waters. He was plainly a poor devil, and the clothes he had on would not have fetched two dollars and a half. His gun was the most valuable part of his accoutrements, and the stock of that weapon even was worn and notched. He had been out probably for many weary hours, and would not gather more than fifty cents by his day's work. He was, in Yankee estimation, battered, unclean, and oleaginous. And even here, on British soil, he was looked upon as a kind of bore and encumbrance, not, it is true, to be absolutely maltreated or violently expelled, but so prevailed upon to 'move on,' and generally wiped out, as early as the **proprieties** of civilisation would permit of that process. This was clearly no place for him. White hunters could be found to catch the blue bird as well as he, and white women in crinoline could make the fans as deftly as the blanketed squaws of his feeble and scattered race. Niagara was wanted for tourists and excursionists, for hotel-keepers and guide-book sellers. He was an anomaly and an anachronism here. It was time for him to clear out.

Yes, this was a Red Man. He was the first North American Indian, in his own land, I had seen. I am not about to get up any spasmodic enthusiasm concerning the Noble Savage. He is, I am aware, at a painful discount just at present, and I confess that his nobility is, in the main, nonsense, and he himself a nuisance. I have seen a good deal of him in Canada, and I am bound to admit that—according to our ideas of civilisation—he is, at the best, but a poor creature. I have nothing favourable to say about the war-paint, or the war-path, or the war-dance. The calumet of peace has, I know, been smoked to the last ashes. I give up the Noble Savage morally. I confess him to be a shiftless and degraded vagrant, who does not wash himself—who is not at all scrupulous about taking things which do not belong to him—who will get blind or mad drunk on rum or whisky whenever he has a chance—who is not a much better shot than a white man, and who has only one special aptitude—that for playing at cards, at which he will cheat you. But, fallen and debased as he is, not much more picturesque than an English gipsy, and quite as dishonest,

nothing can rob him of a certain dignity of mien, a **composure of carriage**, and an imperturbability of **countenance**, which the descendant of a hundred European kings might envy. Nothing moves him, nothing excites his surprise, nothing excites him to merriment. A friend told me that, travelling once in Nova Scotia, he came on an Indian village, where a chief was being installed in **office**. He was invited to take part in the festivities, and was regaled at a grand banquet composed of one dish. What do you think it was? Conger eel, cut into pieces about four inches long, Indian corn, and molasses; yet the manner in which the chief **ladled out** this horrible **mess from a tin slop-pail** was, according to my friend, the most dignified and imposing performance he had ever witnessed since, in days **gone by**, he had seen a Royal personage presiding at a public dinner. On the other hand, when Lord Aylmer was Governor-General of Canada, he had occasion to receivea deputation of Indians from some remote part of the province. His lordship was a very merry nobleman, and something exceedingly ludicrous in the costume of one of the Sachems happening to strike him, he could not repress a smile. The deputation **took** no verbal **notice** of that which they doubtless held to be an insult, but immedately and silently withdrew; nor could they, by any offers of firearms, blankets, beads, or firewater, be induced to return.

And so this Red Man stood grave and immobile, surveying the Falls. His dress was a mean and bastard compromise between the past and the present; but in port and visage he was the same Indian who, with unquivering lip and unfaltering eye, looks upon the dying Wolfe in Benjamin West's picture. There he stood, statuesque and dumb, heeding me not, heeding nothing, seemingly, but his own thoughts. Of what may he have been thinking? Perhaps in this wise: 'All this was once mine. The river and the Falls, the bank and the brake, all belonged to the Red Man. In their bark canoes my fathers **shot** the rapids more skilfully than the helmsmen of that black boat which puffs smoke from a pipe on its deck, and makes a noise like the **whip-poor-will** in pain. All this belonged to me, and now I am a vagrant and an outcast, and the white man chaffers with me for the birds I have slain.' Poor **copper-hued** child of the wilderness! Perhaps he was listening for

the flutter of a wing, and keeping a sharp **look-out** for the blue bird of Canada. I went on my way, and saw him no more.

124. THE POOR RELATION.

There is a worse evil under the sun, and that is a **female** poor relation. You may do something with the other; you may **pass** him **off** tolerably well; but your indigent **she-relative** is hopeless. ‘He is an old humourist,’ you may say, ‘and affects to go **threadbare**. His **circumstances** are better than folks would take them to be. You are **fond** of having a character at your table, and truly he is one.’ But in the indications of female poverty there can be no disguise. No woman dresses **below** herself from caprice. The truth must **out** without shuffling. ‘She is plainly related to the L—s, or what does she at their house!’ she is, in all probability, your wife’s cousin. Nine times out of ten, at least, this is the case. Her garb is something between a **gentlewoman** and a beggar, yet the former evidently predominates. She is **most provokingly** humble, and ostentatiously **sensible** to her inferiority. He may require to be repressed sometimes—but there is **no** raising her. You send her soup at dinner, and she begs to be **helped** after the gentlemen. Mr. —— requests the honour of taking wine with her; she hesitates between port and madeira, and chooses the former because he does. She calls the servant **sir**, and insists on not **troubling** him to hold her plate. The housekeeper patronises her. The children’s governess takes upon her to correct her when she has mistaken the piano for a harpsichord.—*Charles Lamb.*

125. THE RICH RELATION.

What a dignity it gives an old lady, that balance **at** the banker’s! How tenderly we look at her faults, if she is a relative (and **may** every reader have a score of such); what a kind, **good-natured** old creature we find her! How the junior partner of Hobbs and Dobbs leads her, smiling, to the carriage with the lozenge upon it, and the fat, **wheezy** coachman! How, when she comes to **pay** us a visit, we generally find an opportunity to **let** our friends know her **station** in the world! we say (and with perfect truth) I wish I had Miss Mac Whirler’s

signature to a cheque for 5,000*l.* She wouldn't **miss** it, says your wife. She is my aunt, say you, in an easy, careless way, when your friend asks if Miss Mac Whirler is any relative. Your wife is perpetually sending her little testimonies of affection ; your little girls work endless worsted baskets, cushions, and footstools for her. What a good fire there is in her room when she comes to pay you a visit, although your wife laces her stays without **one** ! The house during her stay assumes a festive, neat, warm, jovial, **snug** appearance, not visible at other seasons. You yourself, dear sir, forget to **go to sleep** after dinner, and find yourself all of a sudden (though you invariably lose) very **fond** of a **rubber**. What good dinners you have—game every day, malmsey, madeira, and no end of fish from London ! Even the servants in the kitchen share in the general prosperity ; and **somewhat** during the stay of Miss Mac Whirler's fat coachman the beer is **grown** much stronger, and the consumption of tea and sugar in the nursery (where her maid takes her meals) is not regarded in the **least**. Is it so, or is it not so ? I appeal to the middle classes. Oh ! gracious powers ; I wish you would send me an old aunt—a **maiden** aunt—an aunt with a lozenge on her carriage, and a front of light, coffee-coloured hair ; how my children should work workbags for her, and my Julia and I would make her **comfortable** ! Sweet—sweet vision ! Foolish—foolish dream !—*Thackeray, 'Vanity Fair.'*

126. PERORATION TO SHERIDAN'S SPEECH IN THE CASE OF WARREN HASTINGS.

Justice, my lords, is not the ineffective bauble of an Indian pagod ; it is not the portentous phantom of despair ; it is not like any fabled monster, formed in the eclipse of reason, and found in some unhallowed grove of superstitious darkness and political dismay : no, my lords, in the happy reverse of all these. I turn from this disgusting caricature to the real image. Justice I have now before me, august and pure ; the abstract idea of all that would be perfect in the spirits and the aspirings of men—where the mind rises, where the heart expands—where the countenance is ever placid and benign—where her favourite attitude is to **stoop to** the unfortunate—to hear their cry, and to help them, to rescue and relieve, to succour and save ; majestic

from its mercy ; venerable for its utility ; uplifted without pride ; firm without obduracy ; beneficent in each preference ; lovely though in her frown !

On that justice I rely ; deliberate and sure, abstracted from all party purpose and political speculations—not in words, but on facts. You, my lords, who hear me, I conjure by those rights it is your best privilege to preserve ; by that fame it is your best pleasure to inherit ; by all those feelings which refer to the first term in the series of existence, the original compact of our nature—our controlling rank in the creation. This is the call on all to administer to truth and equity, as they would satisfy the laws and satisfy themselves with the most exalted bliss possible or conceivable for our nature—the self-approving consciousness of virtue, when the condemnation we look for will be one of the most ample mercies accomplished for mankind since the creation of the world. My lords, I have **done**.

127. THE ANT.

When an ant discovers a store of food, it at once **sets about** spreading the good news among its tribe. But how? That it can communicate ideas by means of its antennæ, mysteriously rubbed against those of its companions, everyone knows ; but ‘rubbing noses’ is, after all, a limited form of utterance, and cannot easily **convey** many details. How, then, is the insect Columbus to inform his friends of the geographical position of his America? He knows the route himself, and he can carry another ant to the spot. The two then return, and carry two more. The four return, and carry four. And thus in the most regular manner the emigration swells, till, at the end of the twentieth journey, a million of ants will be ready to devour the food. It is noticeable that they always employ this method of transport when they have to **do** each other a service. Thus Huber, one winter, being desirous of watching their habits, **be-thought** him of attracting them to a particular part of the frame in which he kept them, which was made of glass. For this purpose he warmed that part with a candle-flame, knowing how fond they were of warmth. A few ants were on the spot at the time, and no sooner did they feel the pleasant warmth than they became very animated, brushing their heads and their antennæ

with their fore-feet, and rapidly running about the warm spot. Whenever they approached other ants they 'rubbed noses' with the greatest eagerness, and immediately separated. They seemed desirous of mounting to the second storey, but no sooner did they get beyond the region of warmth than they returned again. At last they seemed to have **made up** their **minds**. Away they started for the second storey. Huber guessed that they had departed with the intention of communicating to their companions above the pleasant news that warmth was to be had cheap below. In a few minutes his guess was verified. Two descended carrying two others. These were deposited on the warm spot, and the carriers again ascended to **bring down** others. The new comers, having warmed themselves, also ascended, and brought down others. This excitement continued, till at last the whole hive had collected in this place. After the spot had become cool, the ants remounted to the second storey ; but **at any time** Huber was able to repeat this interesting experiment, and always with similar success.

In the construction of their galleries, wonderful as that is, most persons see nothing but instinct. Huber observed, however, that if ever a serious mistake was made—when one wall was raised higher than another, for example—one of the ants **would** destroy the whole, and rebuild it again correctly. It is their conduct towards the bee tribe, however, that **most amusingly** illustrates their intelligence. The little green insects, mostly wingless, found on the leaves and in the calyx of the rose in great numbers throughout the summer, secrete on the surface of their bodies a sugary fluid, of which the ants are as fond as dainty people are of turtle. The ants find out where the bees '**most** do congregate,' and they cunningly **wheedle** them out of their sugar by the most flattering attentions. A stupid animal would kill such a food-bearing stranger, and kill the goose that laid the golden eggs ; but, although their attentions are successful, the ants, thoughtful creatures ! do not trust alone to the chance of finding bees : they rear them, as a slave-holder rears niggers ! The ants take their eggs into their own nests, rear them with motherly care, and carry them with them in all their migrations. Not only do they rear them, but they have frequent battles with rival tribes on their account ; the possession of these eggs is the trophy of conquest.—*Darwin*.

128. THE ANTIQUITY OF THE GLOBE.

I found that the caves hollowed by the surf, when the sea had **stood** from fifteen to five-and-twenty feet above its present level, or, as I should perhaps say, when the land had stood **that much** lower, were deeper, on the average, **by** about one-third, than those caves of the present coast-line that are still in the course of being hollowed by the waves. And yet the waves have been breaking against the present **coast-line** during the whole of the historic period. The ancient wall of Antoninus, which stretched between the Firths of Forth and Clyde, was built at its terminations with reference to the existing levels; and ere Cæsar landed in Britain, St. Michael's Mount was connected with the mainland as now, by a narrow neck of beach, **laid bare** by the ebb, across which, according to Diodorus Siculus, the Cornish miners used to **drive** at low water their carts laden with tin. If the sea has stood for two thousand six hundred years against the present coast-line—and no geologist would fix his estimate of the term lower—then must it have stood against the old line, ere it could have excavated caves one-third deeper than the modern ones, three thousand nine hundred years; and both sums united more than exhaust the Hebrew chronology. Yet what a mere beginning of geologic history does not the epoch of the old coast-line form! It is but a starting-point from the recent period. Not a single shell seems to have become extinct during the last six thousand years.—*Hugh Miller.*

129. WINTER IN LONDON.

The streets were empty. Pitiless cold had driven all who had the shelter of a roof to their **homes**, and the north-east blast seemed to howl in triumph above the **untrodden** snow. Winter was at the heart of all things. The wretched, dumb with excessive misery, suffered, in stupid resignation, the tyranny of the season. Human blood stagnated in the breast of want, and death in that despairing hour, losing its terrors, **looked**, in the eyes of many a wretch, a sweet deliverer. It was a time when the very poor, barred from the commonest things of earth, take strange counsel with themselves, and, in the deep humility

of destitution, believe they are the burden and the offal of the world.

It was a time when the easy, **comfortable** man, touched with finest sense of human suffering, gives from his abundance, and, whilst bestowing, feels almost ashamed that, with such **wide-spread** misery circled round him, he has all things fitting—all things grateful. The smitten spirit asks wherefore he is not of the multitude of wretchedness; demands to know for what especial excellence he is promoted above the thousand, thousand **starving** creatures; in his very tenderness for misery tests his privilege of exemption from a woe that withers manhood in man, bowing him downward to the brute. And so questioned, this man gives in modesty of spirit—in very thankfulness of soul. His alms are not cold, formal charities, but reverent sacrifices to his suffering brother.

It was a time when selfishness hugs itself in its own warmth, with no other thoughts than of its pleasanter possessions—all made pleasanter, sweeter, by the desolation around. When the mere **worldling** rejoices **the more** in his warm chamber, **because** it is so **bitter** cold without; when he eats and drinks with whetted appetite, because he hears of destitution, prowling like a wolf around his well-barred house; when, in fine, he bears his every comfort about him with the pride of a conqueror. A time when such a man sees in the misery of his **fellow-beings** nothing save his own victory of fortune—his own successes in a suffering world. To such a man the poor are but the tattered slaves that grace his triumph.

It was a time, too, when human nature often shows its true divinity, and, with misery like a garment clinging to it, forgets its wretchedness in sympathy with suffering. A time when, in the cellars and garrets of the poor, are acted scenes which make the noblest heroism of life—which prove the immortal texture of the human heart not wholly seared by the **branding-iron** of the torturing hours. A time when in want, in anguish, in throes of mortal agony, some seed is sown that bears a flower in heaven.—*Douglas Ferrold.*

130. MOLLY THE TRAMP'S CRIME.

Very **late** on a dark wet night in June, two persons entered together a pawnbroker's shop in Dublin. One was a **low-sized**

countryman, with a **fox-like** face, quick eyes, hanging brows, an unscrupulous mouth, a narrow forehead, and a large ear. He was clad **in** two huge coats of grey frieze, and wore a consciousness of responsibility. He looked hard at the other customer entering with him, who **shrank away** and **cowered** into a corner by the counter. The pawnbroker, coming from a little room behind the shop, directed his attention to the countryman at once, with only a glance at the timid figure in the **background**.

The man in frieze was a **west-country drover**, who had arrived from the mountains only a few hours before with a drove of sheep for market. He found himself unexpectedly in need of money until next day, when his **stock** would be sold. He **pulled off** the outer of his two coats, and flung it on the counter.

The pawnbroker examined the coat, and a discussion arose as to the amount of money to be advanced **upon it**. It was thrown from one to the other, shaken out, folded up, and finally tossed down on the counter, while the pawnbroker, himself in a passion, almost dragged his **bullying** customer into his little room behind, for the purpose of showing him articles of equal value for which he had advanced smaller sums than that which he now offered on the coat. The other customer, a woman, was left standing in the shop alone.

She was a woful specimen of womanhood : a figure whose outlines were lost in miserable wrappings of rags, a dirty trailing gown, and a tattered shawl. Her bonnet, **at for** a gutter, had two or three grimy red roses flaunting dismally under the brim. Her skin was dark, either by nature or from want of care and cleanliness. She was quite young, though one could hardly know it, looking on her thin sallow face, **deadened** eyes, and colourless lips.

She had in her hand what can only be described as a rag. A **woebegone** look had fallen over her face when the two men left her unnoticed, a look which was crossed **now and then** by **one** of impatience, which **burned up** and **went out** of her sallow face again, leaving the stolid weariness to come back. Of what use was it for her to be angry who only existed in the world upon **sufferance** ?

Presently the pawnbroker comes bustling back to the shop

to fetch something, **takes in** her wretchedness with a keen eye, and roughly asks her business. She offers him her rag, calling it a mantle. It is perfectly worthless, and he is **out of** temper. He flings it back to her with an oath, and returns to his more important customer.

The tall figure shakes as if blows had come down upon it, the light of eagerness **fades out** of the eyes, the hands mechanically fold up the rejected garment. This is no new scene that she is passing through, no unexpected trial that has come upon her ; it is part of the daily routine of her life. Harsh words, repulsion, are as familiar to her as the taste of bread and milk to a child who has never suffered hunger. She accepts the award of her patience with the meekness of habitual dejection, but behind it there is something stirring which is not habitual ; something which makes the cowed spirit rise up again, which awakens persistence out of the passiveness of despair. She **turns** again **from** the shop door, towards which she had **set** her face, and takes her stand by the counter once more. She will wait to have **another** word with the pawnbroker.

Now, the root of this girl's purpose was holy, and yet her next act was the drop of evil that **overflowed** the cup of her misery, and turned trouble into **sin**.

She was so weary, that the earth seemed to drag her failing limbs towards it. Her eyes were fixed on the opposite wall looking at a filmy picture present to them—a dying man, struggling with his death, alone in darkness. She heard not the shouts and curses in the street outside, nor the bargaining of the two men in the inner room, but a voice calling ‘Drink ! drink !’ She heard the horrible, greedy cry, ‘Whisky !’ gurgling in a dying throat. Her sunken eyes started forward, her hands **wrought** with one another. She gazed all round the shop. No one near her, no one **minding** her ; and the coat still lying on the counter.

For one moment she was raised to the dignity of resisting temptation. Only one moment ; need was too great, habit too strong, misery too deep. The coat was snatched, and the girl vanished.

The two men returned only about a minute too late, and rushed into the street crying ‘**Stop thief !**’ The cry was echoed and tossed from lip to lip in the dirty lanes and alleys.

Drunken men **reeled** out of taverns and caught it, wretched children yelled it along the gutter. It clamoured in the hunted creature's ears as she **strained** her weak limbs along the pavement, or huddled herself into some corner to let the pursuers **go by**. 'It is the last time, the last time!' she muttered. So it was, the last sin of many; but not to **go** unpunished.

The cry had long ceased, and the chase had been abandoned, when the dark figure crept in at a miserable doorway, and up a dirty, crazy flight of stairs. She had no coat in her hands now, but some money, and a small bottle. She looked from right to left with scared eyes, and then entered a squalid room where the dawn was **stealing** wanly through a broken skylight in the roof. The walls were perfectly bare; there was no sign of food, furniture, nor clothing. The girl looked eagerly towards a corner where the figure of a man lay stretched upon straw. She went forward, listening and gazing intently, and dropped on her knees beside the figure.

'Here it is,' she said, in a voice of fright that **matched** her face; 'here is the whisky. I could not get it **any** sooner.'

There was no answer by sound or movement.

'Father!' she shrieked, with a wild sob. She lifted an **awful-looking** hand from the straw, and dropped it again. The figure on the pallet was a corpse. The cries that had **rung** through the room when she left it were still for ever.

She drew a covering over the body, looked round the bare walls of the den, and sat down on the floor with a passive despair in her white face. Her foot touched the bottle of spirits. She **snatched** it up and half emptied it at a **, stretched herself on the straw at the feet of the corpse, and soon fell into a state of unconsciousness that answered with her for peace.**

This is the history of Molly's crime. It is quite useless to go back **any further** into her past. It is not easy to **get at** the true antecedents of such creatures. One would have told you that Molly Cashel was a charwoman; another, that she was a ballad-singer; another, that she was a street-vagrant; another, that she was a thief. Each account would have been true, for she had been all of these things in **turns**. She had been dragged through every kind of misery from her wretched motherless childhood until now, her nineteenth year. She had

been ill-treated and made a slave of by a brutal step-father—the man whose last desire she had sinned to strive to satisfy. A worn-out, battered creature, who had never had any youth, who had never been taught, who had been driven on all her life by the instincts and necessities of the present moment.—*Charles Dickens, 'All the Year Round.'*

131. PUBLIC DINNERS.

The pious gatherings of Exeter Hall and St. James's Hall are not the worst of the exercises prescribed for the **public-spirited** citizen during the months of May and June. There are other and severer assemblies where, under the pretence of **advancing** a cause, propagating a principle, founding or furthering an association, men endure **boredom** of the most grievous and desperate kind. In the order of public dinners the antecedent conditions are pretty nearly uniform, and they are all devised in such a way as absolutely to preclude comfort. Their great characteristic is a monstrous excess. There are far too many people, the proceedings are far too long, the speeches, above all, are collectively too many and individually too **never-ending**. Is it possible that, without the operation of a **downright** miracle and a breach of all the laws of things, there could be **anything** but infinite weariness from such a collection of conditions as this?

Yet for a tranquil observer, curious about the ways of his kind, even these flashy mimicries of social pleasure **may** not be wholly without interest or instruction. The reflections which **may** arise **as** he surveys the varied expressions of face, or still more significantly **as** he listens to the various effusions of oratory, would pain a philanthropist and delight a cynic, but they only amuse a plain and rational man. The most striking impression that one carries away is that public dinners must exist in order that the most prominent persons present may receive before all men an amount of gross flattery which they would be ashamed to tolerate before one or two private friends. An attentive listener to the after-dinner speeches on these occasions would have made himself a master of the whole art of flattery. Everybody who proposed a toast, and nearly everybody who **returned** thanks, would furnish him with a

distinct example and variety of this eminently useful, if not eminently elevated, kind of activity. No limits are imposed by those motives of self-respect and reserve which in private life are so strong. A man who in private is reserved in his praises almost to stiffness and moroseness no sooner finds himself **set down** as the proposer of a toast than he straight-way forgets what manner of man he was, and plunges into a profuseness of adulation for which it is hard to find an admissible name. It is usually the man who is most stiff habitually who, when he does loosen the bonds, perpetrates the wildest panegyrics, and offends **most unblushingly against** the laws of decent taste. This is the kind of person who without stint or thought literally **ladies out** masses of hot, greasy, steaming adulation, with which he anoints his smirking victim. Greasy adulation is perhaps the most offensive of all to the impartial bystander, yet it is very popular with people who are fond of being praised to their faces. It has the advantage of being **unmistakable**. If a man is praised **up hill and down dale**, first for one virtue and then for another, for victories over all competitors and all weaknesses, for being entirely faultless in genius and character and **actual** achievement, why he cannot have any doubt that the orator really means to speak well of him. Praise undeserved, it is true, is censure in disguise ; but, as a rule, with at least ninety-nine men out of a hundred, their natural **self-love** will deter them from making too many attempts to penetrate the disguise. The majority of us are perfectly willing to consider any praise which we may be lucky enough to get as very far from undeserved. **Now and then** one may see at a public dinner that the object of a **thoroughgoing** piece of flattery is not smirking, but is really annoyed at the folly and impudence of his eulogist. **The more** a man appreciates his own services to science, or adventure, or letters, or **anything else, the less** likely he is to endure with patience the clumsy and misplaced praises of the man who knows nothing of the subject except what he has learnt by hastily looking out his victim's name in 'Men of the Time.'

Nothing, however, can be had in this world without being paid for, and profuse flattery is no exception to the rule. The hero of the public dinner is **bepraised** on the tacit understanding that he in turn shall bapraise his next-door neighbour, and so

the greasy torch is handed on from one to the other, ever burning, until the toast-list and the endurance of the company have been thoroughly exhausted. The eminent historian vows that he thinks fiction the noblest of all the branches of literature, and that the writer whose name it is his privilege to connect with the toast is the greatest of all novelists that are, that have been, that ever will or can be. The novelist, in returning thanks, cursorily remarks that the historian is greater than the writer of fiction, and that the historian present is the most magnificent historian that the human mind can well conceive ; and then he goes on to pour out the regulation dose of unqualified panegyric upon the divine or the philosopher, to whose writings he professes himself indebted for some of the happiest hours and most improving thoughts that he can recall. This sort of thing goes on **for hours**—never less than three, and sometimes four. There is no cessation, and no variety. Just, however, as it is unreasonable to blame the curate for preaching although he has nothing to say, so it is unreasonable to be too angry with the man who makes a speech at a public dinner about somebody or some subject that is out of his own proper **beat**, and who therefore talks nonsense. To use an unfortunately familiar phrase, it is not the man, but the system, that is in fault. Still, farcical as the system is, it involves no absolute necessity that every speech should be a long speech and an elaborate speech. When everybody in the room would be sincerely grateful to him for half-a-dozen neat and simple sentences, why should the orator think it incumbent upon him to deliver himself of a lengthy and ambitious composition which would be perfectly appropriate, both in form and matter, at a distribution of school prizes or at an essay club, but which under the given circumstances is an absurdity and a nuisance ? This is a sheer piece of individual perversity, and it would not go unpunished but for the existence of a similar perversity in most of the people present. Each man endures the **longwinded** inflictions of all the rest because he hopes that one day his own turn will come. This only makes the insincerity of the whole proceedings more dire and naked. I endure a wearisome and ill-spoken essay on Science or Art or Literature or the Church, because I hope that later on in the evening I may have silence craved in a voice of thunder by the **toastmaster** for me too,

and may in my turn deliver a similar sort of essay upon National Education, or our Parliamentary Institutions, or the Lord Mayor. What form of vanity can be more deplorable or more thoroughly unsocial?

There is a last device which is incredibly successful as an attempt to heighten the purgatorial character of the proceedings. A long and minute list of the subscriptions is read out item by item, until at last one's head grows dizzy with the repetition of 'guineas.' This, again, like the making of speeches, springs from a conviction of the general vanity of mankind. A man who would scorn to give his five guineas quietly and anonymously will subscribe them instantly rather than that men around him should notice the absence of his name from the list when it is read aloud in a garish manner before a crowded room. An acute and experienced secretary would tell you that a departure from the custom of reading out a detailed list of subscriptions would reduce the total **most** fatally. This is a cheerful and elevating reflection upon the character of the people around one—perhaps upon one's own character too, for that matter. The general result is to send one home with an arrested digestion, a lowered moral sense, and a conviction that, of all the crimes perpetrated in the name of charity or of **good-fellowship**, big dinners with big speeches are the most extraordinary and the most unforgivable.—*Saturday Review.*

PART III.

132. THE MAID OF ORLEANS.

Joan of Arc, surnamed the 'Maid of Orleans,' from her heroic defence of that city, was born about the year 1410 or 1411, in the little hamlet of Domremy, near the Meuse, and about three leagues south of Vaucouleurs, on the borders of Champagne. Her parents were humble and honest peasants. The district was remarkable for the devout simplicity of its inhabitants, as well as for those romantic superstitions which in a rude age are so often allied with religion. It appears from the copious depositions of witnesses from the neighbourhood of Domremy, examined at Joan's trial, that she was unremitting in her prayers, and other religious exercises, and was strongly imbued, at a very early age, with the prevailing superstitions of her native place.

During that period of anarchy in France, when the supreme power which had fallen from the hands of a monarch deprived of his reason was disputed for by the rival houses of Orleans and Burgundy, the contending parties carried on war more by murder and massacre than by regular battles. When an army was wanted, both had recourse to the English, and these conquering strangers made the unfortunate French feel still deeper the horrors and ravages of war. At first, the popular feeling was undecided; but when, on the death of Charles VI., the crown fell to a young prince who adopted the Armagnac side whilst the house of Burgundy had sworn allegiance to a foreigner (Henry V.) as king of France, then, indeed, the wishes and interests of all the French were in favour of the Armagnacs, or the truly patriotic party. Remote as was the village of Domremy, it was still interested in the issue of the struggle. It

was decidedly Armagnac, and was strengthened in this sentiment by the rivalry of a neighbouring village which adopted Burgundian colours.

Political and party interests were thus forced upon the enthusiastic mind of Joan, and mingled with the pious legends which she had caught from the traditions of the Virgin. A prophecy was current, that a virgin should rid France of its enemies ; and this prophecy seems to have been realised by its effect upon the mind of Joan. The girl, by her own account, was about thirteen when a supernatural vision first appeared to her. She describes it as a great light, accompanied by a voice telling her to be devout and good, and promising her the protection of heaven. Joan responded by a vow of eternal chastity. In this there appears nothing beyond the effect of imagination. From that time the voice or voices continued to haunt Joan, and to echo the enthusiastic and restless wishes of her own heart. We shall not lay much stress on her declarations made before those who were appointed by the king to inquire into the credibility of her mission. Her own simple and *early* account was, that 'voices' were her visitors and advisers ; and that they prompted her to quit her native place, take up arms, drive the foe before her, and procure for the young king his coronation at Rheims. These voices, however, had not influence enough to induce her to set out upon the hazardous mission, until a band of Burgundians, traversing and plundering the country, had compelled Joan, together with her parents, to take refuge in a neighbouring town : when they returned to their village, after the departure of the marauders, they found the church of Domremy in ashes. Such incidents were well calculated to arouse the indignation and excite the enthusiasm of Joan. Her voices returned, and incessantly directed her to set out for France ; but to commence by making application to De Baudricourt, commander at Vaucouleurs. Her parents, who were acquainted with Joan's martial propensities, attempted to force her into a marriage ; but she contrived to avoid this by paying a visit to an uncle, in whose company she made her appearance before the governor of Vaucouleurs, in May 1428. De Baudricourt at first refused to see her, and, upon granting an interview, treated her pretensions with contempt. She then ~~returned~~ to her uncle's abode, where she continued to announce

her project, and to insist that the prophecy, that ‘France, lost by a woman (Isabel of Bavaria), should be saved by a virgin from the frontiers of Lorraine,’ alluded to her. She it was, she asserted, who could save France, and not ‘either kings, or dukes, nor yet the king of Scotland’s daughter’—an expression which proves how well informed she was as to the political events and rumours of the day.

The fortunes of the dauphin Charles at this time had sunk to the lowest ebb ; Orleans, almost his last bulwark, was besieged and closely pressed, and the loss of the ‘battle of Herrings’ seemed to take away all hope of saving the city from the English. In this crisis, when all human support seemed unavailing, Baudricourt no longer despised the supernatural aid promised by the damsel of Domremy, and gave permission to John of Metz and Bertram of Poulengy, two gentlemen who had become converts to the truth of her divine mission, to conduct Joan Darc to the dauphin. They purchased a horse for her, and at her own desire furnished her with male habits, and other necessary equipments. Thus provided, and accompanied by a respectable escort, Joan set out from Vaucouleurs on February 13, 1429. Her progress, through regions attached to the Burgundian interest, was perilous, but she safely arrived at Fierbois, a place within five or six leagues of Chinon, where the dauphin then held his court. At Fierbois was a celebrated church dedicated to St. Catherine, and here she spent her time in devotion, whilst a messenger was despatched to the dauphin to announce her approach. She was commanded to proceed, and reached Chinon on the eleventh day after her departure from Vaucouleurs.

Charles, though he desired, still feared to accept the proffered aid, because he knew that the instant cry of his enemies would be that he had put his faith in sorcery, and had leagued himself with the infernal powers. In consequence of this, Joan encountered every species of distrust. She was not even admitted to the dauphin’s presence without difficulty, and was required to recognise Charles amidst all his court ; this Joan happily was able to do, as well as to gain the good opinion of the young monarch by the simplicity of her demeanour. Nevertheless, the prince proceeded to take every precaution before he openly trusted her. He first handed her over to a

commission of ecclesiastics, to be examined ; then sent her for the same purpose to Poitiers, a great law-school, that the doctors of both faculties might solemnly decide whether Joan's mission was from heaven or from the devil : for none believed it to be merely human. The greatest guarantee against sorcery was considered to be the chastity of the young girl, it being an axiom that the devil would not or could not take part with a virgin ; and no pains were spared to ascertain her true character in this respect. In short, the utmost incredulity could not have laboured harder to find out imposture, than did the credulity of that day to establish its grounds of belief. Joan was frequently asked to do miracles, but her only reply was, ' Bring me to Orleans, and you shall see. The siege shall be raised, and the dauphin crowned king at Rheims.'

They at length granted her request, and she received the rank of a military commander. A suit of armour was made for her, and she sent to Fierbois for a sword, which she said would be found buried in a certain spot within the church. It was found there, and conveyed to her. The circumstance became afterwards one of the alleged proofs of her sorcery or imposture. Her having passed some time at Fierbois amongst the ecclesiastics of the place must have led, in some way or other, to her knowledge of the deposit. Strong in the conviction of her mission, it was Joan's desire to enter Orleans from the north, and through all the fortifications of the English. Dunois, however, and the other leaders, at length overruled her, and induced her to abandon the little company of pious companions which she had raised, and to enter the beleaguered city by water, as the least perilous path. She succeeded in carrying with her a convoy of provisions to the besieged. The entry of Joan into Orleans, at the end of April, was itself a triumph. The hearts of the besieged were raised from despair to a fanatical confidence of success ; and the English, who in every encounter had defeated the French, felt their courage paralysed by the coming of this simple girl. Joan announced her arrival to the foe by a herald, bearing a summons to the English generals to be gone from the land, or she, the Pucelle, would slay them. The indignation of the English was increased by their terror ; they detained the herald, and threatened to burn as a specimen of the treatment which they reserved for his

mistress. But in the meantime the English, either from being under the influence of terror, or through some unaccountable want of precaution, allowed the armed force raised and left behind by Joan, to reach Orleans unmolested, traversing their entrenchments. Such being the state of feeling on both sides, Joan's ardour impelled her to take advantage of it. Under her banner, and cheered by her presence, the besieged marched to the attack of the English forts one after another. The first carried was that of St. Loup, to the east of Orleans. It was valiantly defended by the English, who, when attacked, fought desperately ; but the soldiers of the Pucelle were invincible. On the following day, May 6, Joan, after another summons to the English, signed 'Jhesus Maria and Jehanne La Pucelle,' renewed the attack upon the other forts. The French being compelled to make a momentary retreat, the English took courage, and pursued their enemies : whereupon Joan, throwing herself into a boat, crossed the river, and her appearance was sufficient to frighten the English from the open field. Behind their ramparts they were still, however, formidable ; and the attack led by Joan against the works to the south of the city is the most memorable achievement of the siege. After cheering on her people for some time, she had seized a scaling-ladder, when an English arrow struck her between the breast and shoulder, and threw her into the fosse. When her followers took her aside, she showed at first some feminine weakness, and wept ; but seeing that her standard was in danger, she forgot her wound, and ran back to seize it. The French at the same time pressed hard upon the enemy, whose stronghold was carried by assault. The English commander, Gladesdall, or Glacidas, as Joan called him, perished with his bravest soldiers in the Loire. The English now determined to raise the siege, and Sunday being the day of their departure, Joan forbade her soldiers to molest their retreat. Thus in one week from her arrival at Orleans was the beleaguered city relieved of its dreaded foe, and the Pucelle, henceforth called the Maid of Orleans, had redeemed the most incredible and important of her promises.

No sooner was Orleans freed from the enemy, than Joan returned to the court, to entreat Charles to place forces at her disposal, that she might reduce the towns between the Loire and

Rheims, where she proposed to have him speedily crowned. Her projects were opposed by the minister and warriors of the court, who considered it more politic to drive the English from Normandy than to harass the Burgundians, or make sacrifices for the idle ceremony of a coronation ; but her earnest solicitations prevailed, and early in June she attacked the English at Jargeau. They made a desperate resistance, and drove the French before them till the appearance of Joan chilled the stout hearts of the English soldiers. One of the Poles was killed, and another, with Suffolk the commander of the town, was taken prisoner. This success was followed by a victory at Patay, in which the English were beaten by a charge of Joan, and the gallant Talbot himself taken prisoner. No force seemed able to withstand the Maid of Orleans. The strong town of Troyes, which might have repulsed the weak and starving army of the French, was terrified into surrender by the sight of her banner ; and Rheims itself followed the example. In the middle of July, only three months after Joan had come to the relief of the sinking party of Charles, this prince was crowned in the cathedral consecrated to this ceremony, in the midst of the dominions of his enemies. Well might an age even more advanced than the fifteenth century believe that super-human interference manifested itself in the deeds of Joan.

Some historians relate that, immediately after the coronation, the Maid of Orleans expressed to the king her wish to retire to her family at Domremy ; but there is little proof of such a resolution on her part. In September of the same year, we find her holding a command in the royal army, which had taken possession of St. Denis, where she hung up her arms in the cathedral. Soon after, the French generals compelled her to join in an attack upon Paris, in which they were repulsed with great loss, and Joan herself was pierced through the thigh with an arrow. It was the first time that a force in which she served had suffered defeat. Charles immediately retired once more to the Loire, and there are few records of Joan's exploits during the winter. About this time a royal edict was issued, ennobling her family, and the district of Domremy was declared free from all tax or tribute. In the ensuing spring, the English and Burgundians formed the siege of Compiègne ; and Joan threw herself into the town to preserve it, as she had before saved Orleans,

from their assaults. She had not been many hours in it when she headed a sally against the Burgundian quarters, in which she was taken by some officers, who gave her up to the Burgundian commander, John of Luxemburg. Her capture appears, from the records of the Parisian parliament, to have taken place on May 23, 1430.—*Penny Cyclopaedia*.

133. THE WAR IN LA VENDÉE.

The last great battle was fought near Chollet, where the insurgents, after a furious and sanguinary resistance, were at last borne down by the multitude of their opponents, and driven down into the low country on the banks of the Loire. M. de Bonchamp, who had always held out the policy of crossing this river, and the advantages to be derived from uniting themselves to the royalists of Brittany, was mortally wounded in this battle ; but his counsels still influenced their proceedings in this emergency ; and not only the whole débris and wreck of the army, but a great proportion of the men and women and children of the country, flying in consternation from the burnings and butchery of the government forces, flocked down in agony and despair to the banks of this great river. On gaining the heights of St. Florent, one of the most mournful, and at the same time most magnificent, spectacles, burst upon the eye. Those heights form a vast semicircle ; at the bottom of which a broad bare plain extends to the edge of the water. Near a hundred thousand unhappy souls now blackened over that dreary expanse,—old men, infants, and women, mingled with the half-armed soldiery, caravans, crowded baggage-waggons, and teams of oxen, all full of despair, impatience, anxiety, and terror. Behind were the smoke of their burning villages, and the thunder of the hostile artillery ;—before, the broad stream of the Loire, divided by a long low island, also covered by the fugitives—twenty frail barks plying in the stream—and, on the far banks, the disorderly movements of those who had effected the passage, and were waiting there to be rejoined by their companions. Such, Madame de Lescure assures us, was the tumult and terror of the scene, and so awful the recollections it inspired, that it can never be effaced from the memory of any of those who beheld it, and that many of its awe-struck spectators have

concurred in stating that it brought forcibly to their imaginations the unspeakable terrors of the great Day of Judgment ! Through this dismayed and bewildered multitude, the disconsolate family of their gallant general made their way silently to the shore ;—M. de L. stretched, almost insensible, on a wretched litter,—his wife, walking by his side—and, behind her, her faithful nurse, with her helpless and astonished infant in her arms. When they arrived on the beach, they with difficulty got a crazy boat to carry them to the island ; but the aged monk who steered it would not venture to cross the larger branch of the stream—and the poor wounded man was obliged to submit to the agony of another removal.

M. de Bonchamp died as they were taking him out of the boat ; and it became necessary to elect another commander. M. de L. roused himself to recommend Henri de Larochejaquelein ; and he was immediately appointed. When the election was announced to him, M. de L. desired to see and congratulate his valiant cousin. He was already weeping over him in a dark corner of the room, and now came to express his hopes that he should soon be superseded by his recovery. ‘No,’ said M. de L., ‘that, I believe, is out of the question : but, even if I were to recover, I should never take the place you have now obtained, and should be proud to serve as your aide-de-camp.’ The day after they advanced towards Rennes. M. de L. could find no other conveyance than a baggage-waggon ; at every jolt of which he suffered such anguish as to draw forth the most piercing shrieks, even from his manly bosom. After some time an old chaise was discovered : a piece of artillery was thrown away to supply it with horses, and the wounded general was laid in it—his head being supported in the lap of Agatha, his mother’s faithful waiting-woman, and now the only attendant of his wife and infant. In three painful days they reached Laval—Madame de L. frequently suffering from absolute want, and sometimes getting nothing to eat the whole day but one or two sour apples. M. de L. was nearly insensible during the whole journey. He was roused but once, when there was a report that a party of the enemy were in sight. He then called for his musket, and attempted to get out of the carriage, addressed exhortations and reproaches to the troops that were flying around him, and would not rest till an

officer in whom he had confidence came up and restored some order to the detachment. The alarm turned out to be a false one.

At Laval they halted for several days ; and he was so much recruited by the repose, that he was able to get for half an hour on horseback, and seemed to be fairly in the way of recovery, when his excessive zeal, and anxiety for the good behaviour of the troops, tempted him to premature exertions, from the consequences of which he never afterwards recovered. The troops being all collected and refreshed at Laval, it was resolved to turn upon their pursuers, and give battle to the advancing army of the republic. The conflict was sanguinary, but ended most decidedly in favour of the Vendean. The first encounter was in the night, and was characterised with more than the usual confusion of night attack. The two armies crossed each other in so extraordinary a manner that the artillery of each was supplied, for a part of the battle, from the *caissons* of the enemy ; and one of the Vendean leaders, after exposing himself to great hazard in helping a brother officer, as he took him to be, out of a ditch, discovered, by the next flash of the cannon, that it was an enemy—and immediately cut him down. After daybreak the battle became more orderly, and ended in a complete victory. This was the last grand crisis of the insurrection. The way to La Vendée was once more open ; and the fugitives had it in their power to return triumphant to their fastnesses and their homes, after rousing Brittany by the example of their valour and success. M. de L. and Henri both inclined to this course ; but other counsels prevailed. Some were for marching on to Nantes, others for proceeding to Rennes, and some, more sanguinary than the rest, for pushing directly for Paris. Time was irretrievably lost in these deliberations ; and the republicans had leisure to rally, and bring up their reinforcements, before anything was definitively settled.

In the meantime, M. de L. became visibly worse ; and one morning, when his wife alone was in the room, he called her to him, and told her that he felt his death was at hand ;—that his only regret was for leaving her in the midst of such a war, with a helpless child. For himself, he added, he died happy, and with humble reliance on the Divine mercy ;—but her sorrow he could not bear to think of ;—and he entreated her pardon for

any neglect or unkindness he might ever have shown her. He added many other expressions of tenderness and consolation ; and, seeing her overwhelmed with anguish at the despairing tone in which he spoke, concluded by saying that he might perhaps be mistaken in his prognosis ; and hoped still to live for her. Next day they were under the necessity of moving forward ; and, on the journey, he learned accidentally from one of the officers the dreadful details of the Queen's execution, which his wife had been at great pains to keep from his knowledge. This intelligence seemed to bring back his fever, though he still spoke of living to avenge her. ' If I do live,' he said, ' it shall now be for vengeance only—no more mercy from me ! ' That evening Madame de L., entirely overcome with anxiety and fatigue, had fallen into a deep sleep on a mat before his bed : and, soon after, his condition became altogether desperate. He was now speechless, and nearly insensible ;—the sacraments were administered, and various applications made, without awaking the unhappy sleeper by his side. Soon after midnight, however, she started up, and instantly became aware of the full extent of her misery. To fill up its measure, it was announced in the course of the morning that they must immediately resume their march with the last division of the army. The thing appeared altogether impossible. Madame de L. was placed on horseback ; and, surrounded by her father and mother and a number of officers, went forward, scarcely conscious of anything that was passing—only that sometimes, in the bitterness of her heart, when she saw the dead bodies of the republican soldiers on the road, she made her horse trample upon them as if in vengeance for the slaughter of her husband. . . .

After a series of murderous battles, to which the mutual refusal of quarter gave an exasperation unknown in any other history, and which left the field so encumbered with dead bodies that Madame de L. assures us that it was dreadful to feel the lifting of the wheels, and the cracking of the bones, as her heavy carriage passed over them, the wreck of the Vendees succeeded in reaching Angers upon the Loire, and trusted to a furious assault upon that place for the means of repassing the river and regaining their beloved country. The garrison, however, proved stronger and more resolute than they had expected. Their own gay and enthusiastic courage had sunk under a long

course of suffering and disaster, and, after losing a great number of men before the walls, they were obliged to turn back in confusion, they did not well know whither, but farther and farther from the land to which all their hopes and wishes were directed.—*Jeffrey*.

134. THE PECKSNIFFS' VISIT TO MISS PINCH.

Tom Pinch's sister was governess in a family, a lofty family ; perhaps the wealthiest brass and copper founders' family known to mankind. They lived at Camberwell, in a house so big and fierce that its mere outside, like the outside of a giant's castle, struck terror into vulgar minds and made bold persons quail. There was a great front gate, with a great bell, whose handle was in itself a note of admiration ; and a great lodge, which, being close to the house, rather spoilt the look-out certainly, but made the look-in tremendous. At this entry, a great porter kept constant watch and ward, and when he gave the visitor high leave to pass, he rang a second great bell, responsive to whose note a great footman appeared in due time at a great hall-door, with such great tags upon his liveried shoulder that he was perpetually entangling and hooking himself among the chairs and tables, and led a life of torment which could scarcely have been surpassed if he had been a blue-bottle in a world of cobwebs.

To this mansion Mr. Pecksniff, accompanied by his daughters and Mrs. Todgers, drove gallantly in a one-horse fly. The foregoing ceremonies having been all performed, they were ushered into the house ; and so, by degrees, they got at last into a small room with books in it, where Mr. Pinch's sister was at that moment instructing her eldest pupil : to wit, a premature little woman of thirteen years old, who had already arrived at such a pitch of education that she had nothing girlish about her, which was a source of great rejoicing to all her relations and friends.

'Visitors for Miss Pinch !' said the footman. He must have been an ingenious young man, for he said it very cleverly, with a nice discrimination between the cold respect with which he would have announced visitors to the family, and the warm

personal interest with which he would have announced visitors to the cook.

‘Visitors for Miss Pinch !’

Miss Pinch rose hastily, with such tokens of agitation as plainly declared that her list of callers was not numerous. At the same time, the little pupil became alarmingly upright, and prepared herself to take mental notes of all that might be said and done.

It is a melancholy fact, but it must be related, that Mr. Pinch’s sister was not at all ugly. On the contrary, she had a good face, a very mild and prepossessing face. There was something of her brother, much of him indeed, in a certain gentleness of manner, and in her look of timid trustfulness ; but she was so far from being a fright, or a dowdy, or a horror, or anything else predicted by the two Miss Pecksniffs, that those young ladies naturally regarded her with great indignation, feeling that this was by no means what they had come to see.

‘Don’t be alarmed, Miss Pinch,’ said Mr. Pecksniff, taking her hand condescendingly in one of his, and patting it with the other. ‘I have called to see you, in pursuance of a promise given to your brother, Thomas Pinch. My name—compose yourself, Miss Pinch—is Pecksniff.’

He emphasised these words as though he would have said, ‘You see in me, young person, the benefactor of your race ; the patron of your house ; the preserver of your brother, who is fed with manna daily from my table ; and in right of whom there is a considerable balance in my favour at present standing in the books beyond the sky. But I have no pride, for I can afford to do without it !’

The poor girl felt it all as if it had been gospel truth. Her brother, writing in the fulness of his simple heart, had often told her so, and how much more ! As Mr. Pecksniff ceased to speak, she hung her head, and dropped a tear upon his hand.

‘Oh, very well, Miss Pinch !’ thought the sharp pupil, ‘crying before strangers, as if you didn’t like the situation !’

‘Thomas is well,’ said Mr. Pecksniff, ‘and sends his love and this letter. I cannot say, poor fellow, that he will ever be distinguished in our profession ; but he has the will to do well,

which is the next thing to having the power, and, therefore, we must bear with him. Eh ?'

' I know he has the will, sir,' said Tom Pinch's sister, ' and I know how kindly and considerately you cherish it, for which neither he nor I can ever be grateful enough, as we very often say in writing to each other.'

' Very pleasant—very proper,' murmured Mr. Pecksniff, whose eyes had in the meantime wandered to the pupil. ' And how do *you* do, my very interesting child ?'

' Quite well, I thank you, sir,' replied that frosty innocent.

' A sweet face this, my dears,' said Mr. Pecksniff, turning to his daughters. ' A charming manner ! '

Mrs. Todgers vowed that anything one quarter so angelic she had never seen. ' She wanted but a pair of wings, a dear,' said that good woman, ' to be a young syrup,'—meaning, possibly, young sylph, or seraph.

' If you will give that to your distinguished parents, my amiable little friend,' said Mr. Pecksniff, producing one of his professional cards, ' and will say that I and my daughters——'

' And Mrs. Todgers, pa,' said Merry.

' And Mrs. Todgers, of London,' added Mr. Pecksniff; ' that I and my daughters, and Mrs. Todgers, of London, did not intrude upon them, as our object simply was to take some notice of Miss Pinch, whose brother is a young man in my employment; but that I could not leave this very chaste mansion without adding my humble tribute, as an architect, to the correctness and elegance of the owner's taste, and to his just appreciation of that beautiful art to the cultivation of which I have devoted a life, and to the promotion of whose glory and advancement I have sacrificed a—a fortune—I shall be very much obliged to you.'

' Missis's compliments to Miss Pinch,' said the footman, suddenly appearing, and speaking in exactly the same key as before, ' and begs to know wot my young lady is a learning of just now.'

' Oh ! ' said Mr. Pecksniff, ' here is the young man. *He* will take the card. With my compliments, if you please, young man. My dears, we are interrupting the studies. Let us go.'

Then he said to Miss Pinch—with more condescension and kindness than ever, for it was desirable the footman should

expressly understand that they were not friends of hers, but patrons :

‘Good morning. Good-bye. God bless you! You may depend upon my continued protection of your brother Thomas. Keep your mind quite at ease, Miss Pinch !’

‘Thank you,’ said Tom’s sister, heartily; ‘a thousand times.’

‘Not at all,’ he retorted, patting her gently on the head. ‘Don’t mention it. You will make me angry if you do. My sweet child,—to the pupil—“farewell! My dears, are you ready?”

They were not quite ready yet, for they were still caressing the pupil. But they tore themselves away at length, and sweeping past Miss Pinch, with each a haughty inclination of the head and a curtsey strangled in its birth, flounced into the passage.

The young man had rather a long job in showing them out, for Mr. Pecksniff’s delight in the tastefulness of the house was such that he could not help often stopping (particularly when they were near the parlour-door) and giving it expression, in a loud voice and very learned terms. Indeed, he delivered, between the study and the hall, a familiar exposition of the whole science of architecture as applied to dwelling-houses, and was yet in the freshness of his eloquence when they reached the garden.

‘If you look,’ said Mr. Pecksniff, backing from the steps, with his head on one side and his eyes half-shut, that he might the better take in the proportions of the exterior: ‘If you look, my dears, at the cornice which supports the roof, and observe the airiness of its construction, especially where it sweeps the southern angle of the building, you will feel with me—How do you do, sir? I hope you’re well! ’

Interrupting himself with these words, he very politely bowed to a middle-aged gentleman at an upper window, to whom he spoke, not because the gentleman could hear him (for he certainly could not), but as an appropriate accompaniment to his salutation.

‘I have no doubt, my dears,’ said Mr. Pecksniff, feigning to point out other beauties with his hand, ‘that that is the proprietor. I should be glad to know him. It might lead to something. Is he looking this way, Charity?’

'He is opening the window, pa !'

'Ha, ha !' cried Mr. Pecksniff, softly. 'All right ! He has found I'm professional. He heard me inside just now, I have no doubt. Don't look ! With regard to the fluted pillars in the portico, my dears——'

'Hallo !' cried the gentleman.

'Sir, your servant !' said Mr. Pecksniff, taking off his hat ; 'I am proud to make your acquaintance.'

'Come off the grass, will you !' roared the gentleman.

'I beg your pardon, sir,' said Mr. Pecksniff, doubtful of his having heard aright. 'Did you——'

'Come off the grass !' repeated the gentleman, warmly.

'We are unwilling to intrude, sir,' Mr. Pecksniff smilingly began.

'But you *are* intruding,' returned the other, 'unwarrantably intruding—trespassing. You see a gravel walk, don't you ? What do you think it's meant for ? Open the gate there ! Show that party out !'

With that he clapped down the window again, and disappeared.—*Charles Dickens.*

135. THE FLYING STARS OF 1866.

A beautiful and wonderful sight was presented to the eyes of all those who were on the watch on Tuesday night for the promised marvels in the sky. A frosty air had taken the place of the wet and cloudy atmosphere of the preceding day, and the great dome of Heaven was clear for the mysterious performance. About midnight it began in earnest, and the mind must have been ignorant and careless indeed which was not impressed with that celestial pyrotechny. An almost incessant flight of bright and flashing bodies from east to west, in arcs of faint or vivid splendour, scored the midnight and morning sky till day-break dawned. Some drew a chord of silver radiance over apparently a vast section of the heavens ; some but sparkled into existence, and then directly died again ; some were only seen as dim white trails upon the dark background. Here a brilliant nucleus darted along with a tail of silver spangles behind it, which made it seem so like a heavenly rocket, that there was a sense of disappointment when it merely vanished,

instead of bursting with an immense explosion into a girandole of planets or asteroids. Then another ball of white fire without the spangles seemed bent on plunging into the midriff of Orion, or knocking a star clean off the Great Bear's muzzle ; while now and again there would be lines without balls at all, and faint distant gleams, and dim things of glory like the ghosts of illuminated clouds. What was strangest, perhaps, about the spectacle, was its silence ; one half expected that such a *feu de joie* among the worlds would be accompanied by distant and rumbling noises, echoes of the hissing speed which ignited the meteors, whispers in rolling thunder of their birth and dissolution. But the hundreds upon hundreds of these scintillating bodies—whatever they be, whencesoever they come, and whithersoever they go—which displayed their lovely vagaries, did it in solemn silence. That lent a peculiar character to the sight, and made it harder to believe, what astronomers tell us, that all the meteors were within our own atmosphere, and owed their appearance to that very fact. Shooting stars are common enough of course, and at certain seasons they occur pretty frequently ; but Tuesday night was quite as marvellous as the scientific men predicted. He who was in bed during the display lost a sight to thoughtful eyes worth seeing—a heaven full of winged and silent wanderers, perpetually starting forth, perpetually vanishing. Indeed, we know not whether any simile was more suggested by their silence, their flight chiefly in one direction, and their steady sweep, than that of winged creatures. They looked like no earthly fireworks, but rather resembled silver birds wending their way one after another to some mysterious star-heronry in the firmament—or if not birds, then the forehead-planets of Angels and Archangels, summoned in splendid cohorts to the service of God, and hastening with the lamp of their world lighted to the Divine rendezvous.

Is that too fanciful ? Well, at least, we can take shelter in the consideration that nobody, even among the *savants*, can tell us precisely what relations the meteors bear to the rest of the cosmos. Science has done much, no doubt, to throw light on the mysterious nature of the brilliant strangers ; and it would be unpardonable to disparage her achievements after her exact prediction of the display. What a reputation such a knowledge

would have created for a rain-doctor in Africa ! What an 'historical miracle' might have been made of it by a clever commander on the eve of a tough battle ! But Science, though she knew the show was coming, is only beginning to form a conception of the part the meteors play in the endless maze of the planetary dance. We have, indeed, the fact of indisputable connection between these radiant wanderers and the meteorolites and aërolites which fall to our earth. But how did they come within our region at all ? Are they made, as some think, by strange vital forces which gather together and agglomerate the floating star-dust, and so manufacture the germs and kernels of planets and suns to be ? Are they shot, as others imagine, point-blank from volcanoes in the moon, with a mighty explosion, compared to which anything that Big Will can do is like the performance of a child's pop-gun ? But in that case there must be something worse than the needle-gun aloft wherewith to fire at us such incessant broadsides ! Or is it the case, as seems generally accepted in the absence of an equally reasonable theory, that there is a vast, a boundless caravan of these tiny starlets scouring along at inconceivable speed in the infinite desert of the sky, and that stragglers get caught in our envelope of air when we come near their path, and flash themselves into light by the intense friction of their passage through that medium ? There is cosmical grandeur in this idea : a baby-star, cold to the heart with the silence and frost of the empyrean suddenly heated into frenzy of fire by the coarse air of earth, till the chilly heart and the glowing skin split asunder, and the baby-star perishes in dust and glory—perishes of his teething. But, in that case, how marvellous it still is thus to come once in thirty-three years upon this firmamental nursery among the young planets ! If these swarms of silver star-bees buzz along their path without a thrill of what we call life, do not their very emptiness and busy want of business remain a marvel that checks the breath ? Yet these, whatever they be, are but as the dust in the streets to the globe itself—as the spray upon the ocean to its fathomless billows—compared with the glorious and unimaginable perfections even of that portion of the universe which comes within our own ken.

Whoever missed the sight must wait thirty-three years and

a quarter for the *da capo* of the exhibition. That will be about the finish of the century—the year of grace 1,900. Will those that see the stars shoot then know a great deal more about it all than we do? Will they laugh with pity at our poor and uninformed appreciations? Will it be a much better age than this, with no terrors of death, no contests of religion, no knaves, no fools, no Tories? The world travels fast now-a-days, in events as well as space, and it is a wonderful thing to reflect upon what has happened in it since the celestial pyrotechny was last celebrated. And speed breeds speed, and events hasten events; so that without doubt the balance of the century will witness some wonderful consummations. Well, it is posterity's concern! And posterity just now is making pot-hooks and eating jam on its bread and butter; taking more interest in a good sixpenny rocket than in all the stars which shot on Tuesday between Sagittarius and Hercules. Those who are older know enough to wonder and to wait, assured that the Koran is right when it asks, in the name of Allah, 'The heavens, and the earth, and all that is between them, think ye I have created them in jest?'

136. THE CANDID MAN.

One bright laughing day, I threw down my book an hour sooner than usual, and sallied out with a lightness of foot and exhilaration of spirit, to which I had long been a stranger. I had just sprung over a stile that led into one of those green shady lanes, which make us feel that the old poets who loved and lived for nature, were right in calling our island 'the merry England'—when I was startled by a short quick bark on one side of the hedge. I turned sharply round; and, seated upon the sward, was a man, apparently of the pedlar profession; a great deal box was lying open before him; a few articles of linen and female dress were scattered round, and the man himself appeared earnestly occupied in examining the deeper recesses of his itinerant warehouse. A small black terrier flew towards me with no friendly growl. 'Down,' said I: 'all strangers are not foes—though the English generally think so.'

The man hastily looked up; perhaps he was struck with the quaintness of my remonstrance to his canine companion; for,



touching his hat civilly, he said : ‘The dog, sir, is very quiet ; he only means to give *me* the alarm by giving it to *you* ; for dogs seem to have no despicable insight into human nature, and know well that the best of us may be taken by surprise.’

‘You are a moralist,’ said I, not a little astonished in my turn by such an address from such a person. ‘I could not have expected to stumble upon a philosopher so easily. Have you any wares in your box likely to suit me ? if so, I should like to purchase of so moralising a vendor !’

‘No sir,’ said the seeming pedlar, smiling, and yet at the same time hurrying his goods into his box, and carefully turning the key—‘no, sir, I am only a bearer of other men’s goods ; my morals are all that I can call my own, and those I will sell you at your own price.’

‘You are candid, my friend,’ said I, ‘and your frankness, alone, would be inestimable in this age of deceit, and country of hypocrisy.’

‘Ah, sir !’ said my new acquaintance, ‘I see already that you are one of those persons who look to the dark side of things ; for my part I think the present age the best that ever existed, and our country the most virtuous in Europe.’

‘I congratulate you, Mr. Optimist, on your opinions,’ quoth I ; ‘but your observation leads me to suppose that you are both an historian and a traveller : am I right ?’

‘Why,’ answered the box-bearer, ‘I *have* dabbled a little in books, and wandered *not* a little among men. I am just returned from Germany, and am now going to my friends in London. I am charged with this box of goods : God send me the luck to deliver it safe !’

‘Amen,’ said I ; ‘and with that prayer and this trifle I wish you a good morning.’

‘Thank you a thousand times, sir, for both,’ replied the man —‘but do add to your favours by informing me of the right road to the town of ——.’

‘I am going in that direction myself : if you choose to accompany me part of the way, I can insure your not missing the rest.’

‘Your honour is too good !’ returned he of the box, rising, and slinging his fardel across him—‘it is but seldom that a gentleman of your rank will condescend to walk three paces with *one*

of mine. You smile, sir ; perhaps you think I should not class myself among gentlemen ; and yet I have as good a right to the name as most of the set. I belong to no trade—I follow no calling : I rove where I list, and rest where I please : in short, I know no occupation but my indolence, and no law but my will. Now, sir, may I not call myself a gentleman ?'

' Of a surety ! ' quoth I. ' You seem to me to hold a middle rank between a half-pay captain and the king of the gipsies.'

' You have it, sir,' rejoined my companion, with a slight laugh. He was now by my side, and, as we walked on, I had leisure more minutely to examine him. He was a middle-sized, and rather athletic man ; apparently about the age of thirty-eight. He was attired in a dark blue frock-coat, which was neither shabby nor new, but ill-made, and much too large and long for its present possessor ; beneath this was a faded velvet waistcoat, that had formerly, like the Persian ambassador's tunic, ' blushed with crimson, and blazed with gold ;' but which might now have been advantageously exchanged in Monmouth Street for the lawful sum of two shillings and ninepence ; under this was an inner vest of the cashmere shawl pattern, which seemed much too new for the rest of the dress. Though his shirt was of a very unwashed hue, I remarked, with some suspicion, that it was of a very respectable fineness ; and a pin, which might be paste, or could be diamond, peeped below a tattered and dingy black kid stock, like a gipsy's eye beneath her hair.

His trousers were of a light grey, and the justice of Providence, or of the tailor, avenged itself upon them for the prodigal length bestowed upon their ill-assorted companion, the coat ; for they were much too tight for the muscular limbs they concealed, and, rising far above the ankle, exhibited the whole of a thick Wellington boot, which was the very picture of Italy upon the map.

The face of the man was commonplace and ordinary ; one sees a hundred such, every day, in Fleet Street, or on the 'Change ; the features were small, irregular, and somewhat flat ; yet, when you looked twice upon the countenance, there was something marked and singular in the expression, which fully atoned for the commonness of the features. The right eye

turned away from the left, in that watchful squint which seems constructed on the same considerate plan as those Irish guns, made for shooting round a corner ; his eyebrows were large and shaggy, and greatly resembled bramble-bushes, in which his fox-like eyes had taken refuge. Round these vulpine retreats was a labyrinthine maze of those wrinkles vulgarly called crow's feet ; deep, intricate, and intersected, they seemed for all the world like the web of a Chancery suit. Singular enough, the rest of the countenance was perfectly smooth and unindented ; even the lines from the nostril to the corners of the mouth, usually so deeply traced in men of his age, were scarcely more apparent than in a boy of eighteen.

His smile was frank—his voice clear and hearty—his address open, and much superior to his apparent rank of life, claiming somewhat of equality, yet conceding a great deal of respect ; but, notwithstanding all these certainly favourable points, there was a sly and cunning expression in his perverse and vigilant eye and all the wrinkled demesnes in its vicinity, that made me mistrust even while I liked my companion : perhaps, indeed, he was too frank, too familiar, too *dégage*, to be quite natural. Your honest men soon buy reserve by experience. Rogues are communicative and open, because confidence and openness cost them nothing. To finish the description of my new acquaintance, I should observe that there was something in his countenance which struck me as not wholly unfamiliar ; it was one of those which we have not, in all human probability, seen before, and yet which (perhaps from their very commonness) we imagine we have encountered a hundred times.

We walked on briskly, notwithstanding the warmth of the day ; in fact, the air was so pure, the grass so green, the laughing noon-day so full of the hum, the motion, and the life of creation, that the feeling produced was rather that of freshness and invigoration than of languor and heat.

'We have a beautiful country, sir,' said my hero of the box. 'It is like walking through a garden, after the more sterile and sullen features of the Continent. A pure mind, sir, loves the country ; for my part, I am always disposed to burst out in thanksgiving to Providence when I behold its works, and, like the valleys in the Psalm, I am ready to laugh and sing.'

'An enthusiast,' said I, 'as well as a philosopher ! perhaps

(and I believed it likely), I have the honour of addressing a poet also ?'

'Why, sir,' replied the man, 'I have made verses in my life ; in short, there is little I have not done, for I was always a lover of variety ; but, perhaps, your honour will let me return the suspicion. Are you not a favourite of the Muse ?'

'I cannot say that I am,' said I. 'I value myself only on my common sense—the very antipodes to genius, you know, according to the orthodox belief.'

'Common sense !' repeated my companion, with a singular and meaning smile, and a twinkle with his left eye. 'Common sense ! Ah, that is not my *forte*, sir. You, I dare say, are one of those gentlemen whom it is very difficult to take in, either passively or actively, by appearance, or in act ? For my part, I have been a dupe all my life—a child might cheat me ! I am the most unsuspicious person in the world.'

'Too candid by half,' thought I. 'This man is certainly a rascal ; but what is that to me ? I shall never see him again ;' and true to my love of never losing an opportunity of ascertaining individual character, I observed that I thought such an acquaintance very valuable, especially if he were in trade ; it was a pity, therefore, for my sake, that my companion had informed me that he followed no calling.

'Why, sir,' said he, 'I *am* occasionally in employment ; my nominal profession is that of a broker. I buy shawls and handkerchiefs of poor countesses, and retail them to rich plebeians. I fit up new-married couples with linen at a more moderate rate than the shops, and procure the bridegroom his present of jewels at forty per cent less than the jewellers ; nay, I am as friendly to an intrigue as a marriage ; and, when I cannot sell my jewels, I will my good offices. A gentleman so handsome as your honour may have an affair upon your hands ; if so, you may rely upon my secrecy and zeal. In short, I am an innocent good-natured fellow, who does harm to no one or nothing, and good to everyone for something.'

'I admire your *code*,' quoth I, 'and, whenever I want a mediator between Venus and myself, will employ you. Have you always followed your present idle profession, or were you brought up to any other ?'

'I was intended for a silversmith,' answered my friend : 'but

Providence willed it otherwise : they taught me from childhood to repeat the Lord's Prayer : Heaven heard me, and delivered me from temptation—there is, indeed, something terribly seducing in the face of a silver spoon.'

'Well,' said I, 'you are the honestest knave that ever I met, and one would trust you with one's purse, for the ingenuousness with which you own you would steal it. Pray, think you, is it probable that I have ever had the happiness of meeting you before? I cannot help fancying so—yet as I have never been in the watch-house or the Old Bailey, my reason tells me that I must be mistaken.'

'Not at all, sir,' returned my worthy ; 'I remember you well, for I never saw a face like yours that I did *not* remember. I had the honour of sipping some British liquors in the same room with yourself one evening ; you were then in company with my friend Mr. Gordon.'

'Ha !' said I, 'I thank you for the hint. I now remember well, by the same token that he told me you were the most ingenious gentleman in England, and that you had a happy propensity of mistaking other people's possessions for your own ; I congratulate myself upon so desirable an acquaintance.'

My friend smiled with his usual blandness, and made me a low bow of acknowledgment before he resumed :—

'No doubt, sir, Mr. Gordon informed you right. I flatter myself few gentlemen understand better than myself the art of *appropriation*, though I say it who should not say it. I deserve the reputation I have acquired, sir. I have always had ill-fortune to struggle against, and always have remedied it by two virtues—perseverance and ingenuity. To give you an idea of my ill-fortune, know that I have been taken up twenty-three times on suspicion ; of my perseverance, know that twenty-three times I have been taken up *justly* ; and, of my ingenuity, know that I have been twenty-three times let off, because there was not a tittle of legal evidence against me !'

'I venerate your talents, Mr. Jonson,' replied I, 'if by the name of Jonson it pleaseth you to be called, although, like the heathen deities, I presume that you have many titles, whereof some are more grateful to your ears than others.'

'Nay,' answered the man of two virtues, 'I am never ashamed of my name ; indeed, I have never done anything to

disgrace me. I have never indulged in low company, nor profligate debauchery : whatever I have executed by way of profession has been done in a superior and artistlike manner ; not in the rude bungling fashion of other adventurers. Moreover, I have always had a taste for polite literature, and went once as an apprentice to a publishing bookseller, for the sole purpose of reading the new works before they came out. In fine, I have never neglected any opportunity of improving my mind ; and the worst that can be said against me is, that I have remembered my catechism, and taken all possible pains "to learn and labour truly to get my living, and to do my duty in that state of life to which it has pleased Providence to call me."

'I have often heard,' answered I, 'that there is *honour* among thieves ; I am happy to learn from you that there is also religion : your baptismal sponsors must be proud of so diligent a godson.'

'They ought to be, sir,' replied Mr. Jonson, 'for I gave them the first specimens of my address : the story is long, but, if you ever give me an opportunity, I will relate it.'

'Thank you,' said I ; 'meanwhile I must wish you good morning : your way now lies to the right. I return you my best thanks for your condescension, in accompanying so undistinguished an individual as myself.'

'Oh, never mention it, your honour,' rejoined Mr. Jonson. 'I am always too happy to walk with a gentleman of your "common sense." Farewell, sir ; may we meet again !'

So saying, Mr. Jonson struck into his new road, and we parted.

I went home, musing on my adventure, and delighted with my adventurer. When I was about three paces from the door of my home, I was accosted, in a most pitiful tone, by a poor old beggar, apparently in the last extreme of misery and disease. Notwithstanding my political economy, I was moved into almsgiving by a spectacle so wretched. I put my hand into my pocket, my purse was gone ; and, on searching the other, lo—my handkerchief, my pocket-book, and a gold locket, which had belonged to Madame D'Anville, had vanished too.

The beggar still continued to importune me.

'Give him some food and a half-a-crown,' said I to my land-

lady. Two hours afterwards she came up to me—‘Oh, sir ! my silver tea-pot—that villain the beggar !’

A light flashed upon me—‘Ah, Mr. Job Jonson ! Mr. Job Jonson !’ cried I, in an indescribable rage ; ‘out of my sight, woman ! out of my sight !’ I stopped short ; my speech failed me. Never tell me that shame is the companion of guilt—the sinful knave is never so ashamed of himself as is the innocent fool who suffers by him.—*Bulwer Lytton.*

137. SCENE FROM ‘THE HEIR AT LAW.’

A Room in the Blue Boar Inn.

Enter DR. PANGLOSS and WAITER.

Pangloss. Let the chariot turn about. Dr. Pangloss in a lord’s chariot ! ‘Curru portatur eodem.’—Juvenal — Hem ! Waiter !

Waiter. Sir.

Pang. Have you any gentleman here who arrived this morning ?

Waiter. There’s one in the house now, sir.

Pang. Is he juvenile ?

Waiter. No, sir ; he’s Derbyshire.

Pang. He, he, he ! Of what appearance is the gentleman ?

Waiter. Why, plaguy poor, sir.

Pang. ‘I hold him rich, al had he not a sherte.’—Chaucer—Hem ! Denominated the Honourable Mr. Dowlas ?

Waiter. Honourable ! He left his name plain Dowlas at the bar, sir.

Pang. Plain Dowlas, did he ? that will do. ‘For all the rest is leather’—

Waiter. Leather, sir !

Pang. ‘And prunello.’—Pope—Hem ! Tell Mr. Dowlas a gentleman requests the honour of an interview.

Waiter. This is his room, sir. He is but just stept into our parcel warehouse—he’ll be with you directly. [Exit.

Pang. Never before did honour and affluence let fall such a shower on the head of Dr. Pangloss ! Fortune, I thank thee ! Propitious goddess, I am grateful ! I, thy favoured child, who commenced his career in the loftiest apartment of a muffin-

maker in Milk Alley. Little did I think—‘good easy man’—Shakspeare—Hem!—of the riches and literary dignities which now—

Enter DICK DOWLAS.

My pupil!

Dick. [Speaking while entering.] Well, where is the man that wants—oh! you are he, I suppose—

Pang. I am the man, young gentleman! ‘*Homo sum.*’—Terence—Hem! Sir, the person who now presumes to address you is Peter Pangloss; to whose name, in the college of Aberdeen, is subjoined LL.D., signifying Doctor of Laws; to which has been recently added the distinction of A. double S.—the Roman initials for a Fellow of the Society of Arts.

Dick. Sir, I am your most obedient, Richard Dowlas; to whose name, in his tailor’s bill, is subjoined DR., signifying Debtor; to which are added L.S.D.—the Roman initials for pounds, shillings, and pence.

Pang. Ha! this youth was doubtless designed by destiny to move in the circles of fashion; for he’s dipt in debt, and makes a merit of telling it. [*Aside.*]

Dick. But what are your commands with me, doctor?

Pang. I have the honour, young gentleman, of being deputed an ambassador to you from your father.

Dick. Then you have the honour to be ambassador of as good-natured an old fellow as ever sold a ha’porth of cheese in a chandler’s shop.

Pang. Pardon me, if, on the subject of your father’s cheese, I advise you to be as mute as a mouse in one for the future. ‘Twere better to keep that ‘alta mente repostum.’—Virgil—Hem!

Dick. Why, what’s the matter? Any misfortune?—Broke, I fear?

Pang. No, not broke; but his name, as ‘tis customary in these cases, has appeared in the *Gazette*.

Dick. Not broke, but gazetted! Why, zounds and the devil!—

Pang. Check your passions—learn philosophy. When the wife of the great Socrates threw a—hum!—threw a tea-pot at his erudite head, he was as cool as a cucumber. When Plato—

Dick. Hang Plato ! What of my father ?

Pang. Don't hang Plato. The bees swarmed round his mellifluous mouth as soon as he was swaddled. 'Cum in cunis apes in labellis consedissent.'—Cicero—Hem !

Dick. I wish you had a swarm round yours, with all my heart. Come to the point.

Pang. In due time. But calm your choler. 'Ira furor brevis est.'—Horace—Hem ! Read this. [Gives a letter.]

Dick. [Snatches the letter, breaks it open, and reads.] 'DEAR DICK,—This comes to inform you I am in a perfect state of health, hoping you are the same'—ay, that's the old beginning—'It was my lot, last week, to be made'—ay, a bankrupt, I suppose?—'to be made a'—what?—'to be made a P, E, A, R;—a peer!—to be made a peer ! What does he mean by that ?

Pang. A peer !—a peer of the realm. His lordship's orthography is a little loose, but several of his equals countenance the custom. Lord Loggerhead always spells physician with an F.

Dick. A peer !—what, my father?—I'm electrified ! Old Daniel Dowlas made a peer ! But let me see ; [Reads on]—'A peer of the realm. Lawyer Ferret got me my tittle'—titt—oh, title !—and an estate of fifteen thousand per ann.—by making me out next of kin to old Lord Duberly, because he died without—without hair'—'Tis an odd reason, by-the-by, to be next of kin to a nobleman because he died bald.

Pang. His lordship means heir—heir to his estate. We shall meliorate his style speedily. 'Reform it altogether.'—Shakspeare—Hem !

Dick. 'I send my carrot.'—Carrot !

Pang. He, he, he ! Chariot, his lordship means.

Dick. 'With Dr. Pangloss in it.'

Pang. That's me.

Dick. 'Respect him, for he's an LL.D., and, moreover, an A. double S.' [They bow.]

Pang. His lordship kindly condescended to insert that at my request.

Dick. 'And I have made him your tutor, to mend your cakelology.'

Pang. Cacology ; from *Kakos*, 'malus,' and *Logos*, 'verbum.'—Vide Lexicon—Hem !

Dick. 'Come with the doctor to my house in Hanover Square.'—Hanover Square!—'I remain your affectionate father, to command.—DUBERLY.'

Pang. That's his lordship's title.

Dick. Is it?

Pang. It is.

Dick. Say 'sir' to a lord's son. You have no more manners than a bear!

Pang. Bear!—under favour, young gentleman, I am the bear-leader, being appointed your tutor.

Dick. And what can you teach me?

Pang. Prudence. Don't forget yourself in sudden success. 'Tecum habita.'—Persius—Hem!

Dick. Prudence to a nobleman's son with fifteen thousand a year!

Pang. Don't give way to your passions.

Dick. Give way!—Zounds!—I'm wild—mad! You, teach me!—Pooh!—I have been in London before, and know it requires no teaching to be a modern fine gentleman. Why, it all lies in a nutshell: sport a curricle—walk Bond Street—play at faro—get drunk—dance reels—go to the opera—cut off your tail—pull on your pantaloons—and there's a buck of the first fashion in town for you. D'ye think I don't know what's going?

Pang. Mercy on me! I shall have a very refractory pupil!

Dick. Not at all. We'll be hand and glove together, my little doctor. I'll drive you down to all the races, with my little terrier between your legs, in a tandem.

Pang. Doctor Pangloss, the philosopher, with a terrier between his legs, in a tandem?

Dick. I'll tell you what, doctor. I'll make you my long-stop at cricket—you shall draw corks when I'm president—laugh at my jokes before company—squeeze lemons for punch—cast up the reckoning—and woe betide you if you don't keep sober enough to see me safe home after a jollification!

Pang. Make me a long-stop, and a squeezer of lemons! Zounds! this is more fatiguing than walking out with the lap-dogs! And are these the qualifications for a tutor, young gentleman?

Dick. To be sure they are. 'Tis the way that half the prig parsons, who educate us honourables, jump into fat livings.

Pang. 'Tis well they jump into something fat at last, for they must wear all the flesh off their bones in the process.

Dick. Come now, tutor, go you and call the waiter.

Pang. Go and call ! Sir—sir ! I'd have you to understand, Mr. Dowlas——

Dick. Ay, let us understand one another, doctor. My father, I take it, comes down handsomely to you for your management of me ?

Pang. My lord has been liberal.

Dick. But 'tis I must manage you, doctor. Acknowledge this, and, between ourselves, I'll find means to double your pay.

Pang. Double my——

Dick. Do you hesitate ? Why, man, you have set up for a modern tutor without knowing your trade !

Pang. Double my pay ! Say no more—done. 'Actum est.' —Terence—Hem ! Waiter ! [Bawling.] Gad, I've reached the right reading at last !

I've often wished that I had, clear,
For life six hundred pounds a year.

George Colman.

138. DEATH OF MARIE ANTOINETTE.

Is there a man's heart that thinks without pity of those long months and years of slow-wasting ignominy ; of thy birth, self-cradled in imperial Schönbrunn, the winds of heaven not to visit thy face too roughly, thy foot to light on softness, thy eye on splendour ; and then of thy death, or hundred deaths, to which the guillotine and Fouquier-Tinville's judgment-bar was but the merciful end ! Look *there*, O man born of woman ! The bloom of that fair face is wasted, the hair is grey with care ; the brightness of those eyes is quenched, their lids hang drooping, the face is stony pale, as of one living in death. Mean weeds, which her own hand has mended, attire the Queen of the World. The death-hurdle where thou sittest pale, motionless, which only curses environ, has to stop ; a people, drunk with vengeance, will drink it again in full draught, looking at thee there. Far as the eye reaches, a multitudinous sea of maniac heads, the air deaf with their triumph yell ! The living-

dead must shudder with yet one other pang ; her startled blood yet again suffuses with the hue of agony that pale face, which she hides with her hands. There is there *no* heart to say, God pity thee ! O think not of these ; think of HIM whom thou worshippest, the crucified—who also treading the wine-press *alone*, fronted sorrow still deeper ; and triumphed over it and made it holy, and built of it a ‘sanctuary of sorrow’ for thee and all the wretched ! Thy path of thorns is nigh ended, one long last look at the Tuileries, where thy step was once so light—where thy children shall not dwell. The head is on the block ; the axe rushes—dumb lies the world ; that wild-yelling world, and all its madness, is behind thee.—*Thomas Carlyle.*

139. A SONG FOR THE RAGGED SCHOOLS IN LONDON.

But these others—children small,
Spilt like blots about the city,
Quay, and street, and palace wall,
Take them up into your pity.

Ragged children with bare feet,
Whom the angels in white raiment
Know the names of, to repeat
When they come on you for payment.

Ragged children, hungry-eyed,
Huddled up, out in the coldness,
On your doorsteps, side by side,
Till your footman damns their boldness.

In the alleys, in the squares,
Begging, lying little rebels ;
In the noisy thoroughfares
Straggling on with piteous trebles.

Patient children—think what pain
Makes a young child patient—ponder !
Wronged too commonly to strain
After right, or wish, or wonder.

Wicked children, with peaked chins,
And old foreheads ! There are many
With no pleasures except sins,
Gambling with a stolen penny.

Sickly children, that whine low
To themselves and not their mothers,
From mere habit ; never so
Hoping help or care from others.

Healthy children, with those blue
English eyes, fresh from their Maker,
Fierce and ravenous, staring through
At the brown loaves of the baker.

I am listening here in Rome,
And the Romans are confessing,
' English children pass in bloom,
All the prettiest made for blessing.'

O my sisters ! children small,
Blue-eyed, wailing through the city ;
Our own babes cry in them all,
Let us take them into pity !—*Mrs. E. Browning.*

140. THE CHARGE AT BALAKLAVA.

The whole brigade scarcely made one effective regiment, according to the numbers of Continental armies ; and yet it was more than we could spare. As they rushed towards the front, the Russians opened on them from the guns in the redoubt on the right, with volleys of musketry and rifles. They swept proudly past, glittering in the morning sun in all the pride and splendour of war. We could scarcely believe the evidence of our senses ! Surely that handful of men are not going to charge an army in position ? Alas ! it was but too true—their desperate valour knew no bounds, and far indeed was it removed from its so-called better part—discretion. They advanced in two lines, quickening their pace as they closed towards the enemy. A more fearful spectacle was never witnessed than by those who,

without the power to aid, beheld their heroic countrymen rushing to the arms of death. At the distance of 1,200 yards the whole line of the enemy belched forth, from thirty iron mouths, a flood of smoke and flame, through which hissed the deadly balls. Their flight was marked by instant gaps in our ranks, by dead men and horses, by steeds flying wounded or riderless across the plain. The first line is broken ; it is joined by the second ; they never halt or check their speed an instant. With diminished ranks, thinned by those thirty guns, which the Russians had laid with the most deadly accuracy, with a halo of flashing steel above their heads, and with a cheer which was many a noble fellow's death-cry, they flew into the smoke of the batteries, but, ere they were lost from view, the plain was strewed with their bodies and with the carcases of horses. They were exposed to an oblique fire from the batteries on the hills on both sides, as well as to a direct fire of musketry. Through the clouds of smoke we could see their sabres flashing as they rode up to the guns and dashed between them, cutting down the gunners as they stood. We saw them riding through the guns, as I have said ; to our delight we saw them returning, after breaking through a column of Russian infantry, and scattering them like chaff, when the flank fire of the battery on the hill swept them down, scattered and broken as they were. Wounded men and dismounted troopers flying towards us told the sad tale—demi-gods could not have done what we had failed to do. At the very moment when they were about to retreat an enormous mass of lancers was hurled on their flank. Colonel Shewell, of the 8th Hussars, saw the danger, and rode his few men straight at them, cutting his way through with fearful loss. The other regiments turned, and engaged in a desperate encounter. With courage too great almost for credence, they were breaking their way through the columns which enveloped them, when there took place an act of atrocity without parallel in the modern warfare of civilised nations. The Russian gunners, when the storm of cavalry passed, returned to their guns. They saw their own cavalry mingled with the troopers who had just ridden over them, and, to the eternal disgrace of the Russian name, the miscreants poured a murderous volley of grape and canister on the mass of struggling men and horses, mingling friend and foe in one common ruin ! It was as much

as our heavy cavalry brigade could do to cover the retreat of the miserable remnants of that band of heroes as they returned to the place they had so lately quitted in all the pride of life. At thirty-five minutes past eleven not a British soldier, except the dead and dying, was left in front of these bloody Muscovite guns.—*W. H. Russell.*

141. THE RESPECT FOR WOMAN IN EARLY GRECIAN LIFE.

Outside the pale of Christianity, it would be difficult to find a parallel, in point of elevation, to the Greek woman of the heroic age. Again, if the pictures presented by the historical books of the Old Testament and by Homer respectively be compared, candour will claim from us a verdict in favour of the position of the Greek as compared with that of the Hebrew woman. Among the Jews polygamy was permitted ; to the Greeks it was unknown. Tales like that of Amnon and Tamar, or like that of the Levite and his concubine, are not found even among the deeds of the dissolute suitors of the *Odyssey*. Among the Jews the testimony of our Lord is that, because of the hardness of their hearts, Moses suffered them to put away their wives ; but that 'from the beginning it was not so.' Apart from the violent contingencies of war, manners seem to have been, in the momentous point of divorce, not very different among the Greeks of the heroic age from what they had been in 'the beginning.' The picture of Penelope waiting for her husband through the creeping course of twenty years, and of Odysseus yearning in like manner for his wife, is one of the most remarkable in the whole history of human manners ; and it would lose little, if anything, of its deeper significance and force, even if we believed that the persons whom the poet names Odysseus and Penelope have never lived : it must be observed, too, what, in the mind of Homer, constitutes the extraordinary virtue of the royal matron : it is not the refusal to marry another while her husband is alive, but her stubborn determination not to accept the apparently certain conclusion that he must have ceased to live. Not even the suitors suggest that, if he be indeed alive, any power can set her free. She is importuned, but she is not insulted. She feels horror and

aversion, but she has no cause for fear. Such, in the morning of Greek life, was the reverence that hedged a woman, as she sat alone and undefended in the midst of a body of powerful and abandoned men. Again : the famous scene of Hector and Andromache is not more touching by its immeasurable tenderness than it is important for the proof which it affords, with reference to the contemporary manners, of what may be called the moral equality of man and wife. And the general effect of the poem is, to give an idea of a social parity, and of a share borne by women in the practical and responsible duties of life, such as we seek in vain, notwithstanding some charming specimens of character, among the Jews.—Gladstone, ‘*The Place of Ancient Greece in the Providential Order of the World.*’

142. ST. PAUL AT ATHENS.

At Athens, at once the centre and capital of the Greek philosophy and Heathen superstition, takes place the first public and direct conflict between Christianity and Paganism. Up to this time there is no account of any one of the apostles taking his station in the public street or market-place, and addressing the general multitude. Their place of teaching had invariably been the synagogue of their nation, or, as at Philippi, the neighbourhood of their customary place of worship. Here, however, Paul does not confine himself to the synagogue, or to the society of his countrymen and their proselytes. He takes his stand in the public market-place (probably not the Ceramicus, but the Eretriac Forum), which, in the reign of Augustus, had begun to be more frequented, and at the top of which was the famous portico from which the Stoicks assumed their name. In Athens, the appearance of a new public teacher, instead of offending the popular feelings, was too familiar to excite astonishment, and was rather welcomed as promising some fresh intellectual excitement. In Athens, hospitable to all religions and all opinions, the foreign and Asiatic appearance, and possibly the less polished tone and dialect of Paul, would only awaken the stronger curiosity. Though they affect at first (probably the philosophic part of his hearers) to treat him as an idle ‘babbler,’ and others (the vulgar, alarmed for the honour of ‘heir deities’) supposed that he was about to introduce some new

religious worship which might endanger the supremacy of their own tutelar divinities, he is conveyed, not without respect, to a still more public and commodious place, from whence he may explain his doctrines to a numerous assembly without disturbance. On the Areopagus the Christian leader takes his stand, surrounded on every side with whatever was noble, beautiful, and intellectual in the olden world,—temples, of which the materials were surpassed only by the architectural grace and majesty ; statues, in which the ideal anthropomorphism of the Greeks had almost elevated the popular notions of the Deity by embodying it in human forms of such exquisite perfection ; public edifices, where the civil interests of man had been discussed with the acuteness and versatility of the highest Grecian intellect, in all the purity of the imitable Attic dialect, when oratory had obtained its highest triumphs, by ‘wielding at will the fierce democracy ;’ the walks of the philosophers, who unquestionably, by elevating the human mind to an appetite for new and nobler knowledge, had prepared the way for a loftier and purer religion. The opening of the apostle’s speech is according to those most perfect rules of art which are but the expressions of the general sentiments of nature. It is calm, temperate, conciliatory. It is no fierce denunciation of idolatry, no contemptuous disdain of the prevalent philosophic opinions ; it has nothing of the sternness of the ancient Jewish prophet, nor the taunting defiance of the later Christian polemic. ‘Already the religious people of Athens had, unknowingly indeed, worshipped the universal Deity, for they had an altar to the unknown God. The nature, the attributes of this sublimer Being, hitherto adored in ignorant and unintelligent homage, he came to unfold. This God rose far above the popular notion ; he could not be confined in altar or temple, or represented by any visible image. He was the universal father of mankind, even of the earth-born Athenians, who boasted that they were of an older race than the other families of man, and coeval with the world itself.’ The next sentence, which asserted the providence of God, as the active, creative energy, as the conservative, the ruling, the ordaining principle, annihilated at once the atomic theory and the government of blind chance, to which Epicurus ascribed the origin and preservation of the universe. The great Christian doctrine of the resurrection closed the

speech of Paul ; a doctrine received with mockery perhaps by his Epicurean hearers, with suspension of judgment probably by the Stoic, with whose theory of the final destruction of the world by fire, and his tenet of future retribution, it might appear in some degree to harmonise.

At Athens all this free discussion on topics relating to the religious and moral nature of man, and involving the authority of the existing religion, passed away without disturbance. The jealous reverence for the established faith, which, conspiring with its perpetual ally political faction, had in former times caused the death of Socrates, the exile of Stilpa, and the proscription of Diagoras the Melian, had long died away. With the loss of independence political animosities had subsided, and the toleration of philosophical and religious indifference allowed the utmost latitude to speculative inquiry, however ultimately dangerous to the whole fabric of the national religion. Yet Polytheism still reigned in Athens in its utmost splendour ; the temples were maintained with the highest pomp ; the Eleusinian mysteries, in which religion and philosophy had in some degree coalesced, attracted the noblest and the wisest of the Romans, who boasted of their initiation in these sublime secrets. Athens was thus at once the head-quarters of Paganism, and at the same time the place where Paganism most clearly betrayed its approaching dissolution.—*Milman.*

143. MARINO FALIERO TO THE CONSPIRATORS.

You see me here,
 As one of you hath said, an old, unarmed,
 Defenceless man ; and yesterday you saw me
 Presiding in the hall of ducal state,
 Apparent sovereign of our hundred isles,
 Robed in official purple, dealing out
 The edicts of a power which is not mine,
 Nor yours, but of your masters—the patricians.
 Why I was there you know, or think you know ;
 Why I am here, he who hath been most wronged,
 He who among you hath been most insulted,
 Outraged, and trodden on, until he doubt
 If he be worm or no, may answer for me,

Asking of his own heart, what brought him here.
You know my recent story, all men know it,
And judge of it far differently from those
Who sate in judgment to heap scorn on scorn.
But spare me the recital—it is here,
Here at my heart the outrage—but my words,
Already spent in unavailing plaints,
Would only show my feebleness the more,
And I come here to strengthen even the strong,
And urge them on to deeds, and not to war
With woman's weapon ; but I need not urge you.
Our private wrongs have sprung from public vices,
In this—I cannot call it commonwealth
Nor kingdom, which hath neither prince nor people,
But all the sins of the old Spartan state
Without its virtues—temperance and valour.

You are met

To overthrow this monster of a state,
This mockery of a government, this spectre,
Which must be exorcised with blood,—and then
We will renew the times of truth and justice,
Condensing in a fair free commonwealth
Not rash equality but equal rights,
Proportioned like the columns to the temple,
Giving and taking strength reciprocal,
And making firm the whole with grace and beauty,
So that no part could be removed without
Infringement of the general symmetry.
Haply had I been what the senate sought,
A thing of robes and trinkets—they had ne'er
Fostered the wretch who stung me. What I suffer
Has reached me through my pity for the people ;
That many know, and they who know not yet
Will one day learn : meantime, I do devote,
Whate'er the issue, my last days of life—
My present power such as it is—not that
Of Doge, but of a man who has been great
Before he was degraded to a Doge,
And still has individual means and mind ;
I stake my fame (and I had fame)—my breath—

(The least of all, for its last hours are nigh)
My heart—my hope—my soul—upon this cast !
Such as I am, I offer me to you
And to your chiefs, accept me or reject me,
A prince who fain would be a citizen
Or nothing, and who has left his throne to be so.

Byron's 'Doge of Venice.'

144. THE ASTRONOMICAL CLOCK AT STRASBURG.

The astronomical clock at Strasburg is composed of three parts, respectively dedicated to the measure of time, to the calendar, and to astronomical movements. The first thing to be created was a central moving power, communicating its motion to the whole of its mechanism. The motive power, which is itself a very perfect and exact timepiece, indicates on an outer face the hours and their subdivisions, as well as the days of the week : it strikes the hours and the quarters, and puts in motion divers allegorical figures. One of the most curious of these is the Genius placed on the first balustrade, and who turns, each hour, the sand-glass which he holds in his hand. The cock crows, and a procession of the apostles takes place every day at noon. In the calendar are noted the months, days, and dominical letters, as well as the calendar—properly so called, showing all the saints' days in the year. The plate on which these signs are marked revolves once in 365 days for the common, and 366 for the bissextile year ; marking, at the same time, the irregularity which takes place three consecutive times out of four in the secular years. The moveable feasts, which seem as though they followed no fixed rule, are, nevertheless, obtained here by a mechanism of marvellous ingenuity, in which all the elements of the ecclesiastical computation—the milesimal, the solar cycle, the golden number, the dominical letter, and the epacts—combine and produce, for an unlimited period, the result sought. It is at midnight, December 31, that the other moveable feasts and fasts range themselves on the calendar in the order and place of their succession for the whole of the following year. The third division solves the problems of astronomy. It exhibits an orrery, constructed on the Copernican System, which

presents the mean revolutions of each of the planets visible to the naked eye. The earth, in her movement, carries with her her satellite—the moon, which accomplishes her revolution in the space of a lunar month. Besides this, the different phases of the moon are shown on a separate globe. One sphere represents the apparent movement of the heavens, making its revolution in the course of the siderial day. It is subjected to that almost imperceptible influence known as the precession of the equinoxes. Separate mechanisms produce the equations of the sun, its anomaly and right ascension. Others, the principal equations of the moon, as its erection, anomaly, variation, annual equation, reduction, and right ascension. Others, again, relate to the equations of the ascending node of the moon. The rising and setting of the sun, its passage to the meridian, its eclipses, and those of the moon, are also represented on the dial,

145. A NATION'S DUTY.

I have no notion of the country being called in a satisfactory state, and happy and prosperous, when such a state of things exists. You may have an ancient monarchy, with the dazzling glitter of the sovereign, and you may have an ancient nobility in grand mansions, and great estates, and you may have an ecclesiastical hierarchy, covering with worldly pomp that religion whose virtue is humility. But, notwithstanding all this, the whole fabric is rotten, and doomed ultimately to fall; for the great mass of the people on whom it is supported is poor, and suffering, and degraded. Now, is there no remedy for this state of things? If the government were just, if the taxes were moderate and equally imposed, if the land were free, if the schools were as prominent institutions in our landscape and in our great towns as prisons and workhouses are—I suspect that we should find the people gradually having much more self-respect; they would have much more hope of improvement for themselves and their families, they would rise above, in hundreds and thousands of cases, all the temptations to intemperance; they would become generally, I say almost universally, more virtuous, and more as the good subject ought to be. Now this great and solemn question of the condition of a consider-

able portion of the labouring classes of this country can't be covered up. It must be met. It is a great work upon which the new electoral body and the new parliament will have to enter. It is a long way from Belgrave Square to Bethnal Green. We can't measure the distance from the palatial mansions of the rich to the dismal hovels of the poor, from the profuse and costly luxuries of the wealthy to the squalid and hopeless misery of some millions who are below them ; but I ask you, as I ask myself a thousand times, is it not possible that this mass of poverty and suffering should be touched and should be reached ? What is there that man can't do if he tries ? The other day he descended to the mysterious depths of the ocean, and with an iron hand he sought, and he found, and he grasped, and he brought up to the surface the lost cable, and with it he made two worlds into one. I ask, are his conquests confined to the realms of science ? Is it not possible that another hand, not of iron, but of justice and kindness, may be let down to moral depths even deeper than the cable fathoms, to bring up from thence Misery's sons and daughters, and the multitude who are ready to perish ? This is the great problem which is now before us. It is not one for statesmen only. It is not for preachers of the Gospel only. It is one for every man in the nation to attempt to solve. The nation is now in power, and if wisdom abide with power, the generation to follow may behold the glorious day of which we, in our time, with our best endeavours, can only hope to see the earliest dawn.—*John Bright.*

146. HENRY VIII.

If Henry VIII. had died previous to the first agitation of the divorce, his loss would have been deplored as one of the heaviest misfortunes which had ever befallen the country ; and he would have left a name which would have taken its place in history by the side of that of the Black Prince, or of the conqueror of Agincourt. Left at the most trying age, with his character unformed, with the means at his disposal of gratifying every inclination, and married by his ministers, when a boy, to an unattractive woman far his senior, he had lived for thirty-eight years almost without blame, and bore through England the reputation of an upright and virtuous king. Nature had

been prodigal to him of her rarest gifts. In person he is said to have resembled his grandfather, Edward IV., who was the handsomest man in Europe. His form and bearing were princely; and, amidst the easy freedom of his address, his manner remained majestic. No knight in England could match him in the tournament except the Duke of Suffolk ; he drew with ease as strong a bow as was borne by any yeoman of his guard ; and these powers were sustained in unfailing vigour by a temperate habit and by constant exercise. Of his intellectual ability we are not left to judge from the suspicious panegyrics of his contemporaries. His state papers and letters may be placed by the side of those of Wolsey or of Cromwell, and they lose nothing in the comparison. Though they are broadly different, the perception is equally clear, the expression equally powerful, and they breathe throughout an irresistible vigour of purpose. In addition to this, he had a fine musical taste, carefully cultivated ; he spoke and wrote in four languages ; and his knowledge of a multitude of other subjects, with which his versatile ability made him conversant, would have formed the reputation of any ordinary man. He was among the best physicians of his age ; he was his own engineer, inventing improvements in artillery, and new constructions in shipbuilding ; and this, not with the condescending incapacity of a royal amateur, but with thorough workmanlike understanding. His reading was vast, especially in theology, which has been ridiculously ascribed by Lord Herbert to his father's intention of educating him for the Archbishopric of Canterbury ; as if the scientific mastery of such a subject could have been acquired by a boy of twelve years of age, for he was no more when he became Prince of Wales. He must have studied theology with the full maturity of his understanding ; and he had a fixed and perhaps unfortunate interest in the subject itself.—*Froude.*

147. IN THE INDIAN FOREST.

A rustle ! a roar ! a shriek ! and Amyas lifted his eyes in time to see a huge dark bar shoot from the crag above the dreamer's head, among the group of girls. A dull crash, as the group flew asunder ; and in the midst, upon the ground, the tawny limbs of one were writhing beneath the fangs of a black

jaguar, the rarest and most terrible of the forest kings. Of one? But of which? Was it Ayacanora? And sword in hand, Amyas rushed madly forward: before he reached the spot those tortured limbs were still.

It was not Ayacanora; for with a shriek which rang through the woods, the wretched dreamer, wakened thus at last, sprang up and felt for his sword. Fool! he had left it in his hammock! Screaming the name of his dead bride, he rushed on the jaguar, as it crouched above its prey, and seizing its head with teeth and nails, worried it, in the ferocity of his madness, like a mastiff dog.

The brute wrenched its head from his grasp, and raised its dreadful paw. Another moment, and the husband's corpse would have lain by the wife's. But high in air gleamed Amyas's blade; down, with all the weight of his huge body and strong arm, fell that most trusty steel; the head of the jaguar dropped grinning on its victim's corpse:

And all stood still, who saw him fall,
While men might count a score.

Charles Kingsley.

148. THE BULL-FIGHT.

In costly sheen, and gaudy cloak array'd,
But all afoot, the light-limbed Matadore
Stands in the centre, eager to invade
The lord of lowing herds; but not before
The ground, with cautious tread, is travers'd o'er,
Lest aught unseen should lurk to thwart his speed:
His arms a dart, he fights aloof, nor more
Can man achieve without the friendly steed—
Alas! too oft condemn'd for him to bear and bleed.

Thrice sounds the clarion; lo! the signal falls,
The den expands, and expectation mute
Gapes round the silent circle's peopled walls.
Bounds with one lashing spring the mighty brute,
And, wildly staring, spurns, with sounding foot,
The sand, nor blindly rushes on his foe:
Here, there, he points his threatening front, to suit
His first attack, wide waving to and fro
His angry tail; red rolls his eye's dilated glow.

Sudden he stops ; his eye is fix'd : away,
Away, thou heedless boy ! prepare the spear :
Now is thy time to perish or display
The skill that yet may check his mad career.
With well-timed croup the nimble coursers yeer ;
On foams the bull, but not unscathed he goes ;
Streams from his flank the crimson torrent clear :
He flies, he wheels, distracted with his throes ;
Dart follows dart ; lance, lance ; loud bellowings speak his woes.

Again he comes : nor dart nor lance avail,
Nor the wild plunging of the tortured horse ;
Though man and man's avenging arms assail,
Vain are his weapons, vainer is his force.
One gallant steed is stretch'd a mangled corse ;
Another, hideous sight ! unseam'd appears,
His gory chest unveils life's panting source.
Though death-struck, still his feeble frame he rears ;
Stagg'ring, but stemming all, his lord unharm'd he bears.

Foil'd, bleeding, breathless, furious to the last,
Full in the centre stands the bull at bay,
'Mid wounds, and clinging darts and lances brast,
And foes disabled in the brutal fray :
And now the Matadores around him play,
Shake the red cloak, and poise the ready brand :
Once more thro' all he bursts his thundering way—
Vain rage ! the mantle quits the cunning hand,
Wraps his fierce eye—'tis past—he sinks upon the sand !

Where his vast neck just mingles with the spine,
Sheathed in his form the deadly weapon lies.
He stops—he starts—distraining to recline :
Slowly he falls, amidst triumphant cries,
Without a groan, without a struggle dies.
The decorated car appears—on high
The corse is pil'd—sweet sight for vulgar eyes.—
Four steeds that spurn the rein, as swift as shy,
Hurl the dark bulk along, scarce seen in dashing by.—*Byron.*

149. GEOLOGY AND HISTORY.

We often discover with surprise, on looking back into the chronicles of nations, how the fortune of some battle has influenced the fate of millions of our contemporaries, when it has long been forgotten by the mass of the population. With this remote event we may find inseparably connected the geographical boundaries of a great state, the language now spoken by the inhabitants, their peculiar manners, laws, and religious opinions. But far more astonishing and unexpected are the connections brought to light when we carry back our researches into the history of nature. The form of a coast, the configuration of the interior of a country, the existence and extent of lakes, valleys, and mountains can often be traced to the former prevalence of earthquakes and volcanoes in regions which have long been undisturbed. To these remote convulsions the present fertility of some districts, the sterile character of others, the elevation of land above the sea, the climate, and various peculiarities, may be distinctly referred. On the other hand, many distinguishing features of the surface may often be ascribed to the operation, at a remote era, of slow and tranquil causes—to the gradual deposition of sediment in a lake or in the ocean, or to the prolific increase of testacea and corals.

To select another example ; we find in certain localities subterranean deposits of coal, consisting of vegetable matter formerly drifted into seas and lakes. These seas and lakes have since been filled up ; the lands whereon the forest grew have disappeared or changed their form ; the rivers and currents which floated the vegetable masses can no longer be traced ; and the plants belonged to species which for ages have passed away from the surface of our planet. Yet the commercial prosperity and numerical strength of a nation may now be mainly dependent on the local distribution of fuel determined by that ancient state of things.

Geology is intimately related to almost all the physical sciences, as history is to the moral. A historian should, if possible, be at once profoundly acquainted with ethics, politics, jurisprudence, the military art, theology, in a word, with all branches of knowledge by which any insight into human affairs,

or into the moral and intellectual nature of man, can be obtained. It would be no less desirable that a geologist should be well versed in chemistry, natural philosophy, mineralogy, zoology, comparative anatomy, botany, in short, in every science relating to organic and inorganic nature. With these accomplishments the historian and geologist would rarely fail to draw correct philosophical conclusions from the various monuments transmitted to them of former occurrences. They would know to what combination of causes analogous effects were referable, and they would often be enabled to supply, by inference, information concerning many events unrecorded in the defective archives of former ages. But as such extensive acquisitions are scarcely within the reach of any individual, it is necessary that men who have devoted their lives to different departments should unite their efforts; and, as the historian receives assistance from the antiquary, and from those who have cultivated different branches of moral and political science, so the geologist should avail himself of the aid of many naturalists, and particularly of those who have studied the fossil remains of lost species of animals and plants.—*Sir Charles Lyell.*

150. PARIS PENCILLINGS.

Bohemia-in-Paris.

Dear Sir,—According to your wish that I should keep my eye on the British tourist in Paris, I beg to state that I have had only too many opportunities of studying him. I am at present copying in the Louvre, where he most doth congregate. He comes in swarms, and settles round your easel—stands in your light—criticises your work—makes remarks on your attire, &c.—upsets your turpentine, and—vanishes! You will naturally ask, ‘Do these people not see you are English, that they so coolly criticise you?’ No; the beauty of it is, they *don’t* recognise the elegant and refined Potts in the person of a brigand in a felt hat and Wellington boots! Again, you will ask, ‘Why have you adopted this eccentric costume?’ Sir, it is for the very reason of not wishing to appear eccentric, or to look peculiar, that I have adopted it. Living in the society of Parisian students it would never do to dress like a rational being. Were I to wear my hair a decent length, I should be

the laughing-stock of a whole *atelier*—did they but know I ever combed it, I should be scouted from all Beaux-Arts society.

My beard I have let grow wherever it will. (Do you laugh at our beard?) An immense Rubenesque sombrero hat is stuck jauntily in my mouth, and a clay pipe is thrown carelessly on the side of my head. (There is some mistake in the foregoing —please correct.) My coat is seedy on the outside, the lining is dying a natural death on the inside; it is torn in several places, for, unlike the old gentleman in Millais' picture, my time is not much taken up in 'sewing tears.' My boots I wear over my trousers. I have adopted a sort of slangy, shuffling gait. I carry a large wooden paint-box, and I sing popular melodies when walking in the street, which singing consists of a chronic 'yodel,' like a hobbledehoy's voice in a transition state.

Attired thus, I wend my way towards the Louvre. On arriving, the first thing to do is to look about for a good easel and carpet that have been carefully put away by somebody else. If you can't find one, lay hands on stool, easel, and carpet of some poor wretch who has gone to *déjeuner*, and bear them off bodily to your place. When, on his return, he finds the whole paraphernalia disappeared, he can't accuse you, as in all probability he procured them in the same manner. One plan is to paint your initials in large and conspicuous characters on both easel and stool, but, as nearly all the students practise this, some difficulty might arise as to who was the lawful owner. I will just give you an idea of a quiet morning's work.

Supposing I have just begun in charcoal. Enter to me English family—pa, ma, two daughters, and one son. The pa is clerical, chokery, pompous, portly, and portwiney. The ma, sharp, strict, Sunday-schoolish, and soup-tickety. The daughters, pink, proper, booky, and bread-and-buttery. The son, fourteen, fat and freckly, with a tall hat and short jacket. All crowd round. Pa clears his throat, and commences a long jobation on painting in general, from the early ages down to the present time. All listen attentively, except puffy son, who is staring hard at a stout lady with a fish's tail, in one of Rubens' pictures. He is reprimanded for not paying attention, and pa continues. He informs me that this person (meaning me, sir) is copying a Titian (it being a Rembrandt), 'a painter that was much thought of in his time,' though he (pa) must confess that his

(Titian's) colour always struck him as being *earthy*. Eldest daughter asks why the 'person' is 'doing it' all in black (I have just commenced in charcoal). Is informed by pa that this is the great fault of the French school. They were *too gritty*. Youngest daughter gushingly declares that seeing pictures always made her *die* to be an artist. Is reproved by ma, who says that having had lessons at school, that was all 'any young lady could desire.'—*Punch*.

151. DOING ONE'S DUTY.

Doing one's duty (a charming phrase in the abstract, doubtless) proves usually much less agreeable in practice than in theory, seeing that it generally involves annoying oneself, and displeasing other people.

No credit attaches to it, because after all we have only done what we ought to have done ; duty goes to bed weary and rises early ; duty darns stockings and turns its dresses ; duty does needlework, and pricks its fingers in the process ; duty tends the sick and humours the fretful ; duty gives to the poor, and goes about clad in the garments of humility ; and for many and many a long day perhaps, until there be no more duties to perform in this world, it betakes itself to the next ; duty has the felicity of receiving all the kicks of which society is so liberal, while halfpence and silver and gold are showered upon those who do not go in for duty at all, but simply for pleasure.

There is nothing so hard to discharge satisfactorily as our duty ; there is nothing for which we get so little thanks. It is like work, looked down upon as a vulgar virtue : and yet when the small sums that go to make up life's great account come to be cast up, duty and work may be found to have borne good interest, though the one has oftentimes seemed to our eyes but as the toil of the ant, and the other but useless labour and mis-spent energy.—*Mrs. Riddell (Maxwell Drewitt)*.

152. SOCIAL INDOLENCE.

Though we do not inflict so much evil on those who speak differently from us, as it was formerly our custom to do, it may be that we do ourselves as much evil as ever by our treatment

of them. Socrates was put to death, but the Socratic philosophy rose like the sun in heaven, and spread its illumination over the whole intellectual firmament. Christians were cast to the lions, but the Christian Church grew up a stately and spreading tree overtopping the older and less vigorous growths, and stifling them by its shade. Our merely social indolence kills no one, roots out no opinions, but induces men to disguise them, or to abstain from any active effort for their diffusion. With us, heretical opinions do not perceptibly gain, or even lose ground in each decade or generation. They never blaze out far and wide, but continue to smoulder in the narrow circles of thinking and studious persons, among whom they originate, without even lighting up the general affairs of mankind with either a true or a deceptive light. . . . A convenient plan for having peace in the intellectual world, and keeping all things going on therein very much as they do already. But the price paid for this sort of intellectual pacification is the sacrifice of the entire moral courage of the human mind. A state of things in which a large portion of the most active and inquiring intellects find it advisable to keep the genuine principles and grounds of their convictions within their own breasts, and attempt, in what they address to the public, to fit as much as they can of their own conclusions to premises which they have internally renounced, cannot send forth the open, fearless characters and logical consistent intellects who once adorned the thinking world.

The sort of men who can be looked for under it are either mere conformers to commonplace or time-servers for truth, whose arguments on all great subjects are meant for their hearers, and are not those which have convinced themselves. Those who avoid this alternative do so by narrowing their thoughts and interest to things which can be spoken of without venturing within the region of principles—that is, to small practical matters which would come right of themselves if but the minds of mankind were strengthened and enlarged, and which will never be made effectually right until then; while that which would strengthen and enlarge men's minds—free and daring speculation on the highest subjects—is abandoned.—*John Stuart Mill.*

153. A RILL FROM THE TOWN PUMP.

(*Scene—the corner of two principal Streets. The Town Pump talking through its nose.*)

Noon, by the north clock ! Noon, by the east ! High noon, too, by these hot sun-beams, which fall, scarcely aslope, upon my head, and almost make the water bubble and smoke in the trough under my nose. Truly we public characters have a tough time of it ! And among all the town officers chosen at March meeting, where is he that sustains, for a single year, the burden of such manifold duties as are imposed, in perpetuity, upon the Town Pump ? The title of ‘town treasurer’ is rightfully mine, as guardian of the best treasure that the town has. The overseers of the poor ought to make me their chairman, since I provide bountifully for the pauper, without expense to him that pays taxes. I am at the head of the fire department, and one of the physicians to the board of health. As a keeper of the peace, all water-drinkers will confess me equal to the constable. I perform some of the duties of the town clerk, by promulgating public notices, when they are pasted on my front. To speak within bounds, I am the chief person of the municipality, and exhibit, moreover, an admirable pattern to my brother officers, by the cool, steady, upright, downright, and impartial discharge of my business, and the constancy with which I stand to my post. Summer or winter, nobody seeks me in vain ; for, all day long, I am seen at the busiest corner, just above the market, stretching out my arms to rich and poor alike ; and at night I hold a lantern over my head, both to show where I am, and keep people out of the gutters.

At this sultry noontide I am cupbearer to the parched populace, for whose benefit an iron goblet is chained to my waist. Like a dram-seller on the mall, at muster-day, I cry aloud to all and sundry in my plainest accents, and at the very tiptop of my voice—Here it is, gentlemen ! Here is the good liquor ! Walk up, walk up, gentlemen, walk up, walk up ! Here is the superior stuff ! Here is the unadulterated ale of father Adam—better than Cognac, Hollands, Jamaica, strong beer, or wine of any price, here it is by the hogshead or the single glass, and not a cent to pay ! Walk up, gentlemen, walk up, and help yourselves !

It were a pity if all this outcry should draw no customers. Here they come. A hot day, gentlemen ! Quaff, and away again, so as to keep yourselves in a nice cool sweat. You, my friend, will need another cupful, to wash the dust out of your throat, if it be as thick there as it is on your cow-hide shoes. I see that you have trudged half a score of miles to-day ; and, like a wise man, have passed by the taverns, and stopped at the running brooks and well-curbs. Otherwise, betwixt heat without and a fire within, you would have been burnt to a cinder, or melted down to nothing at all in the fashion of a jelly-fish. Drink, and make room for that other fellow, who seeks my aid to quench the fiery fever of last night's potations, which he drained from no cup of mine. Welcome, most rubicund sir ! You and I have been great strangers hitherto ; nor, to express the truth, will my nose be anxious for a closer intimacy till the fumes of your breath be a little less potent. Mercy on you, man ! the water absolutely hisses down your red-hot gullet, and is converted quite to steam, in the miniature tophet which you mistake for a stomach. Fill again, and tell me, on the word of an honest toper, did you ever, in cellar, tavern, or any kind of a dram-shop, spend the price of your children's food for a swig half so delicious ? Now, for the first time these ten years, you know the flavour of cold water. Good-by ; and, whenever you are thirsty, remember that I keep a constant supply, at the old stand. Who next ? Oh, my little friend, you are let loose from school, and come hither to scrub your blooming face, and drown the memory of certain taps of the ferule, and other school-boy troubles, in a draught from the Town Pump. Take it, pure as the current of your young life. Take it, and may your heart and tongue never be scorched with a fiercer thirst than now ! There, my dear child, put down the cup, and yield your place to this elderly gentleman, who treads so tenderly over the stones, that I suspect he is afraid of breaking them. What ! he limps by without so much as thanking me, as if my hospitable offers were meant only for people who have no wine-cellars. Well, well, sir—no harm done, I hope ! Go draw the cork, tip the decanter ; but when your great toe shall set you a-roaring, it will be no affair of mine. If gentlemen love the pleasant titillation of the gout, it is all one to the Town Pump. This thirsty dog, with his red tongue

lolling out, does not scorn my hospitality, but stands on his hind-legs, and laps eagerly out of the trough. See how lightly he capers away again! Jowler, did your worship ever have the gout?

Are you all satisfied? Then wipe your mouths, my good friends; and while my spout has a moment's leisure, I will delight the town with a few historical reminiscences. In far antiquity, beneath a darksome shadow of venerable boughs, a spring bubbled out of the leaf-strewn earth, in the very spot where you now behold me on the sunny pavement. The water was as bright and clear, and deemed as precious as liquid diamonds. The Indian Sagamores drank of it from time immemorial, till the fearful deluge of fire-water burst upon the red-men, and swept their whole race away from the cold fountains. Endicott and his followers came next, and often knelt down to drink, dipping their long beards in the spring. The richest goblet then was of birch bark. Governor Winthrop, after a journey afoot from Boston, drank here, out of the hollow of his hand. The elder Higginson here wet his palm, and laid it on the brow of the first town-born child. For many years it was the watering-place, and, as it were, the wash-bowl of the vicinity,—whither all decent folks resorted, to purify their visages and gaze at them afterwards—at least the pretty maidens did—in the mirror which it made. On Sabbath days, whenever a babe was to be baptized, the sexton filled his basin here, and placed it on the communion-table of the humble meeting-house, which partly covered the site of yonder stately brick one. Thus one generation after another was consecrated to heaven by its waters, and cast their waxing and waning shadows into its glassy bosom, and vanished from the earth, as if mortal life were but a flitting image in a fountain. Finally, the fountain vanished also. Cellars were dug on all sides, and cart-loads of gravel flung upon its source, whence oozed a turbid stream, forming a mud-puddle at the corner of two streets. In the hot months, when its refreshment was most needed, the dust flew in clouds over the forgotten birthplace of the waters, now their grave. But, in the course of time, a town pump was sunk into the source of the ancient spring; and when the first decayed, another took its place—and then another, and still another—till here stand I, gentlemen and ladies, to serve you with my

iron goblet. Drink, and be refreshed ! The water is pure and cold as that which slaked the thirst of the red Sagamore beneath the aged boughs, though now the gem of the wilderness is treasured under these hot stones, where no shadow falls but from the brick buildings. And be it the moral of my story, that, as the wasted and long-lost fountain is now known and prized again, so shall the virtues of cold water, too little valued since your father's days, be recognised by all.

Your pardon, good people ; I must interrupt my stream of eloquence and spout forth a stream of water, to replenish the trough for this teamster and his two yoke of oxen, who have come from Topsfield, or somewhere along that way. No part of my business is pleasanter than the watering of cattle. Look ! how rapidly they lower the water-mark on the sides of the trough, till their capacious stomachs are moistened with a gallon or two apiece, and they can afford time to breathe in, with signs of calm enjoyment. Now they roll their quiet eyes around the brim of their monstrous drinking-vessel. An ox is your true toper.

But I perceive, my dear auditors, that you are impatient for the remainder of my discourse. Impute it, I beseech you, to no defect of modesty, if I insist a little longer on so fruitful a topic as my own multifarious merits. It is altogether for your good. The better you think of me, the better men and women will you find yourselves. I shall say nothing of my all-important aid on washing days ; though, on that account alone, I might call myself the household god of a hundred families. Far be it from me also to hint, my respectable friends, at the show of dirty faces which you would present without my pains to keep you clean. Nor will I remind you how often, when the midnight bells make you tremble for your combustible town, you have fled to the Town Pump, and found me always at my post, firm amid the confusion, and ready to drain my vital current in your behalf. Neither is it worth while to lay much stress on my claims to a medical diploma, as the physician whose simple rule of practice is preferable to all the nauseous lore which has found men sick, or left them so, since the days of Hippocrates. Let us take a broader view of my beneficial influence on mankind.

No ; these are trifles compared with the merits which wise

men concede to me—if not in my single self, yet as the representative of a class—of being the grand reformer of the age. From my spout, and such spouts as mine, must flow the stream that shall cleanse our earth of the vast portion of its crime and anguish which has gushed from the fiery fountains of the still. In this mighty enterprise the cow shall be my great confederate. Milk and water! The *Town Pump* and the *Cow!* Such is the glorious copartnership that shall tear down the distilleries and brewhouses, uproot the vineyards, shatter the cider-presses, ruin the tea and coffee trade, and finally monopolise the whole business of quenching thirst. Blessed consummation! Then, Poverty shall pass away from the land, finding no hovel so wretched where her squalid form may shelter itself. Then disease, for lack of other victims, shall gnaw its own heart, and die. Then Sin, if she do not die, shall lose half her strength. Until now, the frenzy of hereditary fever has raged in the human blood, transmitted from sire to son, and rekindled, in every generation, by fresh draughts of liquid flame. When that inward fire shall be extinguished, the heat of passion cannot but grow cool, and war—the drunkenness of nations—perhaps will cease. At least, there will be no war of households. The husband and wife, drinking deep of peaceful joy—a calm bliss of temperate affections—shall pass hand in hand through life, and lie down, not reluctantly, at its protracted close. To them, the past will be no turmoil of mad dreams, nor the future an eternity of such moments as follow the delirium of the drunkard. Their dead faces shall express what their spirits were, and are to be, by a lingering smile of memory and hope.

Ahem! Dry work, this speechifying; especially to an unpractised orator. I never conceived, till now, what toil the temperance lecturers undergo for my sake. Hereafter, they shall have the business to themselves. Do, some kind Christian, pump a stroke or two, just to wet my whistle. Thank you, sir! My dear hearers, when the world shall have been regenerated by my instrumentality, you will collect your useless vats and liquor casks into one great pile, and make a bonfire in honour of the Town Pump. And when I shall have decayed, like my predecessors, then, if you revere my memory, let a marble fountain, richly sculptured, take my place upon the spot. Such monuments should be erected everywhere, and

inscribed with the names of the distinguished champions of my cause. Now listen ; for something very important is to come next.

There are two or three honest friends of mine—and true friends I know they are—who, nevertheless, by their fiery pugnacity in my behalf, do put me in fearful hazard of a broken nose, or even a total overthrow upon the pavement, and the loss of the treasure which I guard. I pray you, gentlemen, let this fault be amended. Is it decent, think you, to get tipsy with zeal for temperance, and take up the honourable cause of the Town Pump, in the style of a toper fighting for his brandy-bottle ? Or can the excellent qualities of cold water be no otherwise exemplified than by plunging, slap dash, into hot water, and wofully scalding yourself and other people ? Trust me, they may. In the moral warfare which you are to wage—and indeed in the whole conduct of your lives—you cannot choose a better example than myself, who have never permitted the dust and sultry atmosphere, the turbulent and manifold disquietudes of the world around me, to reach that deep calm well of purity which may be called my soul. And whenever I pour out that soul, it is to cool earth's fever, or cleanse its stains.

One o'clock ! Nay, then, if the dinner-bell begins to speak, I may as well hold my peace. Here comes a pretty young girl of my acquaintance, with a large stone pitcher for me to fill. May she draw a husband, while drawing her water, as Rachael did of old. Hold out your vessel, my dear ! There it is, full to the brim ; so now run home, peeping at your sweet image in the pitcher as you go ; and forget not, in a glass of my own liquor, to drink—‘ SUCCESS TO THE TOWN PUMP ! ’—*Hawthorne.*

154. THE GREEK ORATORS.

The immeasurable superiority of the Greek to the Roman oratory is not only evinced by the devotion of the greatest master of the latter to the Attic models, by his constant study of them, by his not ceasing even in advanced life to practise Greek declamation, by his imitation—nay, translating from them in his finest passages ; but one consideration is decisive

on this head,—the Greek oratory is incomparably better adapted to our debating or businesslike habits ; while it may be truly affirmed that, with all his excellence, hardly one of Cicero's orations could even in parts ever be borne either by the Senate or the Forum in our times, there is hardly one of the Greek which might not, in circumstances like those for which they were composed, with a few alterations, be delivered before our tribunals or our public assemblies. Some of Demosthenes' very finest orations were those in private causes, and composed to be delivered by the parties, one of them by himself. They are very little studied now ; but they well deserve ample attention both for the matter and the style.

Also the example of the ancient masters is ever to be kept before you in one important particular, their extreme care in preparing their speeches. Of this the clearest proofs remain. Cicero having a book of passages to be used on occasions is well known ; indeed we have his own account of it and of the mistake he once made in using it. One thing is certain, that Demosthenes was very averse to extempore speaking, and most reluctantly, as he expressed it, 'trusted his success to fortune.'—*Lord Brougham.*

155. ON THE IMPORTANCE OF A CLASSICAL EDUCATION.

A reader unacquainted with the real nature of a classical education will be in danger of undervaluing it, when he sees that so large a portion of time at so important a period of human life is devoted to the study of a few ancient writers, whose works seem to have no direct bearing on the studies and duties of our own generation. This appears to many persons a great absurdity ; while others who are so far swayed by authority as to believe the system to be right, are yet unable to understand how it can be so.

It may be freely confessed that the first origin of classical education affords in itself no reason for its being continued now. When Latin and Greek were almost the only written languages of civilised man, it is manifest that they must have furnished the subjects of all liberal education. The question therefore is wholly changed since the growth of a complete literature in other languages ; since France, and Italy, and

Germany, and England, have each produced their philosophers, their poets, and their historians, worthy to be placed on the same level with those of Greece and Rome.

But although there is not the same reason now which existed three or four centuries ago for the study of Greek and Roman literature, yet there is another no less substantial. Expel Greek and Latin from your schools, and you confine the views of the existing generation to themselves and their immediate predecessors ; you will cut off so many centuries of the world's experience, and place us in the same state as if the human race had first come into existence in the year 1500. For it is nothing to say that a few learned individuals might still study classical literature ; the effect produced on the public mind would be no greater than that which has resulted from the labours of our Oriental scholars ; it would not spread beyond themselves, and men in general after a few generations would know as little of Greece and Rome as they do actually of China and Hindostan. But such an ignorance would be incalculably more to be regretted. With the Asiatic mind we have no nearer connection and sympathy than is derived from our common humanity. But the mind of the Greek and of the Roman is in all the essential points of its constitution our own ; and not only so, but it is our mind developed to an extraordinary degree of perfection. Wide as is the difference between us with respect to those physical instruments which minister to our uses or our pleasures ; although the Greeks and Romans had no steam engines, no printing presses, no mariner's compass, no telescopes, no microscopes, no gunpowder, yet in our moral and political views, in those matters which most determine human character, there is a perfect resemblance. Aristotle, and Plato, and Thucydides, and Cicero, and Tacitus are most untruly called ancient writers ; they are virtually our own countrymen and contemporaries, but have the advantage which is enjoyed by intelligent travellers, that their observation had been exercised in a field out of the reach of common men ; and that, having thus seen in a manner with our eyes what we cannot see for ourselves, their conclusions are such as bear upon our own circumstances, while their information has all the charm of novelty, and all the value of a

mass of new and pertinent facts, illustrative of the great science of the nature of civilised man.

Now when it is said, that men in manhood so often throw their Greek and Latin aside, and that this very fact shows the uselessness of their early studies, it is much more true to say, that it shows how completely the literature of Greece and Rome would be forgotten, if our system of education did not keep up the knowledge of it. But it by no means shows that system to be useless, unless it followed that when a man laid aside his Greek and Latin books, he forgot also all that he had ever gained from them. This, however, is so far from being the case, that even where the results of a classical education are least tangible, and least appreciated even by the individual himself, still the mind often retains much of the effect of its early studies in the general liberality of its tastes, and comparative comprehensiveness of its views and notions. All this supposes indeed that classical instruction should be sensibly conducted ; it requires that a classical teacher should be fully acquainted with modern history and modern literature, no less than with those of Greece and Rome. What is, or perhaps what used to be, called a mere scholar, cannot possibly communicate to his pupils the main advantages of a classical education. The knowledge of the past is valuable, because without it our knowledge of the present and of the future must be scanty ; but if the knowledge of the past be confined wholly to itself—if, instead of being made to bear upon things around us, it be totally isolated from them, and so disguised by vagueness and misapprehension as to appear incapable of illustrating them, then indeed it becomes little better than laborious trifling, and they who declaim against it may be fully forgiven.—*Arnold.*

156. THE ENCOUNTER OF BRAVE AND THE PANTHER.

In this manner the young ladies proceeded along the margin of the precipice, catching occasional glimpses of the placid Otsego, when Elizabeth suddenly started and exclaimed, ‘Listen ! there are the cries of a child on this mountain ! Is there a clearing near us ? or can some little one have strayed from its parents ?’ ‘Such things frequently happen,’ returned Louisa, ‘Let us follow the sounds ; it may be a wanderer

starving on the hill.' Urged by this consideration, the females pursued with quick and impatient steps the low mournful sounds that proceeded from the forest. More than once the ardent Elizabeth was on the point of announcing that she saw the sufferer, when Louisa caught her by the arm, and pointing behind them, cried, 'Look at the dog !' Brave had been their companion from the time the voice of his young mistress lured him from his kennel to the present moment. His advanced age had long deprived him of his activity, and when his companions stopped to view the scenery or to add to their bouquets, the mastiff would lay his huge frame on the ground, and await their movements with his eyes closed, and a listlessness in his air that ill accorded with the character of a protector. But when, aroused by this cry from Louisa, Miss Temple turned, she saw the dog with his eyes keenly set on some distant object, his head bent near the ground, and his hair actually rising on his body either through fright or anger. It was most probably the latter, for he was growling in a low key, and occasionally showing his teeth in a manner that would have terrified his mistress, had she not so well known his good qualities. 'Brave !' she said ; 'be quiet, Brave ; what do you see, fellow ?' At the sound of her voice, the rage of the mastiff, instead of being at all diminished, was very sensibly increased. He stalked in front of the ladies, and seated himself at the feet of his mistress, growling louder than before, and occasionally giving vent to his ire by a short surly barking. 'What does he see ?' said Elizabeth, 'there must be some animal in sight.' Hearing no answer from her companion, Miss Temple turned her head, and beheld Louisa, standing with her face whitened to the colour of death, and her finger pointing upward with a sort of flickering, convulsed motion. The quick eye of Elizabeth glanced in the direction indicated by her friend, where she saw the fierce front and glaring eyes of a female panther fixed on them in horrid malignity, and threatening instant destruction. 'Let us fly,' exclaimed Elizabeth, grasping the arm of Louisa, whose form yielded like melting snow, and sunk lifeless to the earth. There was not a single feeling in the temperament of Elizabeth Temple that could prompt her to desert a companion in such an extremity, and she fell on her knees by the side of the inanimate Louisa, tearing from the person of her friend,

with an instinctive readiness, such parts of her dress as might obstruct her respiration, and encouraging their only safeguard, the dog, at the same time by the sounds of her voice. ‘Courage, Brave,’ she cried, her own tones beginning to tremble; ‘courage, courage, good Brave.’

A quarter-grown cub, that had hitherto been unseen, now appeared, dropping from the branches of a sapling, that grew under the shade of the beech which held its dam. This ignorant but vicious creature approached near to the dog, imitating the actions and sounds of its parent, but exhibiting a strange mixture of the playfulness of a kitten with the ferocity of its race. Standing on its hind-legs, it would rend the bark of a tree with its forepaws, and play all the antics of a cat for a moment; and then, by lashing itself with its tail, growling and scratching the earth, it would attempt the manifestations of anger that rendered its parent so terrible.

All this time Brave stood firm and undaunted, his short tail erect, his body drawn backward on its haunches, and his eyes following the movements of both dam and cub. At every gambol played by the latter, it approached nigher to the dog, the growling of the three becoming more horrid at each moment, until the younger beast, overleaping its intended bound, fell directly before the mastiff. There was a moment of fearful cries and struggles, but they ended almost as soon as commenced, by the cub appearing in the air, hurled from the jaws of Brave, with a violence that sent it against a tree so forcibly as to render it completely senseless. Elizabeth witnessed the short struggle, and her blood was warming with the triumph of the dog, when she saw the form of the old panther in the air springing twenty feet from the branch of the beech to the back of the mastiff. No words of ours can describe the fury of the conflict that followed. It was a confused struggle on the dried leaves, accompanied by loud and terrible cries, barks, and growls. Miss Temple continued on her knees, bending over the form of Louisa, her eyes fixed on the animals, with an interest so horrid, and yet so intense, that she almost forgot her own stake in the result. So rapid and vigorous were the bounds of the inhabitant of the forest, that its active frame seemed constantly in the air, while the dog nobly faced the foe at each successive leap. When the panther lighted on the shoulders

of the mastiff, which was its constant aim, old Brave, though torn with her talons, and stained with his own blood, that already flowed from a dozen wounds, would shake off his furious foe like a feather, and, rearing on his hind-legs, rush to the fray again with his jaws distended and a dauntless eye. But age and a pampered life greatly disqualifed the noble mastiff for such a struggle. In everything but courage he was only the vestige of what he had once been. A higher bound than ever raised the wary and furious beast far beyond the reach of the dog, who was making a desperate but fruitless dash at her, from which she alighted in a favourable position on the back of her aged foe. For a single moment only could the panther remain there, the great strength of the dog returning with a convulsive effort. But Elizabeth saw, as Brave fastened his teeth in the side of his enemy, that the collar of brass around his neck, which had been glittering throughout the fray, was of the colour of blood, and directly that his frame was sinking to the earth, where it soon lay prostrate and helpless. Several mighty efforts of the wild cat to extricate herself from the jaws of the dog followed, but they were fruitless, until the mastiff turned on his back, his lips collapsed, and his teeth loosened ; when the short convulsions and stillness that succeeded, announced the death of poor Brave. Elizabeth now lay wholly at the mercy of the beast. There is said to be something in the front of the image of the Maker that daunts the hearts of the inferior beings of his creation ; and it would seem that some such power, in the present instance, suspended the threatened blow. The eyes of the monster and the kneeling maiden met for an instant, when the former stooped to examine her fallen foe, next to scent her luckless cub. From the latter examination it turned, however, with its eyes apparently emitting flashes of fire, its tail lashing its sides furiously, and its claws projecting four inches from its broad feet. Miss Temple did not or could not move. Her hands were clasped in the attitude of prayer, but her eyes were still drawn to her terrible enemy ; her cheeks were blanched to the whiteness of marble, and her lips were slightly separated with horror. The moment seemed now to have arrived for the fatal termination, and the beautiful figure of Elizabeth was bowing meekly to the stroke, when a rustling of leaves from behind seemed rather to mock the organs than

to meet the ear. ‘Hist, hist !’ said a low voice, ‘stoop lower, gal, your bonnet hides the creature’s head.’

It was rather the yielding of nature than a compliance with this unexpected order, that caused the head of our heroine to sink on her bosom ; then she heard the report of the rifle, the whizzing of the bullet, and the enraged cries of the beast, who was rolling over on the earth, biting its own flesh, and tearing the twigs and branches within its reach. At the next instant, the form of the ‘Leather-Stocking’ rushed by her.

Fenimore Cooper.

157. CHARACTER OF MR. PITT.

The secretary stood alone. Modern degeneracy had not reached him. Original and unaccommodating, the features of his character had the hardihood of antiquity. His august mind overawed majesty itself. No state chicanery, no narrow system of vicious politics, no idle contest for ministerial victories, sunk him to the vulgar level of the great ; but overbearing, persuasive, and impracticable, his object was England, his ambition was fame. Without dividing, he destroyed party ; without corrupting, he made a venal age unanimous. France sunk beneath him. With one hand he smote the house of Bourbon, and wielded in the other the democracy of England. The sight of his mind was infinite ; and his schemes were to affect, not England, not the present age only, but Europe and posterity. Wonderful were the means by which these schemes were accomplished ; always seasonable, always adequate, the suggestions of an understanding animated by ardour, and enlightened by prophecy.

The ordinary feelings which make life amiable and indolent were unknown to him. No domestic difficulties, no domestic weakness reached him ; but aloof from the sordid occurrences of life, and unsullied by its intercourse, he came occasionally into our system, to counsel and to decide.

A character so exalted, so strenuous, so various, so authoritative, astonished a corrupt age, and the treasury trembled at the name of Pitt through all her classes of venality. Corruption imagined, indeed, that she had found defects in this statesman, and talked much of the inconsistency of his glory, and

much of the ruin of his victories ; but the history of his country, and the calamities of the enemy, answered and refuted her.

Nor were his political abilities his only talents. His eloquence was an era in the senate, peculiar and spontaneous, familiarly expressing gigantic sentiments and instinctive wisdom ; not like the torrent of Demosthenes, or the splendid conflagration of Tully ; it resembled sometimes the thunder, and sometimes the music of the spheres. He did not conduct the understanding through the painful subtlety of argumentation ; nor was he for ever on the rack of exertion ; but rather lightened upon the subject, and reached the point by the flashings of the mind, which, like those of his eye, were felt, but could not be followed.

Upon the whole, there was in this man something that could create, subvert, or reform ; an understanding, a spirit, and an eloquence, to summon mankind to society, or to break the bonds of slavery asunder, and to rule the wilderness of free minds with unbounded authority ; something that could establish or overwhelm empires, and strike a blow in the world that should resound through the universe.—*Grattan*.

158. CHARACTER OF LORD CLIVE.

Lord Clive committed great faults, and we have not attempted to disguise them. But his faults, when weighed against his merits, and viewed in connection with his temptations, do not appear to us to deprive him of his right to an honourable place in the estimation of posterity.

From his first visit to India dates the renown of the English arms in the East. Till he appeared his countrymen were despised as mere pedlars, while the French were revered as a people formed for victory and command. His courage and capacity dissolved the charm. With the defence of Arcot commences that long series of Oriental triumphs which closes with the fall of Ghizni. Nor must we forget that he was only twenty-five years old when he approved himself ripe for military command. This is a rare if not a singular distinction. It is true that Alexander, Condé, and Charles the Twelfth won great battles at a still earlier age ; but those princes were

surrounded by veteran generals of distinguished skill, to whose suggestions must be attributed the victories of the Granicus, of Rocroi, and of Narva. Clive, an inexperienced youth, had yet more experience than any of those who served under him. He had to form himself, to form his officers, and to form his army. The only man, as far as we recollect, who at an equally early age ever gave equal proof of talents for war, was Napoleon Bonaparte.

From Clive's second visit to India dates the political ascendancy of the English in that country. His dexterity and resolution realised, in the course of a few months, more than all the gorgeous visions which had floated before the imagination of Dupleix. Such an extent of cultivated territory, such an amount of revenue, such a multitude of subjects, was never added to the dominion of Rome by the most successful proconsul. Nor were such wealthy spoils ever borne under arches of triumph, down the Sacred Way, and through the crowded Forum, to the threshold of Tarpeian Jove. The fame of those who subdued Antiochus and Tigranes grows dim when compared with the splendour of the exploits which the young English adventurer achieved at the head of an army not equal in numbers to one-half of a Roman legion.

From Clive's third visit to India dates the purity of the administration of our Eastern empire. When he landed in Calcutta in 1765, Bengal was regarded as a place to which Englishmen were sent only to get rich by any means in the shortest possible time. He first made dauntless and unsparing war on that gigantic system of oppression, extortion, and corruption. In that war he manfully put to hazard his ease, his fame, and his splendid fortune. The same sense of justice which forbids us to conceal or extenuate the faults of his earlier days, compels us to admit that those faults were nobly repaired. If the reproach of the Company and of its servants has been taken away, if in India the yoke of foreign masters, elsewhere the heaviest of all yokes, has been found lighter than that of any native dynasty, if to that gang of public robbers, which formerly spread terror through the whole plain of Bengal, has succeeded a body of functionaries not more highly distinguished by ability and diligence than by integrity, disinterestedness, and public spirit, if we now see such men as

Munro, Elphinstone, and Metcalfe, after leading victorious armies, after making and deposing kings, return, proud of their honourable poverty, from a land which once held out to every greedy factor the hope of boundless wealth, the praise is in no small measure due to Clive. His name stands high in the roll of conquerors. But it is found in a better list, in the list of those who have done and suffered much for the happiness of mankind. To the warrior, history will assign a place in the same rank with Lucullus and Trajan. Nor will she deny to the reformer a share of that veneration with which France cherishes the memory of Turgot, and with which the latest generation of Hindoos will contemplate the statue of Lord William Bentinck.—*Macaulay.*

159. CHARACTER OF JAMES WATT.

Watt has been called the great *Improver* of the steam-engine, but, in truth, as to all that is admirable in its structure or vast in its utility, he should rather be described as its *Inventor*. It was by his inventions that its action was so regulated as to make it capable of being applied to the finest and most delicate manufactures, and its power so increased as to set weight and solidity at defiance. By his admirable contrivance, it has become a thing stupendous alike for its force and its flexibility—for the prodigious power which it can exert, and the ease, and precision, and ductility with which that power can be varied, distributed, and applied. The trunk of an elephant, that can pick up a pin or rend an oak, is as nothing to it. It can engrave a seal, and crush masses of obdurate metal before it, draw out, without breaking, a thread as fine as gossamer, and lift a ship of war like a bubble in the air. It can embroider muslin and forge anchors—cut steel into ribands, and impel loaded vessels against the fury of the winds and waves.

It would be difficult to estimate the value of the benefits which these inventions have conferred upon this country. There is no branch of industry that has not been indebted to them ; and, in all the most material, they have not only widened most magnificently the field of its exertions, but multiplied a thousandfold the amount of its productions. It is to the genius

of one man, too, that all this is mainly owing. And certainly no man ever bestowed such a gift on his kind. The blessing is not only universal, but unbounded ; and the fabled inventors of the plough and the loom, who were deified by the erring gratitude of their rude contemporaries, conferred less important benefits on mankind than the inventor of our present steam-engine.

This will be the fame of Watt with future generations ; and it is sufficient for his race and his country. But to those to whom he more immediately belonged, who lived in his society and enjoyed his conversation, it is not perhaps the character in which he will be most frequently recalled, most deeply lamented, or even most highly admired. Independently of his great attainments in mechanics, Mr. Watt was an extraordinary, and, in many respects, a wonderful man. Perhaps no individual in his age possessed so much and such varied and exact information, had read so much, or remembered what he had read so accurately and well. He had infinite quickness of apprehension, a prodigious memory, and a certain rectifying and methodising power of understanding, which extracted something precious out of all that was presented to it. His stores of miscellaneous knowledge were immense, and yet less astonishing than the command he had at all times over them. It seemed as if every subject that was casually started in conversation with him had been that which he had been last occupied in studying and exhausting—such was the copiousness, the precision, and the admirable clearness of the information which he poured out upon it, without effort or hesitation. Nor was this promptitude and compass of knowledge confined in any degree to the studies connected with his ordinary pursuits. That he should have been minutely and extensively skilled in chemistry and the arts, and in most of the branches of physical science, might perhaps have been conjectured. But it could not have been inferred from his usual occupations that he was curiously learned in many branches of antiquity, metaphysics, medicine, and etymology, and perfectly at home in all the details of architecture, music, and law. He was well acquainted, too, with most of the modern languages, and familiar with their most recent literature. Nor was it at all extraordinary to hear the great mechanician and engineer detailing and expounding

for hours together the metaphysical theories of the German logicians, or criticising the measures or the matter of the German poetry —Jeffrey.

160. THE ‘GALERIE DE MÉDICIS’ IN THE LOUVRE.

But Rubens, the great, joyous, full-souled, all-powerful Rubens!—there he was, full as ever of triumphant, abounding life; disgusting and pleasing; making me laugh and making me angry; defying me to dislike him; dragging me at his chariot wheels; in despite of my protests forcing me to confess that there was no other but he.

This Medici gallery is a succession of gorgeous allegoric paintings, done at the instance of Mary of Medici, to celebrate the praise and glory of that family. I was predetermined not to like them for two reasons; first, that I dislike allegorical subjects; and second, that I hate and despise that Medici family and all that belongs to them. So no sympathy with the subject blinded my eyes, and drew me gradually from all else in the hall to contemplate these. It was simply the love of power and of fertility that held me astonished, which seemed to express with nonchalant ease what other painters attain by laborious efforts. It occurred to me that other painters are famous for single heads, or figures, and that were the striking heads or figures with which these pictures abound to be parcelled out singly, any one of them would make a man’s reputation. Any animal of Rubens, alone, would make a man’s fortune in that department. His fruits and flowers are unrivalled for richness and abundance; his old men’s heads are wonderful; and when he chooses, which he does not often, he can even create a pretty woman. Generally speaking, his women are his worst productions. It would seem that he had revolted with such fury from the meagre, pale, cadaverous outlines of womankind painted by his predecessors, the Van Eyks, whose women resemble potato sprouts grown in a cellar, that he altogether overdid the matter in the opposite direction. His exuberant soul abhors leanness as Nature abhors a vacuum; and hence all his women seem bursting their bodices with fulness, like overgrown carnations breaking out of their green calyxes. He gives you Venuses with arms fit to wield the

'hammer of Vulcan ; vigorous Graces whose dominion would be alarming were they indisposed to clemency. His weakness, in fact, his besetting sin, is too truly described by Moses :—

But Jeshurun waxed fat and kicked ;
Thou art waxen fat, thou art grown thick,
Thou art covered with fatness.

Scornfully he is determined upon it ; he will none of your scruples : his women shall be fat as he pleases, and you shall like him nevertheless.

I should compare Rubens to Shakspeare for the wonderful variety and vital force of his artistic power. I know no other mind he so nearly resembles. Like Shakspeare, he forces you to accept and forgive a thousand excesses, and uses his own faults as musicians use discords, only to enhance the perfection of harmony. There certainly is some use even in defects. A faultless style sends you to sleep. Defects rouse and excite the sensibility to seek and appreciate excellences. Some of Shakspeare's finest passages explode all grammar and rhetoric like sky-rockets—the thought blows the language to shivers.—

Mrs. Beecher Stowe.

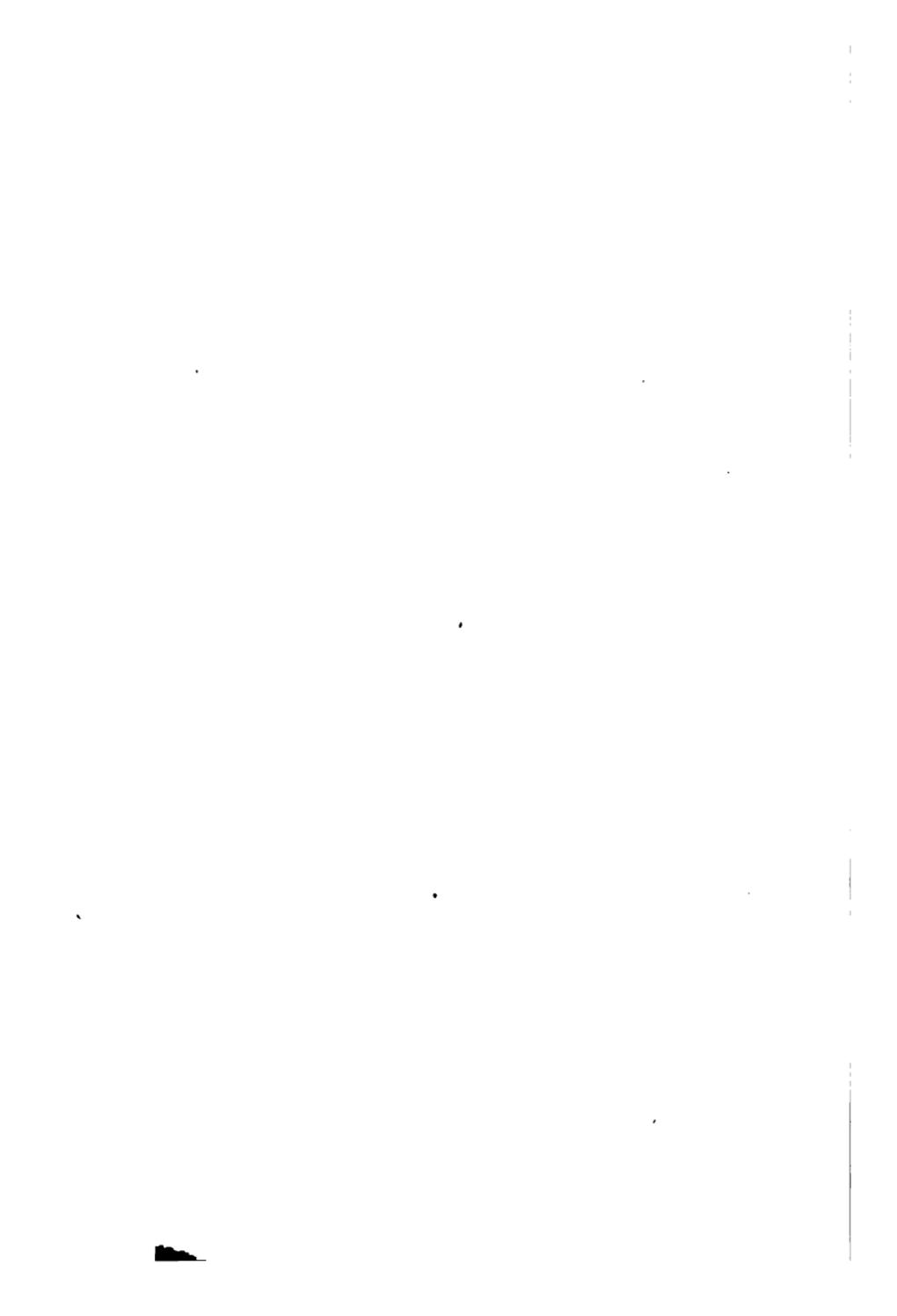
161. JOAN OF ARC.

What is to be thought of *her*? What is to be thought of the poor shepherd-girl from the hills and forests of Lorraine, that—like the Hebrew shepherd-boy from the hills and forests of Judea—rose suddenly out of the quiet, out of the safety, out of the religious inspiration, rooted in deep pastoral solitudes, to a station in the van of armies, and to the more perilous station at the right hand of kings? The Hebrew boy inaugurated his patriotic mission by an *act*, by a victorious *act*, such as no man could deny. But so did the girl of Lorraine, if we read her story as it was read by those who saw her nearest. Adverse armies bore witness to the boy as no pretender : but so they did to the gentle girl. Judged by the voices of all who saw them *from a station of good-will*, both were found true and loyal to any promises involved in their first acts. Enemies it was that made the difference between their subsequent fortunes. The boy rose—to a splendour and a noonday prosperity, both personal and public, that rang through the records of his people,

and became a by-word amongst his posterity for a thousand years, until the sceptre was departing from Judah. The poor, forsaken girl, on the contrary, drank not herself from the cup of rest which she had secured for France. She never sang the songs that rose in her native Domremy, as echoes to the departing steps of invaders. She mingled not in the festal dances at Vaucouleurs which celebrated in rapture the redemption of France. No ! for her voice was then silent. No ! for her feet were dust. Pure, innocent, noble-hearted girl ! whom from earliest youth ever I believed in as full of truth and self-sacrifice, this was amongst the strongest pledges for *thy* side, that never once—no, not for a moment of weakness—didst thou revel in the vision of coronets and honour from man. Coronets for thee ! Oh, no ! Honours, if they come when all is over, are for those that share thy blood. Daughter of Domremy, when the gratitude of thy king shall awaken, thou wilt be sleeping the sleep of the dead. Call her, king of France, but she will not hear thee ! Cite her by thy apparitors to come and receive a robe of honour, but she will be found *en contumace*. When the thunders of universal France, as even yet may happen, shall proclaim the grandeur of the poor shepherd-girl that gave up all for her country—thy ear, young shepherd-girl, will have been deaf for five centuries. To suffer and to do, that was thy portion in this life ; to *do*—never for thyself, always for others ; to *suffer*—never in the persons of generous champions, always in thy own : that was thy destiny ; and not for a moment was it hidden from thyself. ‘Life,’ thou saidst, ‘is short, and the sleep which is in the grave is long. Let me use that life, so transitory, for the glory of those heavenly dreams destined to comfort the sleep which is so long.’ This pure creature—pure, from every suspicion of even a visionary self-interest, even as she was pure in senses more obvious—never once did this holy child, as regarded herself, relax from her belief in the darkness that was travelling to meet her. She might not prefigure the very manner of her death ; she saw not in vision, perhaps, the aerial altitude of the fiery scaffold, the spectators without end on every road pouring into Rouen as to a coronation, the surging smoke, the volleying flames, the hostile faces all around, the pitying eye that lurked but here and there until nature and imperishable truth broke loose from artificial restraints ; these

might not be apparent through the mists of the hurrying future. But the voice that called her to death, *that* she heard for ever.

Great was the throne of France even in those days, and great was he that sat upon it ; but well Joanna knew that not the throne, nor he that sat upon it, was for *her* ; but, on the contrary, that she was for *them* ; not she by them, but they by her, should rise from the dust. Gorgeous were the lilies of France, and for centuries had the privilege to spread their beauty over land and sea, until, in another century, the wrath of God and man combined to wither them ; but well Joanna knew, early at Domremy she had read that bitter truth, that the lilies of France would decorate no garland for *her*. Flower nor bud, bell nor blossom would ever bloom for *her*.—*Thomas de Quincey.*



VOCABULARY.

N.B.—THE NUMBERS REFER TO THAT OF EACH PARTICULAR EXTRACT.

A

about. ‘We are about to offer’ [40], *nous allons offrir*. ‘About whether’ [106], *sur le point (sur la question) de savoir si*. ‘Carries about with him’ [23], *porte avec (en) lui*. ‘Swimming about’ [9], *nageant de côté et d'autre*. ‘There is no question about them any more’ [107], *ils ne sauraient plus être mis en question*; *il n'y a plus de doute quant à eux*. ‘A youth about town’ [113], *une jeune flâneur, un vivant*.

above. ‘Above half’ [51], *plus de moitié*. ‘Above all things’ [51], *surtout, avant tout*. ‘Not above being the better for good impressions from a dying friend’ [64], *qu'un ami mourant pouvait impressionner favorablement, qui pouvait devenir meilleur encore en recevant des impressions de la part d'un ami mourant*. ‘Above it’ [98], *au-dessus*. ‘From above’ [40], *d'en haut*.

accord. ‘Of her own accord’ [20], *de son propre mouvement, de gré*. [47], *de son propre mouvement, de lui-même*.

achieve (to) [94], *accomplir*.
acquainted [102], *au fait*.
‘To make oneself acquainted’ [102], *se mettre au fait*.

act (to) [40, 116], *jouer*. ‘To

act a part’ [64], *jouer un rôle*.
‘To act on’ [43], *agir selon, se conformer à*.

actual [99], *actuel, réel, positif*. [112, 131], *réel*.

actually [67], *en réalité*. [96], *bientôt, un jour, même*.

address (to) [18, 24], *parler à, adresser la parole à, porter la parole*.
advance (to) [131], *faire progresser, faire avancer*.

advancing. ‘This is advancing matters’ [107], *nous anticipons sur les événements*.

advertising columns [74], *annonces, colonnes d'annonces*.

afford (to) [14, 21, 37, 40, 99, 112, 114], *donner, offrir, présenter, avoir les moyens*. ‘I cannot afford it’ [23], *mes moyens ne me le permettent pas; je n'en ai pas les moyens*. ‘I could not afford’ [96], *mes moyens ne me permettaient pas; je n'avais pas les moyens*.

again and again (repeated) [47], *répété et répété, répété cent fois, sans cesse*.

against [131]. See **most**.
aggregate (in the) [105], *au total, en somme*.

aghast [23], *effaré*.
ahead. ‘To be ahead’ [7], *avoir l'avance*.

alike [15, 93], *également*.
all, adj. ‘All day long’ [47], *toute la journée, tant que le jour dure*.

all, pron. ‘All of us’ [64], *tous tant que nous sommes*. ‘All about it’ [102], *tous les détails*. ‘To know all about’ [113], *avoir maltrisé, connaître tous les détails sur*. ‘All who’ [111], *tous ceux qui*.

all, adv. ‘Not at all,’ *pas du tout*. ‘That it would come at all’ [8], *qu’elle pût jamais venir*. ‘He is all wrong’ [97], *il n'est pas du tout l'homme qu'on croit*; *l'on se trompe sur son compte du tout au tout*.

‘**all . . . as**’ [87], *tout . . . que* (with indicative). *Si . . . que*, *quelque . . . que* (with subjunctive).

allowance [91], *paye, rations*. ‘To make allowance for’ [89], *tenir compte de, avoir égard à, avoir de l'indulgence pour*. ‘To give an allowance’ [107], *faire une rente*.

almost, *presque*. ‘Almost stifled me’ [23], *faillit m'étouffer*.

alone, ‘To let alone’ [106], *laisser tranquille*.

alone, adv. [113], *seulement*. **along** [45], *le long de*. ‘Along with’ [82], *avec*.

amiss [123], *déplacé, mal placé*.

ancestry [15], *descendance, extraction*.

anew [77], *à nouveau*.

an if [85], *si, si par hasard*.

animal spirits [24], *verve, entrain, vivacité*.

another [117], *encore un*. ‘Another five farthings’ worth’ [67], *encore pour cinq liards*.

‘Another year’ [96], *encore un an*. ‘To have another word’ [130], *dire encore un mot, parler encore une fois*.

anticipate (to) [38], *prévoir, supposer*. [53], *espérer, compter*.

antiquated [45], *démodé, à l'antique, vieux*.

any, indet. adj., *tout, chaque, n'importe quel*. ‘At any moment’ [6], *à tout (à chaque) moment*. ‘Any art’ [24], *n'importe quel parti*.

‘**Any difference of opinion**’ [24], *toute différence d'opinion*. ‘In any way’ [24], *de n'importe quelle manière*. ‘**Any attempt**’ [25], *toute tentative*. ‘**Any chance contest**’ [46], *toute lutte (n'importe quelle lutte) qu'amènerait le hasard*. ‘Does more talking than any other twelve men put together’ [97], *parle plus que douze ; fait plus usage de sa langue que douze autres hommes, n'importe lesquels, mis ensemble*. (See also 31, 41, 91, 98, 105, 112.) ‘**Any man**’ [104], *n'importe quel homme, n'importe qui*.

any, indet. adj., *un, une, quelque, certain, certaine*. ‘**Any considerable manufacture**’ [2], *quelque (une) fabrication considérable*. ‘If any parts be true’ [14], *si quelques (certaines) parties sont vraies, si une partie quelconque est vraie*.

any, indet. adj. (in a negative sentence), *un, aucun, de*. ‘I never saw any man’ [24], *je n'ai jamais vu aucun (un, d') homme*. ‘Had never found any difficulty’ [46], *n'avaient jamais trouvé aucune difficulté ; n'avaient jamais trouvé de difficulté*. ‘Nor could any soldier’ [46], *d'ailleurs nul soldat ne pouvait*. ‘Without offering any resistance’ [47], *sans faire de résistance*. ‘Without any order’ [47], *sans ordre aucun*.

any, indet. pronoun. ‘Had not given him any’ [18], *ne lui en avait donné aucun, ne lui en avait point donné*. ‘If I had any’ [64], *si j'en avais*.

any, adverb. ‘I could not get it any sooner’ [130], *je n'ai pas pu l'avoir plus tôt*. ‘Not that F. W. is any better’ [107], *non que F. W. vaille mieux*. ‘To go back any further’ [130], *retourner plus en arrière*. ‘Any more’ (see **about**.)

anybody else [107], *n'importe quelle autre personne, toute autre personne, tout autre.* ‘By paying scarcely anybody’ [107], *en ne payant à peu près personne.*

any one, chacun. **not anyone**, aucun. ‘Are not peculiar to any one of these periods’ [14], *ne sont particuliers à aucune de ces périodes, ne s'appliquent pas à toutes ces périodes indifféremment.* [116], *n'importe qui, qui que ce soit.*

anything (in a sentence neither negative, interrogative, nor emphatic) [99], *toute chose, tout ce qui.* ‘Anything else’ [131], *toute autre chose, n'importe quelle autre chose.* ‘Anything that’ [41], *tout ce qui.* ‘Anything’ [104], *n'importe quoi.* ‘Anything like’ [40], *n'importe quoi qui ressemble à.* ‘Anything but’ [123], *quelque chose de peu.*

anything (in a negative sentence), rien. ‘He was not to learn anything from books’ [18], *il ne devait rien apprendre dans les livres.* ‘Without the nation knowing anything about it’ [18], *sans que la nation en sut rien.* ‘Without anything’ [65], *sans rien.* ‘She won’t stand anything’ [98], *elle ne te donnera rien.* ‘I do not see anything cruel in’ [122], *je ne vois rien de cruel à.* ‘Is it possible that there could be anything but’ [131], *est-il possible qu'il puisse y avoir autre chose (rien) si ce n'est.*

anywhere but [37], *ailleurs que, n'importe où, excepté.*

apace [95], rapidement, à vue d’œil.

‘**apartments to let**’ [84], *appartement (chambre garnie) à louer.*

appearance. ‘Not liking my appearance’ [98], *ne trouvant pas mon aspect (extérieur) à leur goût.* ‘The responsibility of my appearance’ [98], *la responsabilité de ma présence (de mon apparition).*

applied to. ‘Should be ap-

plied to’ [62], *qu'il fallait s'adresser à.*

appointed [94], *convenu.* [107], *équipt.*

appropriate [77], *convenable.*

appurtenances [33], *appartenances et dépendances.*

aright [53], *bien.*

article [60], *préparation pharmaceutique, drogue.*

as [61, 75], *attendu que, puisque, car.* ‘As he, too’ [103], *car lui aussi.*

as [24, 94, 131], *tandis que, pendant que, à mesure que, au moment où.*

as, quelque . . . que, si . . . que (with subj.), *tout . . . que* (with indicative). ‘Absurd as it seems’ [5], *si absurde que cela paraisse, tout absurde que cela paraît.* ‘Enveloped as it was in flames’ [66], *tout enveloppé de flammes qu'il était.* ‘Barbarous as it is’ [81], *tout barbare qu'il est.* ‘Fallen as he is’ [123], *tout déchu qu'il est, si déchu (quelque déchu) qu'il soit.*

‘**as prices go**’ [97], *selon les prix du jour, du train dont vont les choses.* ‘Lengthen it as I may’ [101], *que je l'allonge tant que je pourrai; je l'allongerais autant que je le pourrais, que . . .*

as far as, pour autant que, en tant que. ‘As far as they are concerned’ [19], *en ce qui les concerne.*

as for [67], *quant à.*

as if from [38], *comme si elle venait de.*

as it were [64, 91], *comme qui dirait, pour ainsi dire.*

as though [67, 87], *comme si.* ‘As though not believing’ [53], *comme s'il ne croyait pas.* ‘As though to say’ [122], *comme s'il voulait dire.* ‘As though he had been’ [123], *comme s'il avait été.*

as to [112], *en fait de.* ‘As to why’ [48], *sur le point de savoir pourquoi.*

as well. ‘It was perhaps as well’ [73], *c’était peut-être ce que nous avions de mieux à faire.*

ask (to) [107], *inviter.*

at (with the name of a person in the genitive), *chez.* ‘At my mother’s’ [24], *chez ma mère.* ‘At the banker’s’ [125], *chez le banquier.*

at all, du tout. ‘Not at all,’ *pas du tout.* Cannot be thus translated when the sentence is not negative. ‘Seldom spoke at all’ [24], *s'il parlait, il parlait rarement ; il ne se décidait que rarement à parler.*

at any rate [81], *en tous cas.*

‘at being liberated’ [24], *d’être délivré.*

at any time [127], *à tout moment.*

at large [81], *en général.*

at last [34], *vers ma fin.*

at them! [94], *sus ! courrons sus !*

attend (to) [29, 105], *accompagner, suivre* (never attendre).

attend to (to) [8], *s’occuper de.* ‘What makes him more attended to’ [35], *ce qui attire le plus l’attention sur lui.* [66], *être la conséquence, accompagner.* [70], *se présenter chez.* [97,] *être présent à.* [107], *être présent à, se rendre à.* [111], *faire attention à, noter.*

at times [28], *parfois, tantôt.*

aught. ‘For aught he knows’ [61], *en tant qu'il est à même de savoir.*

avail (to), être utile, prévaloir. ‘What courage could have availed?’ [7], *quel est le courage qui n'est pas été inutile ? à quoi pouvait servir le courage ?* ‘To avail oneself’ [29], *profiter, se servir de.*

average, moyen. ‘Of average intelligence’ [21], *d'intelligence moyenne, ordinaire.* [78], *moyenne* (subst.) ‘To average’ [78], *valoir (se vendre, revenir) en moyenne à.*

aware of [114], *connaissant.*
away with [14], *arrière.*
‘Miles away’ [65], *éloigné de plusieurs miles.*

awful-looking [130], *d'un aspect effroyable.*

B

back (to look) [99], *regarder en arrière, jeter un regard rétrospectif.*

background [130], *fond.*

back kitchen [6], *arrière-cuisine.*

back settlement [96], *arrière-magasin.*

backwoods [21], *campements or colonies dans les forêts vierges, terrains de défrichement, forêts défrichées du nouveau monde.*

bandbox [69], *carton.*

banner-carrier [40], *porte-bannière.*

battered [98], *bossellé.*

be (to). ‘He was not to’ [18], *il ne devait pas.* ‘The lion-killer was to stand’ [22], *le tueur de lions devait se tenir.* ‘If you are to be miserable’ [104], *si vous devez être (s'il faut que vous soyez) malheureux.* ‘Had it not been for’ [106], *n'est été, sans.* ‘Empires that are to be’ [105], *empires à venir, empires futurs.* ‘Be it ever so perfect’ [8], *si (or quelque) parfaite qu'elle soit, tant parfaite soit-elle.*

bear (to) (of ice) [7], *porter (v. n.), supporter.* ‘Beyond bearing’ [101], *d'une manière insupportable.* ‘Bear with me’ [101], *excusez-moi, ayez patience.* [112], *souffrir.*

beat [131], *spécialité, genre, idée habituelle.*

become (to) is very frequently translated by the reflexive form of the following verb. ‘Becoming

interested' [53], s'étant intéressé, s'intéressant, prenant intérêt. 'Became known' [53], se fit connaître. 'To become detached' [7], se détacher.

bed. 'To go to bed' [30], se coucher.

below, au-dessous de. 'No woman dresses below herself' [124], aucune femme ne s'habille de manière à paraître au-dessous de sa position sociale.

be-powdered [67], poudré, couvert de poudre.

be-praised [131], accablé d'éloges outrés.

berry-brown. 'Were burnt to a berry-brown' [98], étaient hâlés (brûlés) au point d'avoir la couleur d'une baie (de gentiane).

beseachingly [23], d'un air suppliant.

best (the) [107], ce qu'il y a de mieux. 'He had best keep his opinion to himself' [107], ce qu'il a de mieux à faire c'est de garder son opinion pour lui-même.

bestowed [53], donné. 'Anticipating the gratification of hearing his own name bestowed upon it' [53], espérant avoir le plaisir d'entendre donner à la mosquée son nom à lui.

bethink oneself (to) [127], imaginer, songer, avoir l'idée.

beyond. 'To an extent beyond what' [2], au-delà de ce que.

bill [23], note, mémoire (billet = English 'note'). [92], hache d'armes.

billet off (to). 'Were billeted off in' [107], recevaient des billets de logement pour, étaient casernés dans.

bit by bit [98], pièce à pièce.

bitter cold [129], froid aigu, vif, rigoureux, piquant.

black eye [106], œil poché.

blaze. 'In a blaze' [16], tout en flammes.

blight [23], broussure, nielle, gelée.

blind oneself (to) [8], s'aveugler, fermer les yeux.

blossom into (to) [17], fleurir en. 'Blossomed into a,' eurent comme une floraison.

blow down (to) [107], casser, briser, enfouir.

blue-gowned [100], à la robe bleue.

board and lodging [51], la table et le logement.

bond [97], bon, billet, signature.

booth [107], baraque.

border [79], marche.

border on (to) [24], approcher, être aux abords de.

bore [123], scie (familiar).

boredom [131], ennui, scie (familiar).

borne down [13], écrasé.

both [23], l'un et l'autre. 'Both his flanks' [7], l'un et l'autre de ses flancs, ses deux flancs.

both ... and, et ... et, à la fois, aussi bien que, comme. 'Both of fugitives and pursuers' [7], des fuyards aussi bien que de ceux qui poursuivaient. 'They devour both men and cattle' [22], ils dévorent et les hommes et les bestiaux, les hommes aussi bien que les bestiaux. 'The people both hate and fear lions' [22], les gens haïssent et craignent les lions. 'Both with buyers and with sellers' [78], chez les acheteurs aussi bien que chez les vendeurs.

bottle jack [123], tourne-broche mécanique.

bound up with (to be) [81], se relier à.

bow window (98), fenêtre en saillie, fenêtre cintrée.

boy, enfant. 'The dear boy' [23], ce cher enfant. '"Boy," said he' (ibid.), 'Mon enfant,' dit-il.

branding iron [129], fer à flétrir.

brass. ‘As bold as brass’ [23], avec un front d’airain.

break down (to) [66], s’effondrer.

break from (to) [101], échapper à, s’échapper de.

breast (of goose, &c.) [75], filet.

breathed their last [64], ont rendu le dernier soupir.

breed (to) [91], engendrer.

brief-spoken [97], laconique, aux discours brefs, aux paroles laconiques.

bring (to) (of a thing which is not carried) [96], amener. [27], valoir, se vendre à. ‘To bring actions’ [87], intenter des actions. ‘To bring about’ [24], ramener. ‘To bring down’ [40], enlever. [78], faire baisser. [127], amener, faire descendre. ‘To bring forth’ [102], engendrer, reproduire. ‘To bring nearer’ [36], rapprocher. ‘To bring out’ [65], faire sortir, tirer. ‘To bring up,’ éllever.

broad-footed [106], aux larges pieds.

broke in upon [63], firent interruption dans.

bullying [130], brutal, grossier.

bumping. ‘The bumping of the vessel continued’ [30], le vaisseau continuait à recevoir des chocs, à se heurter contre des obstacles.

bungle (to) [18], s’y prendre mal, faire de mauvaise besogne.

burn up (to) [130], s’enflammer.

burned down or burning [59], brûlé ou incendié.

bushy-whiskered [84], aux épais favoris.

but, ne... que, seulement. ‘It cannot but be accounted natural’ [40], on ne peut que le considérer comme naturel. ‘Would find him but’ [45], ne trouverait en lui que. ‘Had I but served God’ [64], si

j’eusse servi Dieu, si j’avais seulement servi Dieu. ‘But few executions take place’ [54], il n’y a que (il ne se fait que) peu d’executions.

but is sometimes a relative pronoun including a negation. ‘But has heard’ [85], qui n’a pas entendu parler. ‘Not a mountain-pass but there lay a group’ [46], pas un défilé de montagne où il n’y est pas (qui ne cachait) quelque groupe. ‘On principles on which I do not know but what I should advocate it myself’ [82], d’après des principes tels que je ne pourrais guère ne pas le défendre moi-même. **But** corresponds therefore to *que ne* as well as to *ne que*; the negation, however, may be included in another word, such as *sans*. ‘But his fingers itched’ [106], sans que les doigts lui démangeassent. ‘But for Mrs. Sydney’s entreaties’ [96], sans les supplications de madame Sydney; n’eussent été les instances de madame S.

by doing so [98], en faisant ainsi, par là.

by this time [98], à ce temps, alors. [100], en ce moment, à l’heure qu’il est.

by [58, 88], à côté de, près de.

by day [9], durant la journée.

‘By the day’ [83], pour la (à la) journée.

by [128], de. ‘By far’ [115], de beaucoup.

by no means [75], nullement.

by the by [23], à propos.

by the way [23, 98], chemin faisant. ‘By the way’ [113], à propos. ‘“By the way,” he added,’ ‘A propos,’ ajouta-t-il.

by way of [6], par manière de.

by myself [23], seul. ‘By itself’ [35], isolé, seul, unique.

by me [4], de mon fait, par ma faute.

by-path [29], chemin de traverse, sentier.

C

call (to) [96], passer chez, faire visite à.

call-boy [107], garçon de service pour l'appel des voitures.

call out (to) [119], provoquer, appeler.

can, could, before an English compound infinitive, must be translated by the corresponding tense of the verb *pouvoir*. ‘Who could have done this?’ [23], *qui est-ce qui a pu faire cela?*

can, could (when moral power or skill is implied), savoir. ‘No man could better’ [60], *nul homme ne savait mieux.*

canopy (to) [110], couvrir comme d'un dais.

care for (to) [67], tenir à. ‘One does not care about’ [113], *on ne tient pas à, on est indifférent à.*

carriage and four [115], voiture (*équipage*) à quatre chevaux.

carried. ‘I was carried in’ [30], *les vagues me jetèrent sur le rivage.* ‘Prevented me from being carried out again’ [30], *m'empêchèrent d'être rejété dans les flots.* ‘Had me carried’ [30], *me fit porter.*

carry back (to) [48], reporter en arrière. **carried back (to be)** [67], se reporter en arrière, faire un retour sur.

case. ‘As the case might be’ [107], *selon les circonstances.*

cast [40], coulé.

catch (to). ‘Caught me to his breast’ [23], *me souleva à la hauteur de sa poitrine.* ‘To catch up’ [96], *se saisir de, s'emparer de, prendre.*

catdom [121], *la gent féline.*

caterwauling. ‘Soothed by the sweet lullaby of —’ [121], *bercée par le doux miaulement des chats.*

caught up [73], pris, engagé, lout.

chain armour [40], *cotte de mailles.*

chance contest [46], lutte amenée par le hasard.

‘**chance (to) to meet,** rencontrer par hasard. ‘If you chance to meet’ [83], *s'il vous arrive de rencontrer.*

change (to) [64], commuer.

chap [106], gaillard, compère.

character. ‘In the character of’ [53], *déguisé en.*

chatter scandal [60], médire (dire du mal) de son prochain.

check. ‘To give check’ [89], *mettre en échec, faire échec à.*

checkmate (to) [89], *faire échec et mat, mater.*

child-stealing (for) [98], pour détournement d'enfant, pour avoir volé un enfant.

‘**chip (to) from the shell**’ [122], *sortir de la coquille en la faisant éclater.*

chip of the old block (he was a) [106], *il tenait de son père, il était le fils de son père, il chassait de race.*

choose (to), se plaître à. ‘We may choose to’ [40], *il nous conviendra de, nous voudrons bien.* ‘This great leader of the fashion chose to acknowledge’ [107], *ce grand oracle de la fashion se plut à reconnaître, il plut (il convint) à ce grand . . .*

chop. ‘Making a distant chop in the air’ [98], *donnant à distance un coup de couteau dans l'air, tranchant à distance l'air avec son couteau.*

chopped [40], *coupé à l'emporte-pièce.*

chopstick [75], baguette.

circuit, [57], *circonference.* [69], *tournée des magistrats.* (The usage does not exist in France; the word has therefore no corresponding meaning in French.) [113], *tour.*

circumstances [124], position de fortune, moyens.

claim (to) [87], avoir la prétention de.

‘**clear** (to) a way’ [114], ouvrir (déblayer) un chemin. ‘To clear out’ [123], se retirer, déblayer le terrain. **clock-dial** [40], cadran d’horloge.

clock-tower [40], tour d’horloge.

clodhopper [122], manant, rustre.

close (to) [40], se fermer. [114], se rencontrer. ‘To close in’ [7], se resserrer, envelopper, se fermer. ‘To be close upon’ [114], servir de près.

clothe in (to) [42], vêtir de.

cloth-yard shaft [92], flèche longue (flèche de la longueur du yard en usage pour mesurer le drap).

coast-line [128], littoral.

cocked hat [16], chapeau à cornes.

codger [106], butor, rustre.

come by (to) [97], acquérir, gagner. [98], passer. ‘To come down to’ [16], arriver jusqu’à, être transmis par tradition. [98], tomber dessus. ‘To come home’ [24], rentrer. ‘Came in on me’ [30], se précipita sur moi. ‘To come out’ [106], sortir. ‘To come to terms’ [48], en venir à un arrangement.

comfortable [129], à son aise, qui jouit de son bien-être. ‘To make one comfortable’ [125], gâter (cajoler) quelqu’un.

command [24], empire. ‘To have the command of words’ [102], avoir les mots à sa disposition.

commanding [24, 58], imposant.

commendation [23], élogie.

commoner [56], prolétaire.

common place, lieu commun.

compass (to) [103], faire le tour de.

compose oneself (to) [95], s’arranger.

composition of carriage [123] maintien calme.

concern [64], intérêt, préoccupation.

concoct (to) [96], concevoir, dresser un plan.

confer upon (to) [38], conférer à.

confidence [96], confiance. ‘He reached such a pitch of —’ [96], il en vint à un tel degré de.

consequently [122], avec importance, d’un air important.

consider (to) [82], réfléchir.

consideration [54], récompense.

consist of (to) [75], consister en.

conspicuously [107], d’une manière nette et évidente.

consummate desert. ‘With a consciousness of —’ [104], avec la conscience qu’il n’a que ce qu’il mérite.

contend (to) [1], se battre, lutter. ‘Contending which should pass first’ [66], se battant à qui passerait d’abord.

continue (to) [62], continuer de vivre.

contrive (to) [82, 115], trouver moyen de, s’arranger de manière à.

convenience [108], commodité.

convey (to) [127], communiquer.

cool. ‘How cool that woman is’ [107], comme cette femme est sans gêne, a de l’aplomb.

coolest [65], avec le plus de sang-froid.

copperhued [123], cuivré.

corn-brandy [76], eau de vie de grains.

costermonger [115], marchand ambulant; marchand de fruits, de poissons, &c.

countenance. ‘How looks her —’ [103], quelle est sa physionomie? quelle mine a-t-elle? [123], expression, physionomie.

country town [23], ville de province.

country gentleman [24, 104], gentilhomme campagnard, gentillâtre de province.

course [8], voie, carrière. ‘In course of formation’ [82], en train de se constituer, en voie de formation.

cower (to) [130], se blottir, se tapir.

‘crack of doom’ [67], l’écroulement final, la fin des siècles, le jugement dernier.

cross-cross [123], en croix.

crowd in (to) [63], arriver en foule.

cut (to) [107], se retirer de (rompre avec, planter là) quelqu’un. ‘To cut asunder’ [19], trancher, déchirer. ‘Cut down’ [32], terrassé, abattu (moissonné). ‘To cut off’ [91], séparer, priver.

D

dandle (to) [26], dorloter, bercer. **dapper couplets** [60], strophes élégantes, couples sémissants.

darling [109], cheri, favori.

dash through (to) [24], se précipiter, s’élancer à travers. ‘To dash in’ [113], interrompre vivement.

day. ‘A better day’ [79], des jours meilleurs.

day by day [41], de jour en jour.

day’s work [9], journée de travail, journée.

deadened [130], amorti, éteint.

deal with (to) [25], traiter.

‘To deal blows’ [94], frapper.

dealing [60], occupation.

dear (my) [23], mon cher enfant. (Mon cher, my dear fellow, is somewhat vulgar, and is only used between very intimate friends.)

dear, dear! [23], mon Dieu! malheur! miséricorde!

dear God! [57], mon Dieu! (not vulgar in French).

debating body [97], société de conférences.

deck (on) [30], sur le pont.

decoy (to) [32], attirer.

deer [49], gibier.

delft [23], faïence de Delft.

deliver oneself over (to) [63], se rendre, s’abandonner à.

deny (to) [56], refuser.

depart (to) [43], s’écartier.

derive (to) [61], dériver, tirer.

despatch (to), dépêcher, expédier. [54], exécuter.

destitute [98], destitut, dénué,

die (to). ‘He died himself’ [52], il est mort de sa belle mort, il est mort de lui-même, il est crevé.

die away (to) [22], s’éteindre peu à peu. [121], s’éteindre, mourir.

dilapidated [96], en mauvais état.

dine out (to), dîner en ville. ‘To dine out in the country’ [73], dîner à la campagne.

disability [82], incapacité.

discount, escompte. ‘He is at a discount’ [123], il ne vaut pas cher.

disheartening [17], décourageant.

dispute (to) [82], contester.

distressed, ‘Were exceedingly distressed’ [32], souffraient excessivement.

ditch-side (by the) [69], au bord du fossé.

do (to), faire (to avoid repeating the main verb). ‘He cut me, as he had done others before’ [24], il m’a planté là, comme il avait déjà fait d’autres. This idiomatic use of ‘faire’ is of course the same as the English ‘to do,’ but it is much less frequent. In most cases the verb must be repeated. ‘I can wait till you do’ [23], je saurai attendre que tu comprennes. ‘So few of us do’ [113], si peu d’entre nous le savent.

do, did (used to give emphasis).

'Do beat me' [23], battre-moi donc.
'I did speak,' j'ai en effet parlé.
'If you did return' [59], si vous y parveniez, si vous réussissiez à retourner en effet chez vous.

do talking (to) [97], être occupé à (s'occuper de) parler.

do (to), convenir, être convenable, falloir, aller. 'A shake would not do' [60], ce n'est pas une secousse qu'il fallait. 'What will do very well' [18], ce qui peut convenir très bien.

do away with (to) [107], négliger, abolir, rejeter. 'To do a service' [127], rendre un service. 'To do without' [73], se passer de.

dog-cart [115], char-à-bancs à deux roues.

dogged [92], bourru, revêche.
done. 'I have done' [126], j'ai fini, je n'ai plus rien à dire.

door. 'At death's door' [60], aux portes du tombeau.

double-jointed [106], membré comme deux, membru, à la carrure solide.

down [67], baissé. 'I was down' [113], j'y étais.

down-dale [131], en aval.
(See up-hill.)

down-hill (going) [55], roulant sur la descente.

downright [131], véritable.
downward, adj. [111], descendant.

drag on (to) [21], traîner.
draught (at a) [130], d'un trait.

draw (to) [64], tirer à quatre chevaux.

draw forth (to) [118], tirer, faire sortir.

draw near (to) [43], se rapprocher.

draw nigh (to) [85], s'approcher.

draw out (to) [45], ranger en bataille.

draw up (to) [106], dresser, écrire, composer.

drawn up [114], rangé en bataille.

drift (to) [111], dériver, aller à la dérive.

drink. 'One drink of water' [65], une gorgée d'eau, un peu d'eau (ce qu'on peut boire en une fois, un coup).

drive (to) [57, 128], conduire, [112], pousser de force.

drive (to), aller en voiture.
'Drove in a broiling sun' [73], nous étions à voyager par un soleil ardent. 'To drive to fine dinner parties' [107], aller en équipage à de beaux dîners.

drive on [69], en avant! continuer votre route! avancez! fouette, cocher!

driven back [32], refoulé.

drone out (to) [6], bourdonner.

droop (to) [85], se pencher.

drop (to) [98], laisser tomber.

drop off (to) [109], tomber.

drop into (to) [24], se jeter à, descendre à.

drum (to), tambouriner. [21], seriner (familiar).

duck-gun [123], canardière.

dying hour [23], heure de la mort, heure dernière.

■

early [1], reculé. [18], premier.

'early Roman history' [14], histoire de Rome antique, primitive; histoire légendaire de Rome. 'The earliest historians' [14], les premiers historiens, les historiens les plus anciens. [100], prématuré. [105], de bonne heure, à une période ancienne.

earnest [97], plein de zèle, sérieux. 'In good earnest' [96], résolument, sérieusement.

earnest (to be in) [23], vouloir sérieusement. 'He was not in

earnest' [80], *il ne parlait pas sérieusement.*

ebb (to) [95], *décliner, s'écouler, se retirer.*

ebbing and flowing [58], *flux et reflux.*

either. 'On either side' [32], *des deux parts, de l'un et de l'autre côté.*

emerge (to) [121], *sortir, surgir.*

emulating [32], *émule de, rivalisant avec.*

enact (to) [2], *ordonner, arrêter, édicter.*

encumbered [24], *grevé de dettes or d'hypothèques.*

enforce (to) [21], *faire respecter, contraindre à observer.*

engage (to) (attention) [34], *attirer.*

English-built, English-engined [3], *de construction anglaise, pourvu de machines anglaises.*

engross (to) [24], *s'emparer de, accaparer.*

engrossed [57], *préoccupé.*

enjoy (to) [74], *prendre avec plaisir.* 'He enjoyed his dinner immensely' [52], *il mangea son dîner avec grand plaisir, avec un grand appétit.* [91], *jouir de, avoir.*

enough. 'Sure enough' [29], *assurément.*

entertain at dinner (to) [107], *donner à dîner.*

entice into (to) [23], *engager à.*

entry [23], *article (d'un livre de commerce).*

espy (to) [49], *remarquer, découvrir.*

even-song [51], *l'hymne du soir, la prière du soir.*

ever after [65], *pour toujours.*

ever-recurring [115], *périodique.*

ever since [65], *depuis le temps éloigné où.*

everybody that [106], *tous ceux qui, chacun de ceux qui.*

every now and then [13], *de temps à autre.*

every one of them [40], *chacun, tous et un chacun, tous sans exception.*

every other combatant [114], *un combattant sur deux.*

every way [25], *de toute manière, dans tous les sens.*

every word of it [65], *au pied de la lettre.*

evince (to) [23, 97], *manifester.*

execution [107], *saisie mobilisatrice.*

expected. 'The animals are expected to leap in' [13], *on pense, (on espère, on s'attend à ce que) les animaux sauteront.*

extent [105], *degré, point.*

eye. 'With an eye to' [97], *ayant l'œil ouvert sur.*

F

fabric [19, 72], *construction, édifice.*

fade out (to) [130], *s'évanouir.*

fall (to) [24, 96], *manquer, échouer.*

fall back (to) [114], *se retirer, se replier.*

'**fan (to)** its way through' [77], *voler à travers, traverser à tire d'aile.*

fancy stationer [23], *marchand d'articles de fantaisie.*

far off [93], *au loin.*

'**far unlike to them**' [103], *elle ne leur ressemble nullement.*

fare [41], *nourriture.*

farm (to) [96], *prendre à ferme.*

feast [56], *festin.*

fed on [61], *nourri de.*

fee-simple, franc-allou. 'Acknowledging the fee-simple to be in J. for ever' [106], *reconnaisant à J. le droit de propriété absolu et perpétuel.*

fellow. 'Poor fellow!' [21],

- le pauvre garçon, le pauvre homme.** 'A very pleasant fellow' [113], un charmant garçon. 'Little merry fellow' [117], gentil petit drôle.
- fellow-being** [129], semblable.
- fellow-creatures** [19], semblables.
- fellow-lizards** [61], les lézards ses semblables, ses pareils.
- fellow-men** [61], semblables.
- '**fellow-worker** together with God' [19], associé à l'œuvre de Dieu.
- female friend** (a) [64], une dame de ses amies. (The word 'féminelle' in French only applies to the females of animals.) 'A female poor relation' [124], une parente pauvre.
- fetch** (to) [123], valoir, se vendre.
- few, peu.** 'There are but few' [64], il n'en est que peu. 'A few minutes' [64], quelques minutes.—**rare, peu nombreux.** 'One of the few good ministers' [64], un des rares bons ministres.
- fib** [23, 113], mensonge, blague, menterie (familiar).
- '**fight** (to) a battle' [82], livrer bataille. 'To fight the battles of one's country' [64], combattre pour son pays. 'The battle was obstinately fought' [66], la bataille fut obstinée, on se battit avec obstination.
- find fault with** (to) [82], trouver mauvais, trouver à redire à.
- firm.** 'You speak very firm' [4], c'est joli ce que vous dites là.
- fire** [59], incendie.
- fire** (to) [44], faire feu. [47], faire feu, tirer des coups de fusil. 'The fatal gun was fired' [94], le coup de canon fatal fut tiré. [110], tirer, mettre le feu à. 'To fire off' [24], lancer, darder.
- fired into** [59], fusillé.
- first-rate** [18], de première force, excellent, distingué.
- fitted** [32], fait pour, adapté à, 'opre à. [130], bon pour.
- fixed bayonets (with)** [59], la baïonnette au bout du fusil.
- flag** (to) [73], s'affaisser.
- flat-scenes** [40], coulisses du fond, toiles de fond.
- flinch** (to) [20], faiblir, céder.
- fling open** (to). 'Were flung open' [53], s'ouvrirent tout-à-coup. [72], s'ouvrir largement.
- fling off** (to) [30], jeter, se dé-pouiller de.
- '**flowing off** nothing but verdure' [58], s'échappant d'une masse de verdure.
- flush** (to) [122], grossir.
- fly out** (to) [24], faire des sorties, se mettre en colère.
- fly-driver** [98], cocher de cabriolet; cocher de voiture de place.
- for** [2, 44, 99], pendant. 'For hours' [30], pendant des heures entières, depuis plusieurs heures. [131], pendant des heures ensières.
- for** [107], à cause de.
- for ever and ever** [118], pour toujours, pour (à) jamais.
- '**force**(to) his way' [66], s'ouvrir un chemin par la force.
- fortune-teller** [115], diseur de bonne aventure.
- fond of (to be)** [23, 124], aimer, tenir à. 'To be fond of a rubber' [125], aimer à faire la partie (un robre).
- foot** [7], infanterie.
- fox-like.** 'With a fox-like face' [130], à la figure de renard.
- free-born** [56], né libre.
- fresh from** [96], fraîchement arrivé de, tout frais débarqué de. [109], venant de quitter, quittant à peine.
- fret** (to) [23], pleurer.
- frolic about** (to) [117], folâtrer.
- from** [122], à. [40], par, d'après. [126], par. [1], par suite de, en conséquence de. [20], du haut de.
- from . . . to** [27], depuis . . . jusqu'à, de . . . à.

from age to age [111], dans une succession de siècles.

front [57], façade.

full light of day [29], plein jour.

'full in our faces' [66], en plein visage.

full speed (at), à toute vapeur. [47], pendant qu'ils couraient au grand galop.

full supply [66], ample provision.

fun. 'To make fun of' [22], plaisanter, se moquer de. [40], animer, faire rire.

furnished with [108], garnie de.

further. 'If he does not long to exercise it further' [99], s'il n'aspire pas à l'exercer plus amplement. 'Further truths' [99], d'autres vérités.

fuss, fracas, bruit. 'A great fuss is made' [54], il se fait beaucoup d'embarras.

G

gab [102], blague (familiar).

gabbling [87], baragouinant.

galligaskins [87], chausses.

gather (to) [123], recevoir.

general shop [98], boutique où l'on vend de tout.

genteeel [84], comme il faut.

gentleman (a young), [23] un jeune homme.

gentleman performer [39], un exécutant comme il faut, un amateur.

gentlewoman [124], femme comme il faut.

gentry [49], messieurs.

German Ocean [63], la Mer du Nord.

get (to), avoir. 'To get' or 'acquire' being the original meaning of *habere*, a number of idioms into which 'to get' enters, are to be translated by *avoir*. 'Though

I get a few' [4], quand j'en aurais quelques-unes. 'That had got only one leg' [52], qui n'avait qu'une patte. 'To get credit for' [106], avoir du crédit pour, être considéré (honored) pour. 'When he should get' [106], quand il aurait, quand il atteindrait.

get (to), acquérir, obtenir, recevoir. 'Whoever has once got knowledge' [99], quiconque a une fois acquis la science. 'We get different ideas of it' [99], nous en obtenons (tirons) des idées différentes. 'Never get any education at all' [6], ne reçoivent absolument aucune éducation. 'To get by heart' [6], apprendre par cœur. 'Could be got' [9], put se trouver. 'To get hold of' [6], s'emparer de, influencer.

to get (causative). 'He got them to draw up a prescription' [106], il leur fit écrire une ordonnance. 'To get well paid' [54], se faire bien payer, être rémunéré largement.

get (to) an inchoative (to show the passage from one state into another). 'To get into a scrape' [105], s'engager dans (s'attirer) de mauvaises affaires; se mettre dans l'embarras. 'To get into a dispute' [106], s'engager dans une querelle. 'To get into trouble' [18], se mettre dans l'embarras, avoir des difficultés. 'It will get into a ballad' [65], on en fera une ballade, elle se transformera en ballade. 'It was getting late' [29], il se faisait tard. 'To get tired' [115], se lasser, se fatiguer. 'To get wet,' se mouiller. 'The box had got wet with —' [38], la boîte était trempée de. 'Which gets knocked about' [40], qu'on chasse de côté et d'autre, qu'on abime de coups.

get (to), with prepositions. 'To get at' [130], connaître, s'in-

former de, savoir. ‘To get on’ [31], *avancer, réussir.* ‘To get out’ [113], *se tirer de.* ‘To get up’ [9, 31], *se lever.* [123], *provoquer, exciter.* ‘To get under’ [106], *vaincre, abattre.*

gimcrack [107], *babiole, joujou, bagatelle.*

gipsies of all work [115], *bohémiens pour (d) tout faire.*

gird up (to) [46], *retrousser.*

give (to) [51], *accorder.* ‘To give a shriek’ [100], *jeter un cri de terreur.*

‘**give a present (to)**’ [23] is a tautology, and can only be translated into French by *faire un présent.* Compare ‘to take prisoner,’ *faire prisonnier*; ‘to ask a question,’ *faire une question*; ‘to fight a battle,’ *donner or livrer bataille*, etc.

give in (to) [29], *céder, accéder.*

give out (to) [122], *manquer.*

give up (to) [64], *abandonner, répudier.* [106], *renoncer à.*

give way (to) [40], *faire place à, être remplacé par.*

given to [90, 105], *adonné à, porté à, s'occupant de, livré à.*

glee-maiden [115], *chanteuse de chansons joyeuses.*

glut (to) [120], *assouvir.*

go (to). ‘My money was all gone’ [98], *j'avais dépensé tout mon argent ; je n'avais plus d'argent ; tout mon argent était dépensé.* ‘Went her own way’ [107], *allait son chemin, faisait comme elle l'entendait.*

go along (to) [115], *rouler.*

go by (to) [130], *passer.* ‘In days gone by’ [123], *au temps jadis, aux jours d'autrefois.*

go forth (to). ‘Had gone forth from them’ [15], *en était sorti.* [26], *avancer.*

go from (to) [101], *quitter.*

go off (to). ‘Off goes B.’ [83],

voilà B. parti; voilà B. qui part.

go on (to) [35], *se passer, se pratiquer.* ‘As if rare sport was going on’ [9], *comme si l'on s'ébat-tait extraordinairement.*

go on (to) [41], *continuer.* [68], *continuer de.* [122], *con-tinuer d'aller.* ‘To go on the circuit’ [69], *faire la tournée, aller en tournée.* (See **circuit**.) ‘He never heard of a quarrel going on . . . but’ [105], *il n'entendit jamais parler d'une dispute entre ses voisins, sans.*

go out (to) [130], *s'éteindre.*

go through (to) [65], *aller jusqu'au bout.* [67], *passer par, faire une sérié de.*

go to sleep (to) [125], *s'en-dormir, faire un somme.*

go up (to) [67], *se lever.*

‘**go without (to)** one's dinner’ [50], *se passer de dîner, dîner par cœur.*

goblin-shapes [40], *formes de lutins.*

God forbid [64], *à Dieu ne plaît.*

goggle-eyed [40], *aux gros yeux à fleur de tête.*

good-fellowship [131], *bonnes relations, relations amicales.*

good luck [31], *chance, bon-heur.*

good-natured [98, 125], *bien-veillant, bon.*

good-will [19], *bienveillance, considération.*

goods [40], *marchandises.*

grand stand [115], *grand pavillon.*

gross (in the) [78], *en gros.*

grow (to) [87, 125], *devenir.* ‘Grew fainter and fainter’ [114], *devenait de plus en plus faible, s'affaiblissait de plus en plus.*

grudge. ‘An old grudge’ [107], *un vieille dent (rancune).*

gun-room [104], *sainte-barbe.*

II

hang (to) [4], *rester suspendu*.

half-brother [32], *frère consanguin* (if by the same father), *frère utérin* (if by the same mother).

half-crying [23], *à moitié pleurant, les larmes aux yeux*.

half-diamond shaped [40], *en forme de demi-losange*.

half-an-inch (to) [40], *à un demi-pouce près*.

hammered to [40], *battu au point d'atteindre*.

hand. ‘On either hand’ [26], *à mes côtés*. ‘Is at hand’ [115], *va commencer*. ‘Hand-to-hand’ [47], *corps-à-corps*. ‘At the hands’ [21], *de la part*.

hand (to) [74], *passer, faire passer, offrir*. ‘To hand down’ [18], *transmettre*. ‘To hand up’ [98], *donner, tendre, remettre*.

happen (to). ‘Happened to hear’ [29], *apprit par hasard*. [38], *se trouver*. ‘Happening to stretch his legs’ [69], *allongeant par hasard les jambes*.

hard [18], *attentivement, fixement*.

hard-featured [24], *aux traits durs*.

hard labour [54], *travaux forcés*.

hardly so soon as [108], *à une époque qui ne remonte guère qu'd, à peine (guère) avant*.

hasten away (to) [34], *se hâter de fuir*. ‘To hasten along’ [57], *s'empresser (courir) le long de*.

have (to) (of eatables, drink, &c.) [76], *prendre*.

have (to) (used to avoid repetition of the main verb), faire. ‘As I have’ [71], *comme moi i'ai fait*. ‘As mine has’ [71], *comme a fait le mien*.

have (to) (as a causative),

faire. ‘Had their clothes made’ [2], *faisaient faire leurs vêtements*. ‘Had me carried’ [30], *me fit porter*.

have (to), used in the perfect ('had') to express supposition. ‘Had all his men fought’ [7], *si tous ses hommes avaient combattu*. ‘Had it not been for’ [106], *sans, n'est été*. ‘Had he known’ [112], *s'il avait (été) su*.

hayrick [29], *meule de foin*. **he that, he who** [11, 50], *celui qui*.

he or she is safe [107] (this construction is not admitted in French), *cette personne-là est hors d'atteinte, cette personne-là n'est plus discutable*.

head man [9], *chef*.

hear of (to) [40, 74, 98], *entretenir parler de*.

hearty [34], *robuste, vigoureux*.

heed (to) [120], *prendre garde à, faire attention à*.

help (to). ‘He could not help listening’ [24], *il ne pouvait s'empêcher d'écouter*. [124], *servir*.

help on (to) [77], *favoriser, pousser à*.

hence, d'ici. ‘Years hence’ [65], *dans bien des années, dans les âges à venir*.

here [23], *que voici*.

here and there [9, 59, 88, 123], *là et là, par-ci par-là*.

hereafter [24], *ci-après*.

high mass [67], *grand'messe*.

high-minded [1], *altier, fier*.

high-stepping [107], *au pas superbement allongé*.

higher and higher [61], *de plus en plus*.

hint (to) [3], *suggérer, faire remarquer*.

his. ‘Those lips of his’ [65], *ses lèvres*.

his own [93], *le sien, la sienne*, *à lui, à elle*. ‘A game of his or

her own [89], une partie où il (or elle) est intéressé.

hoarse throat [121], enrouement.

hold (to) [84], considérer. ‘Is held to be vulgar’ [84], est considéré comme vulgaire. ‘To hold one’s peace’ [98], se taire. ‘I held my peace in confusion’ [98], je restai interdit, je me tus tout confus.

hold back (to) [104], être en retard.

hold forth (to), [24] proroger, discourir.

home [71], foyer. [93], foyer domestique. [116], intérieur, chez soi. [25], chez eux. [31], votre chez-vous, votre intérieur. ‘To their homes’ [129], chez eux. [8], à l’intérieur, chez lui.

home (at), chez moi, chez toi, &c. ‘The nation at home’ [18], la nation chez elle. [65], dans la mère patrie.

home, ‘To bring home’ [93], appliquer.

homespun [106], filé (manufaturé) chez lui, grossier, en toile de ménage. [92], vulgaire.

home use [40], consommation intérieure.

horse-cloth [98], housse de cheval.

horse grenadiers [44], grenadiers à cheval.

house-top [121], faite d’une maison.

hover round (to) [47], vol-tiger, (rôder) autour de.

how far [14], jusqu’où, jusqu’à quel point.

how heartily [50], avec quelle ardeur, avec quelle chaleur, avec quel zèle.

how very much [72], combien, à quel degré, à quel haut degré.

however, quelque. ‘However frequently repeated’ [37], quelque fréquemment qu’elles fussent ré-

plées. ‘However thinly plated’ [40], quelque mince que soit le placage. ‘However ugly’ [24], quelque laide (si laide) qu’elle soit, toute laide qu’elle est.

humbug [87, 107], tromperie, farce, blague (fam.).

humour [24, 36], humour, humeur. (Cf. the adj. ‘humoriste.’) The French *humour*, besides its original meaning, liquid, humours of the body (especially bad humours), means natural or accidental disposition, temper; taken absolutely, bad temper, bad humour, bad or impatient disposition, caprice, fancy, whim; lastly, ‘cette plaisanterie, ce vrai comique, cette urbanité, ces saillies qui échappent à un homme sans qu’il s’en doute, et que les Anglais appellent humour’—(Voltaire). In this sense it is not unfrequently met with in the literature of the 17th and 18th centuries.

hundreds [107], des centaines de livres.

hunting-ground [58], terrain (pays) de chasse.

hurl into (to) [112], précipiter, rejeter.

hurry down (to) [110], se précipiter, descendre à la hâte.

hurry into (to) [98], se hâter d’entrer dans.

II

‘**if** the domestic buildings would not seem’ [108], s’il faut dire que les maisons d’habitation ne paraîtraient pas. ‘If it costs us double’ [23], quand elle nous coûterait (nous coutât-elle) le double.

if not [4], sinon.

if possible [96], si cela était possible; s’il y avait moyen. (Si possible is not French.)

- if so** [14], s'il en est ainsi.
if you please [61, 76], excusez-moi.
import (to) [91], signifier, implier.
impress (to), impressionner.
impressive [112], frappant, émouvant.
improve (to) [37], perfectionner.
 in. 'to be clothed in' [87], être vêtu de. 'Clad in' [130], vêtu de.
 'In which' [64], dont, de laquelle,
 'to consist in' [6], consister à.
in course of time [17], avec le temps, bientôt.
in-doors [106], chez lui.
 i'faith [85], par ma foi.
in ratio with [61], en raison de, en proportion de.
in return for [45], en retour de.
 in, adv. 'The harvest was in' [12], la moisson était rentrée.
 in, as a prefix. (See un.)
indeed [99], réellement, vraiment.
indulge in (to) [83], se donner, se permettre, se laisser aller à manger.
information [24, 36, 40], savoir, connaissance, lumières.
insecurity [2], défaut de sécurité, le peu de sécurité.
instance [41], exemple.
instilled [6], inculqué.
intended [93], destiné.
interest [107], protection.
into. 'To change into' [23], changer en.
intrude on (to), imposer. 'They are scarcely questions to intrude on' [83], ce sont là des questions dont on ne doit pas importuner.
involved [80], engagé.
- japanned** [67], verni, bronzié.
job, coup, mauvais coup, entreprise, besogne. [54], besogne.
join in (to), prendre part à, en être. 'He joined in the plan' [4], il prit part au mauvais coup, il fut de l'entreprise. [102], prendre part à.
joint stock bank [97], banque par actions, société anonyme de banque.
jolly [54], aimable.
jump over (to) [55], sauter pardessus.
just, donc. 'Just consider' [5], voyez donc, considérez donc, réfléchissez donc à. 'Excepting just one' [104], à l'exception d'un seul.
just as [42], au moment même où.
just at present [123], en moment.
just now [70], en ce moment.

III

- keen-eyed** [118], aux yeux perçants (clairvoyants).
keep (to) [2], entretenir, avoir à son service. [51], préserver de. [97], garder. [7], se diriger, rester. 'He kept me at school' [78], il me fit aller à l'école ; il me fit fréquenter l'école. 'He kept hospitality' [78], il était hospitalier pour, il recevait. 'To keep live stock' [122], élever des animaux domestiques.
keep back (to) [101], écarter, faire reculer.
keep down (to) [36], retenir, modérer.
keep on (to) [106], continuer de.
keep out of (to) [91], tenir éloigné de, tenir à distance de.
keep up (to) [15], continuer, entretenir, maintenir. 'To keep

up a show of dignity' [21], garder (*sauver*) les apparences de la dignité.

kick (to). 'To kick a goose over a precipice' [122], jeter une oie dans un précipice en lui donnant un coup de pied (à coups de pied).

Kickshaw [81], bagatelle, niaiserie, blague (pop.)

knock down (to) [30], jeter par terre, renverser.

'knock-down argument' [81], argument décisif, écrasant (pop.)

knocking [107], coups de martau.

know from (to) [83, 89, 96], distinguer.

known. 'He has even been known to' [54], on l'a même vu.

L

ladle out (to) [123, 131], servir, débiter.

lady [96], châtelaine.

laid bare [128], laissé à découvert.

landed [37], territorial.

landlord [40], propriétaire.

lap [23], giron (never used for men), les genoux.

lash (to), flageller, lancer des sarcasmes. 'Which will lash him into a fury' [21], qui exciteront sa fureur, qui l'excitent au point de le mettre en fureur.

last, but not least [64], un dernier fait, mais ce n'est pas le moins important.

last (to the) [64] jusqu'à la fin.

last (to) [34], durer.

late [92], tardif. 'Very late' [130], à une heure avancée.

latter (the) [24], celui-ci.

laughing-stock [21], objet de rire, jouet, plastron (fam.)

lawn [23], gazon, pelouse.

lay brother [64], frère laï.

lay aside (to) [53], s'affranchir de.

lay a spell (to) [85], jeter un sort, enchanter.

leading men [53], chefs, personnes influentes.

least. 'Not in the least' [125], pas le moins du monde.

left. 'He had no choice left.' [18], il ne lui restait plus à choisir, il n'avait plus de choix. 'That are left you' [34], qui vous restent. 'There are about a hundred left' [67], il en reste une centaine. 'Left to us' [82], qui nous reste. 'I had nothing left to dispose of' [98], il ne me restait rien que je pusse vendre (dont je pusse me défaire). 'He had not a shilling left' [106], il ne lui restait plus un shelling.

let (to), laisser faire. 'Let our friends know' [125], faire savoir à nos amis.

let, sign of imperative or precative. 'Let it be' [26], qu'il en soit ainsi. 'Let the cause engage' [34], que la cause attire.

levelled [110], baissé.

lie (to) [30, 46], se trouver, être, être couché, rester couché. 'There lay before it' [8], il y avait, il se trouvait devant elle. Etre étendu, gésir (or gire). 'Lay on his death-bed' [64], gisait sur son lit de mort. 'Lay dead' [22], était étendu mort.

lie down (to) [25, 96], se coucher.

light up (to) [17], s'enflammer.

like unto (to be) [20], ressembler.

likely. 'There was likely to be' [97], il était probable qu'il y aurait.

line [24], partie. [60], lignée, race.

line (to) [87], border. [96], doubler.

linger behind (to) [23], rester en arrière, traîner.	luxury [37], luxe, élégance, somptuosité.
literally , à la lettre.	luxuriantly [58], richement.
live [67], vivant.	luxurious [108], luxueux, ami du luxe.
living [96], bénéfice.	lying about (to be) [95], traîner.
loafing [84], fainéant.	lying still (to be) [57], re- poser.
lodging-house keeper [84], propriétaire de maison garnie. 'The she —' [84], la proprié- taire.	
long-tasseled [87], aux longs glands, aux glands démesurés.	
long-winded [131], filandreux, traînâé en longueur.	
look . 'To have a —' [61], examiner, faire une visite à.	
look (to) [4], avoir l'air, avoir une mine. 'How you'd look' [23], quelle mine tu ferais. [129], apparaître.	
look askance (to) [97], re- garder de travers, regarder d'un œil malfaisant.	
look back upon (to) [115], se souvenir de.	
look for (to) [30, 82], chercher, rechercher. [93], s'attendre à.	
look on (to) [8], regarder, être or rester spectateur.	
look out, guet. 'Keeping a sharp look-out' [123], guettant (ob- servant) d'un œil attentif. 'To keep a look-out' [46], avoir l'œil au guet, veiller.	
look over (to) [23], chercher.	
look to (to) [101], surveiller, avoir l'œil sur.	
look up (to) [98], lever les yeux.	
looker-on [107], spectateur, témoin.	
loss. 'At a loss what to do' [101], ne sachant que faire.	
love (to play for) [89], jouer pour le plaisir de jouer, jouer pour son plaisir.	
low-sized [130], de petite taille.	
lowered [110], descendu.	
lurk (to) [87], se cacher.	
	M.
	maiden aunt [125], une vieille fille de tante, une tante vieille fille.
	main [110], principal. [118], général, régulier. 'In the main' [106], en somme, en général.
	maintain (to) [43], alléguer, affirmer.
	mainspring [77], ressort principal.
	make (to) [11], rendre.
	make (to) (causative). 'Things are made to go' [107], on fait aller les choses.
	make direct for (to) [98], se diriger sur, se rendre tout droit à.
	make fast (to) [98], attacher.
	make the most of (to) [24], profiter de, tirer le meilleur parti de.
	make up to (to) [49], se diriger vers.
	make up one's mind (to) [127], prendre une résolution, se décider.
	manage (to) [29], administrer, conduire, gérer. [107], s'arranger pour, parvenir à.
	management [107], gestion, administration.
	manners , manières, when the way of behaving in society is meant; meurs , in the sense of 'morals.'
	many [67, 85], maint, mainte.
	'many a mother's eye' [65], plus d'un œil de mère, maint œil de mère. 'Many more' [33], beaucoup d'autres; maint autre.
	march on (to) [77], avancer.

march past (to) [67] *défiler.*

march round (to) [66], *tourner, faire le tour de.*

mark ye [118], *remarquez bien, notez bien.*

marry (to), transitive, *marier*, but only in the sense of 'to give away' (as a father marries his daughter), or the act of the person who performs the marriage ceremony (as a minister or registrar). 'He married my sisters' [78], *il maria mes sœurs.* 'To marry,' *uxorem ducere, = épouser.* 'I married her, she married him,' *je l'ai épousée, elle l'a épousé* (also *je me suis marié avec elle, &c.*). When intransitive, 'to marry' = *se marier.*

master [23], *maitre*, a title given to boys only at school. In the family they are called by their Christian name, and the servants prefix the appellation *monsieur* to it.

master quality [36], *maitresse qualité, qualité dominante.*

master (to) [102], *se rendre maître de.*

match (to) [130], *s'accorder avec.*

matriculate (to) [92], *passer l'examen d'immatriculation.* (This is not customary in France, the first public examination being the B.A.)

matter [18], *chose, affaire.*

matter-of-fact gossip [40], *causerie terre-à-terre, commérage, bavardage prosaïque.*

matter of course [35], *chose de droit, chose toute naturelle, chose qui va de soi, qui va sans dire.*

may, might, are seldom the sign of the subj. mood. When not in a dependent sentence, they must be translated by *pouvoir*. 'How much may be dared' [1], *combien l'on peut oser.* 'The latter might be' [31], *celle-ci pourrait être.* 'Any troupes might have

been expected to show' [41], *on aurait pu s'attendre à ce que toute troupe montrer.* 'It might have added to' [63], *cela aurait pu ajouter à.* 'You may be a hero' [61], *il se peut que vous soyez.* 'What might be a mistake' [53], *ce qui pouvait être une erreur.* 'May not be' [131], *peuvent n'être pas.* 'You might be humiliated' [104], *il se pourrait que vous fussiez humilié.*

may, might, vouloir. 'Be your speech as it may' [4], *que vos paroles soient ce qu'elles voudront, quelles que soient vos paroles.* 'Go where a man may' [93], *allez où vous voudrez, qu'on aille où l'on voudra.*

may, might, auxiliaries, sign of subj. or conditional. 'That he might not be involved' [24], *pour qu'il ne fut pas entraîné, pour n'être pas entraîné.* 'That I never might grieve' [34], *pour que je ne regrettasse jamais, pour ne jamais regretter.* 'That I might explain' [96], *pour que j'expliquasse.* 'Might not increase' [66], *n'augmenteraient pas.*

may, might, sign of precative. 'May distant ages hear' [64], *puissent les siècles à venir entendre.* 'May every reader have' [125], *puisse chaque lecteur avoir.*

may be (it) [40], *cela se peut, peut-être.* [100], *peut-être.*

mean (to). 'He never meant it' [23], *il ne l'a pas fait exprès.*

meat tea [74], *Thé accompagné d'une collation ou d'un souper.*

meet (to) [24], *se rencontrer avec, se trouver avec, voir, être présenté à.* 'Advancing to meet them' [100], *s'avancant à leur rencontre.*

meet with (to) [27], *rencontrer, trouver.* 'To be met with,' *se trouver, se rencontrer.*

member [24], membre du parlement, député, représentant.
mess [123], ripopée (familiar), potée.

methought [103], il me semblait que.

middle (adj.) [103], moyen.

might. (See may.)

mind. 'To make up one's mind' [81], se décider, se résoudre à.

mind (to) [130], prendre garde à, observer.

mine, thine, his, hers, &c., in the English idiom 'a friend of mine' [52], &c., can be translated in three different (idiomatic) ways : *un ami à moi* (familiar), *un mien ami* (little in use), *un de mes amis* (the most usual of the three). 'A favourite of mine' [24], *un de mes favoris*.

minister to (to) [39], favoriser, développer (both transitive). [77], assister, favoriser.

miss (to). 'He missed the owl' [52], *il ne vit plus le hibou, il s'aperçut que le hibou n'y était plus.* 'She would not miss it' [125], *elle ne s'en apercevrait point.*

moral [96], éducation morale.

more. 'A great many more' [24], beaucoup d'autres encore.

more and more [64, 86, 94, 105], de plus en plus.

morrow (on the) [107], le lendemain.

most [35], le plus. [40], la plupart des. 'Most of us' [81], la plupart d'entre nous. 'Most do congregate' [127], se rassemblent pour la plupart, se rassemblent principalement.

most (sign of superlative with an indef. article). 'A most valuable work' [64], un livre des plus importants. 'Most ingenious' [40], des plus ingénieuses. 'Most remarkable' [105], des plus remarquables. 'A most marked curtsey' [107] une révérence des plus mar-

quées (distinguées). 'Most provokingly' [124], de la manière la plus impatientante. 'She is most provokingly humble,' elle se fait humble de manière à vous impatienter vivement, à exciter vivement votre impatience. 'Offends most unblushingly against the laws' [131], commet une infraction des plus impudentes aux lois. 'Most fatally' [131], de la manière la plus fatale. 'Most amusingly' [127], de la manière la plus amusante. 'Most likely' [22], très probablement.

mostly [40], principalement, presque tous.

mount on a broom (to) [98], aller à cheval sur un manche à balai.

mounted on [67], à cheval sur.

'mounting on horseback, C. showed' [45], lorsqu'il monta à cheval, C. montra.

move [89], marche.

move (to). 'When she moved among' [107], quand elle était reçue dans.

move on (to) [123], passer son chemin, circuler.

move out (to) [110], sortir.

moving [64], émouvant.

much-talked of [107], dont on parlait tant, si célèbres.

must may be translated by *devoir*. 'Must have been supplied with' [2], ont dû se procurer. 'What must it be?' [21], qu'est-ce que cela doit être? 'Life must be hastening away' [34], votre vie doit s'enfuir rapidement. 'Must be a source' [37], doit être une source. 'They must have been' [65], c'a dû être, ce doit avoir été. 'What it must have been for them' [65], ce que c'a dû être pour eux. 'Something must be done' [122], il fallait faire quelque chose, quelque chose devait être fait.

muster (to) [54], se procurer.

naming, 'Ceremony of naming it' [53], la cérémonie où la mosquée devait recevoir un nom, consécration.

narrow-minded [21], étroit d'esprit.

narrow escape. 'C. himself is said to have had a narrow escape from' [114], C. lui-même, dit-on, n'a échappé qu'avec peine à.

native [41], indigène. 'A native of M.' [20], né à M.

nay [96], en vérité, même.

nearest [104], la plus proche, des plus rapprochées.

neat [98], joli, élégant.

need (to), avoir besoin. 'I needed no second permission' [98], je n'eus pas besoin d'une seconde permission, je ne me le fis pas dire deux fois. 'Need have been ashamed' [98], n'aurait eu besoin d'avoir honte, n'aurait eu à souffrir de. 'It needs but' [105], il n'est besoin que de. 'It needs the pen of' [115], la plume de . . . serait nécessaire, il faudrait la plume de.

needs [40], de toute nécessité, nécessairement, forcément.

neither, d'ailleurs, du reste [119] (with a negative sentence in French). See **nor**.

nerve (to) [93], donner du nerf, fortifier.

never. 'With never a hand' [49], sans l'ombre d'une main.

never-ending [131], qui n'en finit jamais. 'They are too never-ending' [131], trop souvent ils n'en finissent pas.

never-failing [6], infaillible, toujours prêt.

next [100], bientôt après.

next to [84], après.

nick-nacks [23], objets, riens, bagatelles.

night after night [22], plusieurs nuits de suite; [40], tous les

soirs, chaque soir, une soirée après l'autre.

nightmare [40], cauchemar. no. 'There is no raising her' [124], il n'y a pas moyen de l'élever.

no matter how [24], quelque ... que, si ... que. 'No matter how unruly the House' [24], si agité que soit la Chambre.

nod (to) [98], faire signe de la tête. 'Nodded to the summons' [23], fit un signe de tête pour répondre à cet appel. 'To give a nod' [60], faire signe que oui.

none [26], nul.

nor [9, 21, 24, 25, 40, 46, 53, 119], d'ailleurs, du reste, de plus, en outre, d'autre part, d'un autre côté (with a negative sentence following). 'Nor was this caution unnecessary' [9], d'ailleurs (et vraiment) cette recommandation ne fut pas inutile. 'Nor could any of the soldiers venture beyond' [46], aucun soldat ne pouvait d'ailleurs s'aventurer au-delà de.

not so with (it is) [22], il n'en est pas ainsi de.

nothing of that sort [83], il n'en est rien.

notice, observation. 'To take notice' [51], remarquer, faire attention.

now-a-days [97], aujourd'hui, par le temps qui court.

now and then [130, 131], de temps à autre, de temps en temps.

nowhere [22], nulle part.

nuisance [84], peste, plaie, abus.

nursery [23], ma petite bonne.

o

occasioned [111], produit.

occur (to), se présenter.

'Proofs occur' [2], il existe des preuves.

odd-looking [106], à la mine bizarre.

odds [15], les chances. [26], chances contraires. [114], avantages.

off [104], entre. ‘To consist of’ [58], consister en.

of course [65, 96], bien entendu que, il va sans dire que. ‘That’s of course’ [60], cela va sans dire.

or old [123], des anciens temps.

off. ‘Fifty yards off’ [23], à cinquante pas. ‘About two miles off’ [23], à deux milles de distance environ. ‘Off the said farm’ [78], des revenus de ladite ferme. ‘They’re off’ [115], ils sont partis, les voilà partis.

offer resistance (to)’ [47], faire résistance, résister.

office. ‘The cares of office’ [24], les soucis des affaires. [108], office. [123], fonctions.

oglio (to) [68], lancer des aillades.

old. ‘The brave days of old’ [26], le bon vieux temps. ‘A perfect specimen of old’ [96], un parfait spécimen du bon vieux temps.

old-fashioned [16], à l’ancienne mode, du bon vieux temps. [40], vieux modèle.

‘on such journeys’ [37], à l’occasion de pareils voyages. ‘On further inquiry’ [53], après plus ample information. ‘On him’ [112], de lui. ‘To deliberate on it’ [18], en délibérer. ‘To live on’ [118], continuer d’exister, exister encore.

on high [28], là-haut.

on the whole [92], au total, en somme.

one, adj. un certain, un nommé, un sieur. ‘One Ismaël’ [49], un certain Ismaël.

one, pron. un, une. ‘It is one’ [81], c’en est un. ‘Are all one to him’ [67], lui sont tout un, sont la

même chose pour lui. ‘One of themselves’ [54], un des leurs.

one, on, when nominative; vous, quelqu’un, &c., when in the accus. or in an oblique case. ‘Serves to remind one’ [111], sert à vous faire ressouvenir.

one cannot always be expressed by a pronoun ; the words *homme*, *personne*, *personnage*, &c. must be used to give the full meaning ; or else the noun must be repeated, or a demonstrative pronoun used. ‘Of one who’ [70], *d’une personne qui, de celui qui*. ‘Your wife laces her stays without one’ [125], *votre femme s’en passe pour se lacer*. ‘By one of impatience’ [130], *par un regard d’impatience*. ‘Silent and shy ones’ [23], *les personnes (celles qui sont) silencieuses et réservées*. ‘The little ones’ [65], *les petits*.

one by one [40, 120], l’une après l’autre.

one another, l’un l’autre. When governed by a prépos. it is placed between the two in French. ‘With one another’ [1], *l’un avec l’autre, l’un contre l’autre*.

onward [99], en avant.

opera-goers [40], habitués de l’opéra.

oppose (to) [63, 66], s’opposer à, résister à.

opposite (gentlemen) [82], adversaires, messieurs nos antagonistes. In courts, contradicteurs, adversaires.

ought. ‘What they ought to have done’ [65], *ce qu’on aurait dû faire*. ‘I ought to have done’ [96], *j’aurais dû faire*.

out. ‘The truth must out’ [122, 124], *il faut que la vérité sorte, se dise*. [106], hors de chez lui. ‘To squeeze out’ [5], exprimer.

out of [19], d’où, duquel. [67], de, tiré de. ‘I wish I were

out of it' [107], je voudrais bien en être débarrassé (être hors). 'Out of doors' [96], dehors, hors de la maison. 'Out of temper' [130], en colère, excité. 'Out of that' (to get) [122], s'en aller de là. 'Out of tune' [115], faux.

out-grow (to). 'He outgrew his clothes' [106], il sortait de ses habits, ses habits devenaient trop petits. 'J. was outgrowing his strength' [106], J. en grandissant, le dépassait en force.

outspoken [21], articulé, énoncé.

outweigh (to) [114], l'emporter sur.

over [1], sur, au-dessus de. [6, 121, 98], pardessus. [17] passé. 'It is over with him' [36], c'en est fait de lui.

overawe (to) [21], en imposer à, intimider.

overbearing [106], dominateur, impétueux, tyrannique.

overboard [30], pardessus bord.

overcharge (to) [67], surfaire.

overdrilled [91], surchargés d'exercice, exercés à l'excès.

overflow (to) [130], faire déborder.

overhead [59], pardessus vos têtes.

overjoyed [23], transporté de joie.

overlapping [13], en forme de recouvrement, dépassant par un rebord.

overland, par voie de terre.

overlooking [57], qui a vue sur, donnant sur.

overpayment [28], large récompense, large compensation.

overtum (to) [43], renverser.

P

paddle on (to) [9], continuer de ramer.

paralleled (never) [33], qui n'a pas son pareil, avec lequel aucun autre ne peut entrer en parallèle.

parental [11], paternel.

personage house [96], presbytère.

part (to) [101], se séparer, prendre congé. 'Part with (to)' [23], se séparer de, se défaire de.

partake of (to) [20], prendre sa part de, goûter à. [80], tenir de, participer à.

particulars [24], détails.

parting. 'Gave a parting cry' [95], jeta (poussa) un dernier cri.

party [102], société.

party allegiance [82], fidélité à son parti.

party-coloured [87, 123], bigarré, bariolé, multicolore.

pass off (to) [124], faire passer, faire accepter.

pass over (to) [24], laisser de côté, négliger.

pass show (to). 'We have that within which passes show' [35], nous avons quelque chose en nous qui ne s'exprime point.

pat (to) [22], donner des tapes, ou des coups de patte.

pay homage (to) [67], rendre hommage. 'To pay a visit' [125], faire une visite.

peep silly (to) [117], regarder en dessous, sournoisement, à la dérobée.

people [48], gens. 'Old people,' de vieilles gens. 'The little people' [65], les petites personnes, les petits personnages. 'Bad people' [65], de méchantes gens.

performed [67], joué.

pick-pocket (to) [106], vider les poches, plumer (filouter).

piece of information [5], fait, point. 'To take to pieces' [9], démonter.

pig-tailed [67], à queue.

pit-fall [13], piège, fosse.

phrase. 'As the phrase is' [107], comme on dit.

physic (te). 'He would physic such notions out of the boy's noodle' [106], *il purgerait la cabote* (very fam.) *du poisson de pareilles notions.*

place [49], endroit.
plated [40], plaqué.

play (in), occupé. 'I will hold the foe in play' [26], *j'occuperaï l'ennemi.*

play upon (to) [38], s'amuser de. 'To play upon a person,' se jouer de quelqu'un, faire une niche or faire un tour à quelqu'un.

please (to). 'Had been pleased' [38], avait daigné. 'Pleased with' [53], content de. 'We are pleased to think' [81], *il nous plaît de penser.*

plot [67], intrigue, trame.
pluck down (to) [82], faire crouler.

plume oneself on (to) [81], se glorifier de, faire parade de.

plurality [8], cumul, or pluralité de bénéfices.

point blank [32], directement, de but en blanc.

point of fact (in) [43], en fait, en point de fait (law).

poise (to) [40], tenir en équilibre.

poll-tax [82], capitulation.
ponder (to) [4], faire réflexion, faire un raisonnement.

pop (to) [23], mettre vivement.
pop off (to), partir allégement.

'Off she pops' [83], *la voilà partie.*

poser [102], question épiqueuse. 'I have a poser for you' [102], j'ai une question embarrassante à vous poser; je vais vous coller (familiar).

possibly [66], peut-être.
post (to) [20], afficher.

pour forth (to) [24], verser, répandre.

poured out [33], produit, répandu.

pointing [118], saillant, faisant la moue.

practise oneself (to) [24], s'exercer.

pray [61], dites-moi, je vous prie.

Premier [115], premier ministre.

premises [122], local, propriété.

presently [64], tout à l'heure. [95], bientôt, tout à coup.

press forward (to) [100], se hâter, avancer rapidement.

press on (to) [7, 66], pousser en avant. [114], poursuivre.

prevail (to), prévaloir. 'Prevailed on too many' [66], prévalut chez trop d'entre eux; 'to prevail on oneself,' se résoudre à, se persuader de.

prime of life [24], force de l'âge.

primest [117], le plus distingué, le principal.

Primmins [23], Madame P. Observe that female servants are not called by their surnames in French, except with the words *Madame*, *Mademoiselle*, prefixed to them.

privately [88], secrètement, sans aucun appareil.

prise (to) [23], tenir à.
prize-fighter [60], pugiliste.

proceed to (to) [44], se porter vers. [38, 45], aller, se rendre. [69], se mettre à, s'occuper de, se mettre en devoir de. [70], aller, marcher. 'How I had best proceed' [98], ce qu'il y avait de mieux à faire.

proceed up (to) [9], remonter.
produce (to) [23, 96], montrer, faire voir.

profess (to) [60], faire profession de.

property-man [40], fournisseur (de théâtre).

propriety [123], convenance.

prosy [107], ennuyeux.

prove (to) [20], se montrer, être. [53], devenir, être, se trouver

être, se trouver, être démontré par l'expérience. 'The change of the king proved no remedy' [63], le changement de roi ne fut nullement un remède, ne remédia point; l'expérience démontra (il fut démontré par l'expérience, il se trouva) que le changement . . [78], se trouver.

provide for (to) [93], pourvoir, nourrir. [96], se procurer, acheter.

provoked [24], vexé, impatienté, contrarié.

public-spirited [15, 131], dévoué au bien public, animé de dévouement à l'intérêt général, dévoué aux intérêts généraux.

pull off (to) [130], ôter, retirer, arracher.

purse-proud [21], fier de son argent.

pursuit (in) [105], à la recherche, à la poursuite. 'Maritime pursuits' [105], commerce maritime.

put up with (to) [18], se contenter de.

put a restraint upon (to) [38], restreindre, réprimer.

Q

quarter (to) [64], écarteler.

R

rack (to) [104], torturer.

rafle for (to) [23], mettre à la loterie pour.

rage (to) [32], sévir.

rain shot (to) [48], faire pleuvoir des projectiles.

rambling tour [40], excursion.

rampire [119], rempart.

range (to) [78], varier, se vendre à un prix variant de.

rank and file [91], la ligne, les rangs.

rather [21], assez, passablement. [24], quelque chose comme. 'Would rather lose' [89], aimerais mieux (préférerais) perdre.

rattle past (to) [121], passer avec fracas.

'rattling tongue' [97], une langue bien pendue.

read of (to) [23], lire des histoires, lire des contes, des relations de ou sur, &c.

rear [114], arrière-garde.

reck (to) [120], se soucier.

reel (to) [94], chanceler. 'To reel out' [130], sortir en trébuchant (en chancelant).

regard to (in) [27], quant à.

regardless of [43], indifférent à, sans considération pour.

remonstrance with (to) [24], faire des remontrances à.

rent [78, 107], loyer.

rent-roll [104], état des revenus.

resolve upon (to) [11], prendre la résolution de, décider de, se résoudre à.

return thanks (to) [131], remercier, faire un discours de remerciements.

review. 'Under our review' [37], que nous passons en revue.

ride (to), être ou aller à cheval; if for pleasure, se promener à cheval. But when something already shows the mode of conveyance, aller or se promener are to be used alone. 'To ride on an elephant,' aller à dos d'éléphant. 'Came riding on the back of a hippopotamus' [9], est venu sur le dos d'un hippopotame, or familiarily, à cheval sur un hippopotame. 'Rode T.' [32], était T. à cheval.

riding party [116], excursion à cheval.

right. 'Did I not say right?' [23], n'ai-je pas dit vrai.

right hand man [107], le bras droit.

'right thing to do' (the) [54], ce qu'il y a de mieux, ce qui convient le mieux.

ring (to) [130], résonner.

rise. 'To get a rise out of M.' [21], pour mettre M. en colère, pour faire rager M.

roadway [57], chaussée,

roll back (to) [112], faire refluer.

rough estimate [48], appréciation en gros.

rough [115], l'homme du bas people, populo (familiar).

round. 'All the year round' [23], toute l'année, pendant tout le cours de l'année.

rubber [125], partie, robe.

run down (to) [96], ruisseler.

run in (to). 'I ran in for' [23], je cours à la maison chercher.

run (to) into debt [107], faire (contracter) des dettes.

run over (to) [113], jouer à première vue.

run (to) through [108], passer à travers.

run up (to) [30], courir en haut, monter précipitamment.

running away [98], fuite.

rush of joy (the) [23], la joie qui afflue.

rush on (to) [13], se précipiter.

S

sail round (to) [61], faire le tour du monde en vaisseau.

sake. 'For the sake of' [21], pour l'amour de. 'For their sake' [91], pour eux-mêmes, pour l'amour d'eux.

satisfied [15, 24], sûr, persuadé, convaincu.

save trouble (to) [48], épargner de la peine.

scout (to) [22] dépister.

scrape. 'To get into some scrape or other' [106], s'engager dans quelque mauvaise affaire.

scrape (to) together [106], ramasser.

scraper [39], racleur.

sea-faring [84], marin.

seize upon (to) [18, 25], s'emparer de, se saisir de.

self. 'His present self' [50], sa personnalité actuelle.

self-assertion [21], défense (revendication) de sa propre dignité.

self-complacency [50], suffisance, présomption.

self-constituted [15], constitué par l'initiative de ses propres membres. 'Self-supported, subvenant or pourvoyant elle-même à ses besoins, se suffisant à elle-même.'

self-government [15], gouvernement du peuple par le peuple, de la nation par la nation. The English expression is very frequently used in the language of publicists, like some others (comité, amendement, bill d'indemnité, &c.) borrowed from English political phraseology.

self-kindled [25], enflammé spontanément. 'Self-originated,' né spontanément.

self-love [131], amour propre.

self-sacrifice [23], abnégation.

self-security [39], confiance en soi.

send after (to) [65], envoyer chercher.

send for (to) [96], envoyer chercher.

send up (to) [77], jeter, lancer, éllever.

sense [36], bon sens, sens droit et délicat. 'You are not in your right senses' [29], vous avez perdu le sens.

sensible (to be) of [63, 92], sentir, avoir le sentiment de, avoir connaissance de. 'She is ostentatiously sensible to her inferiority'

[124], elle sent (ressent) son infériorité avec affection.

sent flying (in danger of being) [59], en danger de sauter.

Sepoy [41], Cipaye. In Algeria, Spahi.

service (in the) [17], au service. Compare 'en service,' serving as a domestic; 'de service,' on duty.

set [35], fixe, arrêté.

set about (to) [127], se mettre à, s'occuper de.

set down (to) [131], désigner.

set eyes upon (to) [122], jeter les yeux sur.

set her face (to) [130], se diriger, diriger ses regards.

set forth (to) [18], développer, expliquer.

set oneself (to) [15], s'appliquer, s'ingénier. 'To set the shoulder to the wheel' [96], se mettre à l'œuvre, pousser à la roue.

settled [117], calme, tranquille, à son aise.

sewing-machine [40], machine à coudre.

shabby [123], râpé, mesquin.

shake off (to) [98], se débarrasser de, secouer.

shame (to) [113], avoir honte.

share (to), prendre part à, avoir part à. 'This diversion was shared by the delicate sex' [37], le sexe délicat prenait part à cet amusement.

shattered into spray (to be) [122], éclater en poussière.

shed. 'The soles had shed' [98], les semelles s'étaient détachées.

sheepishly [85], d'un air penaude.

she-relative [124], une parente.

shoot (to) (the rapids) [123], traverser, s'élançer sur.

shoot out (to) [100], s'avancer.

short-comings [104], erreurs, manquement au devoir.

'shot through the back with a pistol bullet' [54], tué d'un coup de pistolet tiré dans le dos.

shot [123], tireur.

shot-belt [123], sac à plomb.

should (as a sign of supposition). 'Should the historian be bidden' [40], si l'historien était invité.

shout (to) [94], éléver, jeter un cri.

show [21], apparence.

shower down (to) [114], faire pleuvoir.

shrink oneself (to) [62], se retirer, s'écartez. 'I shrunk in awe' [103], je fus saisi d'une crainte respectueuse.

shrink away (to) [130], reculer, s'effacer.

shy [6], craintif, ombrageux, difficile à aborder. [23], réservé, timide.

sideway [29], sentier détourné, chemin de traverse.

silence (to) [4, 102], réduire au silence, faire taire.

silk-twist [40], cordonnet de de soie.

since. 'A few years since' [50], il y a quelques années.

sing-song [6], traînant, monotone.

singe (to) [98], flamber, brûler.

sink (to) [98], s'affaisser, faillir. 'To sink low' [120], s'affaisser. [121], tomber, s'abandonner.

sit (to) (for a portrait) [21], poser. 'Sits in her best clothes waiting' [83], elle attend dans ses plus beaux atours. [77], siéger, trôner. 'Of parliaments or courts of justice' [82], siéger.

skylark (to), flâner, fainéanter.

slang [107], argot.

slave (to) [21], travailler comme forçat.

slink off (to) [98], s'esquiver.

slip [114], faux pas.

- slop pail** [123], *seau, seau à eaux ménagères.*
- smattering** [21], *notions ou connaissances vagues et superficielles.*
- smock frock** [55], *sarrau, blouse.*
- snatch up (to)** [130], *saisir, s'emparer de.*
- snug** [125], *commode, gentil.*
- so** [29], *en effet. [54, 83], en conséquence, ainsi.*
- so . . as** [91], *assez . . pour.*
- so do I** [97], *et moi aussi.*
- so far** [36], *jusques-là.*
- so much as kept** [78], *autant qu'il fallait pour entretenir.*
- so much for** [73], *et voilà pour.*
- so . . that** [67], *si . . que.*
- social** [23], *communicatif.*
- some** [7, 64], *quelques-uns, les uns. 'Some of them' [66], quelques-uns d'entre eux.*
- some few** [77], *quelques-uns, quelques personnes, un petit nombre.*
- somewhat** [114, 123], *d'une façon quelconque, de façon ou d'autre.*
- sore trial** [38], *cruelle épreuve.*
- span (to)** [17], *s'étendre sur, embrasser.*
- spare (to).** 'It cannot be spared' [39], *on ne saurait s'en passer.*
- '**sparring** a bit for wind' [113], *diffrant un peu (tâchant de gagner du temps) pour prendre haleine.*
- speak out (to)** [26], *parler à haute voix.*
- speechify (to)** [97], *faire des discours.*
- spell over (to)** [96], *épeler, déchiffrer, chercher à déchiffrer.*
- spirit** [41], *énergie, courage. 'Spirits' [73], verve, courage.*
- split off (to)** [111], *se détacher, se séparer.*
- splutter (to)** [23], *s'éparpiller.*
- spoor** [9], *traces laissées par les pieds d'un bête sauvage, brisées.*
- sport with (to)** [93], *se jouer de, se faire un jouet de. 'The tenderest relations are sported with wantonly and cruelly' [93], on se fait de galit de cœur un jeu cruel des plus tendres relations.*
- sports** of the field [37], *plaisirs de la chasse.*
- spring from (to)** [81], *dériver de, avoir sa source dans. [87], être issu de, sortir de.*
- spur** [53], *aiguillon.*
- square-cornered** [45], *aux coins coupés carrément.*
- squeeze out (to)** [5], *exprimer.*
- squire** [96], *seigneur de village, châtelain.*
- stagger (to)** [42], *chanceler.*
- stake.** 'If the destinies of mankind were at stake' [115], *s'il y allait des destinées de l'humanité.*
- stalking.** 'She came stalking out' [98], *elle sortit marchant à grands pas. 'Stalking up' [98], montant à grands pas, arpentant.*
- stand (to).** The conjugation of the verb *être* being partly derived from *stare* (*état = status, étant = stando, étais = stabam*), there exists in French no verb directly and fully corresponding to 'to stand.' In most cases it may be translated by the verb *être* itself, or some equivalent, such as *se trouver, être placé, se mettre, se placer.* 'He was standing so' [23], *il était là tout auprès, il se trouvait là.* 'I stood gazing at the sun' [122], *j'étais là à contempler le soleil.* 'When the sea had stood' [128], *quand la mer était (se trouvait).* 'Never stood' [112], *ne se trouva jamais, ne fut*

jamais placé. 'Stand in a market-place' [86], *placer-vous* (mettez-vous) sur une place de marché.

stand (to), in contradistinction to 'to be sitting, lying,' &c., être debout, rester debout. 'We stand or fall by it' [82], nous resterons debout, ou nous tomberons avec elle. 'Left me standing' [98], me laissa debout (planté). 'As I stood at the garden gate' [98], pendant que j'étais là debout à la grille. 'To stand on one leg' [122], se mettre sur un seul pied, faire le pied de grue. 'To stand before the nations' [15], se présenter, s'offrir, se poser devant les nations. 'The sultan stood revealed' [53], voild le sultan debout devant.

stand (to) [7], défendre le terrain, tenir. [81], soutenir, résister à. 'To stand firm' [32], tenir ferme. 'To stand still' [57], rester au repos, s'arrêter.

stand (to), transitive. 'She won't stand anything' [98], elle ne te donnera rien.

stand for (to) [118], être considéré.

stand out (to) [36], être en relief, être mis en relief.

stare out (to) [51], se montrer, se trahir.

stare hard (to) [61], regarder fixement.

stark naked [67], nu comme la main.

start (to) [53], tressaillir.

start again (to) [24], se lancer encore une fois, rentrer aux affaires.

starving [129], mourant de faim, affamé.

state [98], dignité.

station [125], position, rang.

steadily [77], fermement, avec constance, avec persistance.

steal through (to) [130], entrer (passer) furtivement par.

stir up (to) [16], exciter, pousser.

stock [37], approvisionnement, réserve. [53], fonds. [130], bétail, bestiaux.

stocks [76], bloc.

stoop to (to) [126], se baisser vers.

stop thief! [130], au voleur ! store. 'What is in store for us' [82], ce qui nous est réservé.

strain (to) [82], tendre. [130], raidir, faire des efforts.

strained away [41], obtenu par le filtrage.

straining far over [118], faisant de puissants efforts.

strapped [67], bouclé.

streaming [7], ruisselant.

street organ [115], orgue de Barabarie.

stretching away to [58], s'étendant vers.

stride (to) [22], marcher à grandes enjambées.

strike (to) [66], battre la semelle.

strip (to) [65], se dévêtir de.

stripe [76], coup de fouet.

stripling [73, 103], un petit jeune homme.

stroke. 'Who hasn't done a stroke of work' [84], qui n'a pas fait œuvre de ses mains.

'stuck in the mud' [96], embourré, arrêté par la bave.

stuff [60, 113], drogue.

stumbling block [97], pierre d'achoppement.

sublime [23], absorbé.

subdued [122], étouffé, adouci.

such a [116], quelle.

such [77], eux, elles, de telles personnes.

such as [7], ceux qui. 'Such papers as he submitted for' [24], les pièces (rédactions) qu'il soumettait à.

such . . . as [40], comme, tel . . que. 'Such protection as' [71],

une protection telle que, une protection comme.

such like [92], *de ce genre, de même espèce.*

suffer (to) [11], *permettre.*

suffrance. ‘To exist only upon —’ [130], *n’exister que par tolérance.*

suit (to), *convenir, aller.* ‘They were found to suit all classes’ [27], *on trouvait qu’il y en avait pour toutes les classes.*

summon (to) [85], *appeler, assigner, citer.* ‘The angel summoned her’ [85], *l’ange de la mort l’appela à (la somme de) comparaitre devant Dieu.*

sunder (to), *separer de.* ‘Her sundered cub’ [93], *l’ourson dont on l’a séparé.*

sunshiny [3], *plein de soleil, inondé de lumière.*

supply (to) [56], *fournir, pourvoir à.*

suppose. ‘I suppose it was’ [23], *je veux bien croire que c’était, mettons que c’était.*

sure. ‘Which would be sure to restore him’ [95], *qui sûrement le guérirait.*

surfeit (to) [74], *se gorgier, se charger l’estomac.*

suspicious-looking [87], *à la mine suspecte.*

sway to and fro (to) [76], *se balancer, tituber.*

sworn friends [60], *amis intimes, amis jurés* (the latter expression is not usual in French, whilst *ennemi jurt* is a common idiom).

T

tadpole [61], *tétard.*

take (to) [29], *conduire.*

take advantage (to) [20], *profiter.*

take care (to) [31], *prendre soin, épargner.*

take down (to) [105], *prendre, ouvrir, consulter.*

take in (to) [17], *comprendre.* [113], *tromper, décevoir.* [130], *remarquer, jeter l’œil sur.*

take the lead (to) [81], *diriger, prendre la direction, marcher en tête, donner le ton.*

take notice (to) *remarquer, s’apercevoir.* ‘Took no verbal notice’ [123], *ne firent aucune observation.*

take place (to) [54], *avoir lieu, se faire.*

take a run (to) [3], *faire une échappée, faire un tour, une excursion.*

take stock (to) [40], *inventorier, faire l’inventaire de.*

take to (to) [72], *s’attacher à, s’enfoncer dans.* ‘To take to horse’ [96], *monter à cheval.* ‘To take to fainting’ [96], *tomber en syncope.*

take up (to), *reprendre, répéter, relever.* ‘Taking up the protest’ [25], *répétant la protestation.* ‘Taking up the accident’ [25], *relevant l’accident.* [107], *recevoir.*

take walks (to) [49], *faire des tournées.*

‘**teach a lesson**’ (to) [64], *donner une leçon.* See **to give.**

tea-kettle [106], *bouilloire, bouillotte.*

teasel [23], *chardon à foulon.*

tender. ‘Is not a socially legal tender’ [83], *n’a pas socialement cours légal.*

tended [98], *soigné.*

term. ‘For a term of years,’ *pour un temps limité.* ‘Hard labour for a term of years’ [54], *travaux forcés à temps (law).*

test (to) [99], *vérifier.*

that [56], *de ce que, parce que.*

that much. ‘Had stood that much lower’ [128], *avait été plus bas d’autant.*

the more . . . the less [131],
plus . . . plus.

the more . . . because [129],
d'autant plus que.

there [118], not translated.
'There's a kiss' [23], allons ! em-brasse-moi ; allons ! un baiser !

therewithal [51], avec cela, de cela.

these are [11], tels sont, voilà, ce sont là. 'These are the questions' [83], voilà les questions, ce sont là les questions.

they [28, 71], ceux-là.

thick-set [123], trapu.

think (to). 'I think I'll go too' [4], ma foi, j'y vais aussi ; si j'y allais aussi. 'I thought he would have died of convulsions' [96], je voyais le moment où il allait mourir dans les convulsions.

think over (to) [18], songer à, réfléchir sur, examiner.

thinking chair [96], grand fauteuil, fauteuil à rêver.

'this is Miss Trotwood's' [98], voici la maison de Miss T. ; c'est ici chez Miss T.

'this, his first official appearance' [25] cette première apparition officielle.

this once [65], cette fois.

this or that [59], tel ou tel.

thorough-going [131], trans-cendant, achevé, complet.

though, quand même, quand. 'Though I get a few' [4], quand (alors même que) j'en aurais quelques-unes. 'Though it cost me a franc' [67] quand cela me coûterait un franc, cela dût-il me coûter un franc.

thousands [66, 96], des mil-liers.

threadbare, râpé. 'To go threadbare' [124], paraître râpé.

thrifty [122], économique.

through [107], en conséquence de. [123], par, par suite de.

thunder (to) [114], tonner.

'Thundering along the' [114], tonnant le long de, précipités du haut des escaliers avec un bruit pa-reil à celui du tonnerre.

tight-fitting [40], collant.

timber [96], bois de construction.

time. 'As times go' [106], pour l'époque, selon le temps (par le temps qui court).

time out of mind [92], de temps immémorial.

tinkle (to) [67], faire résonner, faire tintiner.

to, contre. 'Twenty ducats to one' [54], vingt ducats contre un.

to, en. 'To change to' [6], changer en.

to, envers. 'His conduct to me' [24], sa conduite envers moi. When conduct is implied, to or to-wards is generally in French envers.

to, jusqu'à. 'Almost to stiffness' [131], presque jusqu'à la raideur.

to [118], pour. [119] pour, en présence de.

to, vers. 'Turning to' [53], se tournant vers.

to be sure [104], assurément.

to and fro (passing) [57], qui va et vient. [87], là et là, en long et en large. [114], là et là.

to say nothing [24], sans parler.

toastmaster [131], maître des cérémonies préposé aux toasts.

toe-biter [61], crapaud, tête-ard.

toil along (to) [100], avancer péniblement.

tomfoolery [40], folie, sottise, niaiserie.

tongue-fence. 'Master of tongue-fence' [102], maître dans l'art de s'escrimer avec la langue.

too. 'I know the name, too' [98], je crois que je connais ce nom ; je connais le nom, ma foi.

touch up (to) [16], retoucher.

to wit [40], à savoir.

traceable [40], attribué.

- train** (to) [42, 77], exercer, former.
trample down (to) [94], fouler aux pieds, écraser.
tribe [100], espèce, oiseaux.
trick [24], habitude, tic.
trice (in a) [23], en un clin d'œil.
trouble [48, 54, 70], peine. This word and the verb 'to trouble' seldom, if ever, correspond to the French *troublé*, *troubler*.
trouble (to) [31, 68], inquiéter, tourmenter, occuper. [124], donner la peine de.
troubled [28], inquiet, affligé, tourmenté.
troubled (to be) [106], se préoccuper, s'inquiéter.
true [64], fidèle.
trump up (to) [106], inventer, imaginer.
trumpery ball [61], boule de rebut, vieille boule, boule de patoille.
truss-girder [40], armature, ferme.
try (to) [44], juger. [107], se mettre sur les rangs, se présenter comme candidat. 'To try one's hand' [18], essayer.
tuck up (to) [65], envelopper, couvrir, border (of a bed).
tumble out (to) [6], se précipiter dehors en se bousculant.
tumble over (to) [22], tourner et retourner, bousculer.
tuneful brethren [79], frères en harmonie.
turban-headed [115], au turban.
turn (to) [96], se faire. [64] aller, se détourner de.
turn aside (to) [11, 96], se détourner.
turn away (to) [22], se détourner, s'en aller.
turn from (to) [22, 130], se détourner de, s'éloigner de. 'To be turned from' [19], s'écartier, se détourner.
turn out of doors (to) [49], mettre à la porte. 'The guards turned out' [67], la garde prit les armes. **turn out to grass** (to) [82], mettre au vert.
turn over (to) [5], abandonner, passer à.
turns (in) [130], tour à tour.
twist [40], spirale.
twisted [40], tordu.

U

un, in, as prefixes, do not always correspond to the French prefix *in*. 'Uncommon' [114], *peu commun*. 'Was unprotected' [114], *n'était pas protégé*. 'Unintermitting' [114], *non-interrompu*, continu. 'Inconsiderable' [114], *peu considérable*.

unavailingly [76], sans résultat, inutilement.

unblushingly [131], see *most*.

uncomfortable [123], mal à l'aise, triste.

under [41], dans.

underneath (from) [40], de dessous.

underrate (to) [24], ne pas apprécier à sa juste valeur, més估imer.

unencumbered [104], libre de toute hypothèque, sans charges, qui n'est grevé d'aucune charge.

unhung, à pendre. 'The greatest rascal unhung' [107], le plus grand pendard.

unimproved [1], sans développement, mal développé, peu avancé.

unmistakeable (of being) [131], qu'on ne peut s'y méprendre.

unpremeditated [79], improvisé.

'unshackled by party connexions and prejudices' [24], libre

des entraves et des préjugés de parti.

untidy [122], *malpropre, qui a une mauvaise tenue.*

'until thirteen years later' [48], *avant que treize ans se fussent écoulés.*

untold [89], *sans nombre, impossible à énumérer.*

untrodden [129], *vierge, immaculé, qui n'a pas encore été foulé.*

unworldly [118], *étranger au monde, étrange.*

unwotting [86], *ne se doutant nullement.*

up from [77], *dans, de.*

up hill, *en amont.*

'uphill work' [97], *travail fatigant, éreintant. 'Praised up hill and down dale' [131], loué de toutes les façons, glorifié dans tous les sens.*

up to [113], *au fait de, au courant de.*

upon [24], *pour. 'Upon it' [130], dessus. 'Upon the whole' [91], au total, en somme.*

upper leather [98], *cuir de dessus, cuir peigné.*

upper form [21], *classe supérieure, classe des grands.*

urchin [21], *polisson, gamin.*

urge on (to) [112, 114], *pousser en avant, activer.*

urged on [77], *activé, poussé. [32], vivement engagé.*

used to. Sign of imperfect (solebat). 'Used to admire' [52], admirait. 'Venice used to be' [87], Venise était. 'I used to take' [55], je prenais, je dénichais.

usher [51], *maitre d'étude, (fam.) pion.*

uttermost (at the) [78], *au plus.*

uttermost ends (to the) [102], *au bout.*

utmost. 'To do one's utmost' [6], faire son possible.

vent. 'To give vent' [64], donner carrière, s'abandonner.

venture beyond (to) [46], s'aventurer, se hasarder d'aller au-delà de. [85], risquer, y mettre parier.

very [29], même (after the noun). 'The very place' [29], le lieu même.

very same (the) [67], identiquement le même.

vie with (to) [98], se comparer à, entrer en rivalité avec.

visit (to), voir. 'She could only be visited' [98], on ne pouvait la voir (lui faire visite) que. (The verb 'visiter' = to search.)

W

waddle (to) [122], *se dandiner à la façon des canards et des oies.*

wait upon (to) [55], servir.

wake (to) [40], s'élever.

walk off [22], s'écartier, faire mine de s'en aller.

walk on (to) [98], continuer d'avancer (de marcher).

walk out (to) [98], sortir. 'To walk straight out of the ark' [96], sortir tout droit de l'arche.

walking up [23], *en s'approchant.*

wander into (to) [9, 65], s'égarer dans. 'To wander from' [66], s'écartier de. 'To wander about' [66], courir çà et là. [95], battre la campagne, divaguer, avoir le délire.

want (to). 'A carriage was much wanted' [96], une voiture était très nécessaire, il fallait une voiture.

want with (to) [98], vouloir à or de. 'What do you want with

her? [98], que lui voulez-vous? que voulez-vous d'elle?

wanting (to be found) [81], se trouver en défaut.

warn about (to) [107], mettre en garde, prévenir. 'Who had warned S. about visiting' [107], qui avait dit à S. de se garder de faire visite à.

washed. 'I was washed off it twice' [30], les lames m'en arrachèrent deux fois. 'I was washed to the rock,' les vagues me jetèrent sur le rocher. 'I was washed away' [30], j'en fus rejeté dans la mer.

watch for (to) [22], attendre, se mettre à l'affût. 'To watch upon' [118], regarder.

way [106], manière, habitude. 'In the way of' [49], pour ce qui concernait, quant à la nécessité de. [91], en matière de, quant à. 'To go one's own way' [107], aller son train, faire comme on l'entend.

way there [101], place par là. 'This way' [101], par ici.

wayside cottage [91], maisonnette au bord de la route.

waxing a little wroth' [29], que la colère commençait à gagner.

web-cloth [40], tissu.

'wee faces' [65], de mignonnes figures.

weeds [103], vêtements.

weigh down (to) [25], affaîsser, accabler.

well-a-day! [79], hélas!

well-drilled [40], bien exercé.

well-off [54], à leur aise.

well-sized [108], de grandes dimensions.

well-taught [56], développé, instruit.

well-to-do [61], à leur aise. [106], à son aise. 'To get well to do' [106], réussir.

well-worn [5, 21], usé.

went out [23], quitta la maison.

'were to throw' [23], allait jeter, jetait.

'were nations imbued with' [1], si les nations étaient pénétrées de.

west country drover [130], marchand (conducteur) de bestiaux des comtés de l'ouest.

wet through [30], trempé (mouillé) jusqu'aux os.

what [2], ce que (acc.) 'What little' [43], le peu que. 'I tell you what' [98], je vais te dire.

what then? [23], et après?

what with [21], tenant compte de, considérant, attendu, en conséquence de.

whatever, quelque... que, quel que. 'Whatever restraints' [19], quelques entraves que, quelles que soient les entraves que. 'Whatever success' [24], quelque succès que. 'Whatever they are' [107], quelles qu'elles soient.

whatever [35, 40, 88], tout ce qui. 'Whatever renders human nature amiable' [19], tout ce qui rend la nature humaine aimable. 'Whatever else' [81], tout ce qui du reste.

whatever [34], quoi que (with the subjunctive).

wheedle (to) [127], enjolier, cajoler.

wheel about (to) [32], faire demi-tour.

wheeze out (to). 'A poor banner-carrier was once heard to wheeze out with his remnant of a lung' [40], on entendit un jour un pauvre porte-bannière, qui n'avait plus qu'un reste de poumon, dire avec sa respiration poussive et sifflante.

wheezy [125], poussif.

when [23], quand (with the future of the following verb).

whenever [11, 23, 71, 91, 123], dès que, sitôt que, toutes les fois que.

whereupon [6], *sur quoi.*

wherever [59, 92], *partout où,*
n'importe où, où que.

whether . . . or [105], *que ce soit . . . ou, soit . . . soit.*

which, at the beginning of a sentence, should be translated by a demonstrative, not by a relative. ‘With which words’ [98], *à ces mots, en disant ces mots.*

while ago. ‘A good while ago’ [50], *il y a longtemps.*

whip-poor-will [123], *engoulement* (a kind of bird).

whisk (to) [55], *entrainer rapidement.*

whisper (in a) [23], *tout bas, à voix basse.* ‘To whisper remarks’ [45], *faire des observations à voix basse.*

whither [94], *où, de quel côté.*

whoever [91, 99], *qui, quiconque, celui qui, toute personne qui.* [59], *qui que, with subjunctive.*

whole (on the) [24], *au total, en somme.*

why (when not interrogative), *mais, c'est que, ma foi!*

why then [98], *eh bien !*

wide-awake [23], *tout grands ouverts.*

wide-spread [129], *étendu, qui s'étend au loin.*

will-o'-the-wisp [121], *feu follet.*

window-sill [23], *appui de fenêtre.* ‘On the window-sill of an upper storey’ [23], *devant la fenêtre d'un étage supérieur.*

wing (to). ‘Were now winging’ [100], *se dirigeaient à tire d'aile.*

wise, guise. ‘In this wise’ [122], *de cette manière, ainsi qu'il suit, comme suit.*

wish [23], *intention.* ‘Have your wish’ [101], *soit ! comme vous voudrez ! qu'il soit fait selon votre*

wish well (to) [76], *vouloir du bien à.*

wit, esprit. ‘A wit,’ *un bel esprit.* [36], not to be confounded with ‘homme d'esprit,’ the latter expression being applied to a person who has talent, mental resources, power of understanding and of using his faculties rather than, or in addition to, wit.

with, à. ‘Lighted with gas’ [3], *éclairé au gaz.* ‘With plastered walls’ [6], *aux murs crépis.* ‘With which words’ [98], *à ces mots, en disant ces mots.*

with [37, 91], *chez.*

with [93], *de.* ‘Imbued with’ [1], *imbu de, pénétré de.* ‘To supply with’ [2], *pourvoir, fournir de.* ‘To be content with’ [2], *se contenter de.* ‘Cemented with’ [19], *cimenté de.* ‘To present with’ [27], *faire présent de.* ‘With which it was supposed to abound’ [27], *dont on pensait qu'elle abondait.*

with, en. ‘To abound with’ [58], *abonder en.* ‘With a view to’ [122], *en vue de.*

with not translated. ‘To meet with’ [64], *voir, rencontrer, trouver.* ‘To inspire with confidence’ [11], *inspirer la confiance.*

with it [98], *avec, en, or must not be translated at all.*

within eighty or a hundred yards’ [47], *à moins de 80 ou 100 pas.* ‘Within a few hundred yards’ [55], *à moins de cent pas.* ‘Within a lifetime’ [105], *en moins d'une vie d'homme.* ‘**within** November 23 and 27’ [66], *entre le 23 et le 27 novembre.* ‘**within** the memory of’ [92], *au souvenir, de mémoire de.* ‘Within the memory of living costumiers’ [40], *il existe des coutumiers qui se rappellent.*

within [56], *en dedans de.* ‘Within four and a half days’

journey from' [3], à moins de quatre jours et demi de voyage de, à notre portée en moins de 4 jours et demi de voyage. 'Within twenty minutes' [3], en moins de 20 minutes.

within it [25], en dedans, au dedans.

without. 'To be better without' [92], se passer de.

witness (to) [20], être témoin.

woebegone [130], désolé.

wonder. 'No wonder' [22], il n'y a pas à s'étonner que (with subj.), il ne faut pas s'étonner si (with indic.)

wonder (to) [12], s'étonner, s'émerveiller, être émerveillé. 'I wonder' [6], je suis curieux de savoir, je voudrais bien savoir. 'That I have always most wondered at' [64], dont je me suis toujours le plus étonné.

wonderful to tell [49], à merveille! merveilleux à raconter.

work of love [17], œuvre d'amour, plaisir.

work oneself up (to) [122], s'exciter, s'élever à.

work up (to) [2], fabriquer, façonner.

working [40], mécanisme.

worldling [129], l'homme mondain.

worn away (had) [98], s'était écoulé.

worst. 'Having the worst of' [106], étant (se trouvant) battu, ayant le dessous.

worth, subst. [31], valeur.

worth, adj. 'So little worth' [56], qui est de si peu de valeur.

worth (to be) [31], valoir, avoir de la valeur.

would, vouloir. 'Would delude you' [71], voudraient vous décevoir.

would (as sign of imperfect) [127]. 'Would destroy,' détruisait. 'Would take no notice' [51], ne faisait aucune attention.

would. 'As it was anticipated he would' [38], comme on pensait qu'il ferait. 'Twould make the patient worse' [60], cela a dû le rendre plus malade.

'wring the hands (to)' [130], se tordre les mains.

writing materials [116], objets pour écrire, fournitures de bureau.

wrong. 'You have done wrong' [23], tu as fait une mauvaise action.

wroth. 'To wax wroth' [29], s'indigner, se fâcher, se mettre en colère.

wrought [26], perpetré.

Y

yards. 'Threw his book fifty yards off' [23], jeta son livre à cinquante pas (loin de lui).

year. 'Ten thousand a year.' [50], dix mille livres de rente. 'Five thousand a year' [104], cinq mille livres de rente.

year after year [115], d'année en année.

years and years ago [24], il y a bien des années.

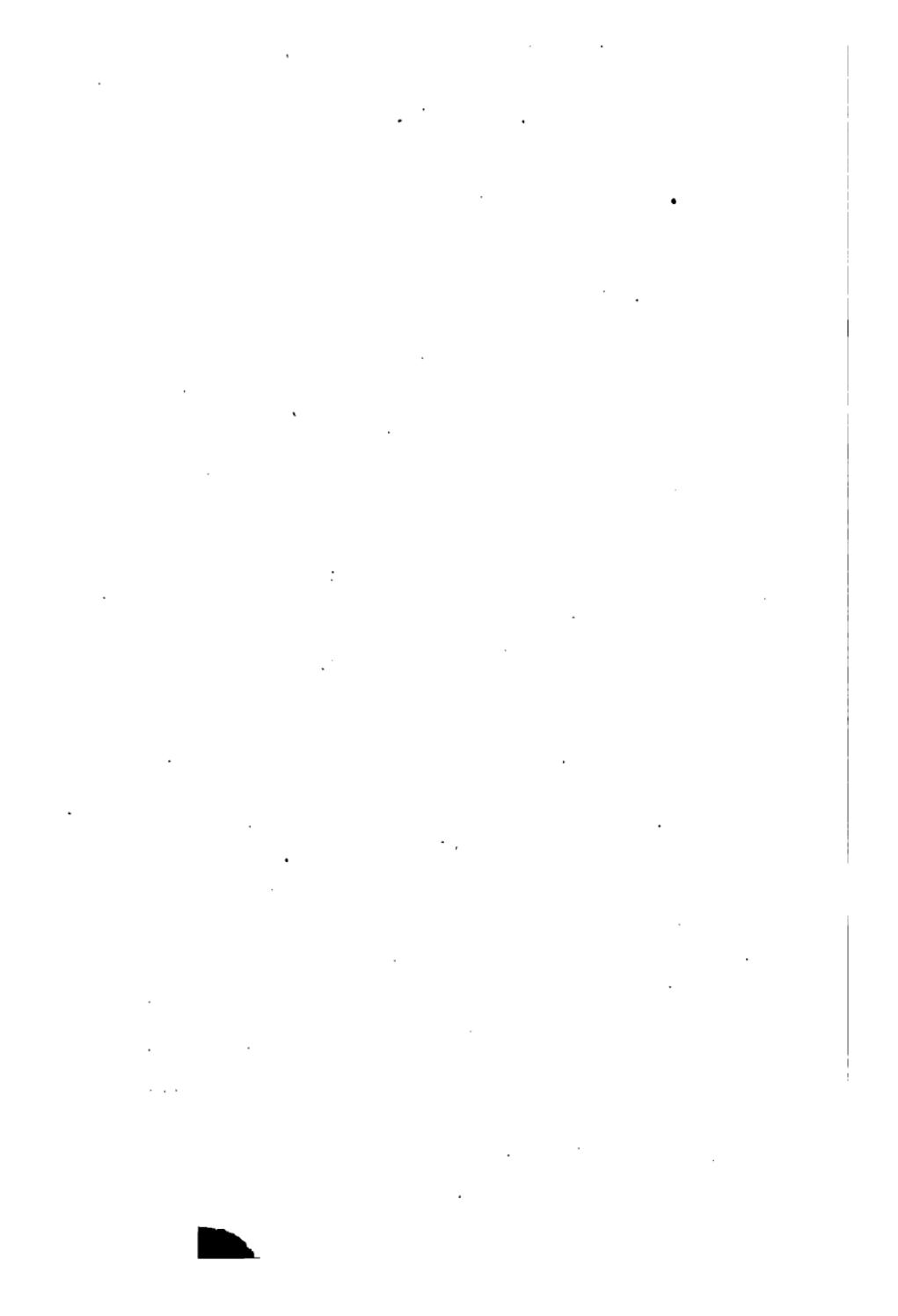
yearning (to be) [25], soupirer après, se laisser aller à des émotions de tendresse pour.

yeoman [78], propriétaire-cultivateur, fermier-propriétaire.

yeoman's work [92], œuvre d'hommes de cœur.

younger and younger [96], de plus en plus jeune.

youngster at school [4], écolier.



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